

HENRY DARGER -

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Volume

9

Final d  
entries

OCTER.

OVERWHELMING OF GENERAL MANLEY'S ARMY AT THE BATTLE OF GRETCHEN.  
BY THE VICTORIOUS CHRISTIAN ARMIES.

ONE OF THE MOST TERRIBLE AND PECULIAR HAPPENINGS IN THE WAR.  
ACTUAL NUMBERS OF DEATHS WILL NEVER BE KNOWN. ABOUT 25,000,000. BODIES  
FOUND.

KNEW MANLEY'S CENTER WAS WEAK...

EXPERT GENERALS SAID "MANLEY'S ARMY WAS NOT STRONGLY SUPPORTED.....

EVERYTHING OVER IN HALF AN HOUR:

GRAZED BY THEIR AWFUL SUFFERINGS..

THEATREAN WHERE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS LOST THEIR LIVES: THE GRETCHEN  
DISASTER. MANLEY'S LAST RESERVES. THE FIRST RUSH OF THE ABYSSINIAN TIDAL  
WAVE. THE REAL HORRORS OF THE DISASTER.

THE CLOCK THAT STOPPED AT 7:30.

THE SITUATION NINE DAYS AFTER..

ON THE LAST DAY OF THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE AT GRETCHEN

GRETCHEN: the glandelinian forces began to recoil because of their most  
frightful losses and at three o'clock on that afternoon of May the last  
1914 after starting on April the 28th the christian forces broke from their  
works like the ocean break breaking or bursting through the dikes at  
Holland and the monstrous monstrous lavander surges rushed most  
fiercely across the beautiful Mic-Whirther Run and swept upon the whole  
rebel line like a roaring flood and probably within thirty minutes nearly  
12,300,000 glandelinian, soldiers, Ovarians, Zimmermannians, and Gunner  
annians and other kinds, (this many it can be said perished by the  
bayonet although it is probable the loss of life was greater)  
were lying dead over their longlines of works, and millions of  
glandelinians mortally wounded and the whole glandelinian army totally  
routed in the wildest conglomeration of confusion and even  
scattered in all directions, and all because the many glandelinian generals  
in the charge of the main supports and supports were as it was said were  
too penurious to come up to the support of the fiercely battling  
glandelinians at the proper time, or to repair the serious breaks, in  
general Manley's line. Therefore these overconfident generals were to be  
fully blamed for the disaster.

Hundreds of the best glandelinian Regiments and scores of brigades were  
destroyed, ten e were forced to surrender and three divisions were  
captured and less than a score of Manley's finest divisions, composing  
the main army were shattered,, complete paralysis followed, and many  
said as in the case of general Federal's defeat at Evangeline St  
Claire the rebel army would not recover, hundreds of thousands were fearful  
insane beings from their awful sufferings and never regained their reason  
the millions of wounded of both sides were cared for until they recovered  
enough to be sent to near by cities and towns, relief was  
pouring in ever where for the christian army alone in the shape of  
scores of millions of dollars in cash, and many thousands of car loads  
of supplies of all sorts, the surviving christian officers plucked up  
more courage and went to their militia military work with a hearty good  
will, when the apathy succeeding the dreadful battle had worn off, and  
the day after the battle the christian army was greater than ever and  
was in full possession of the enemy camps which stretched for miles, and  
had captured millions of arms and scores of thousands of guns and heavy  
artillery.

Manley's camps now in possession of the victorious christian armies, were  
probably thirty three and one half miles in length and one  
quarter of a mile in width located along the southern shores of the  
Mic-Whirther Run river, its edge being three thousand yards away from the  
city of Meldon Gretchen these camps having been defended by the highest  
earthworks ever seen in any war yet nearly thirty miles long, nine feet  
thick at the top and thirty feet high. These works had been manned by  
hundreds of the heaviest cannons and during the battle was a terrible  
menace to the attacking christian armies.

The foolish glandelinian officers before mentioned, paid no attention to  
the fears of the other generals regarding the fierce christian attack  
but merely quoted the opinions of other probable experts to the effect  
that nothing short of a most extraordinary convulsion of all the christ  
ian tide could carry those protecting works. Besides Gretchen's geog  
ographical situation is one that could render any army peculiarly liable

to a terrible loss of life in the event of such a violent battle as just previously waged. It is a large beautiful city built on a plain in the form of a cross and air it about by beautiful streams, all of which finally find their way into the mighty Mic-Hollister River. On the north side of the city flows the enormous Mic-Whirther River (not the Mic-Whirther Run) a stream which on dry or rainy seasons can always be crossed in many places by either wading or by stepping from stone to stone, or by ice crossing by going over barefooted, but which in the spring time from the melting snows speedily becomes a rushing torrent, and floods the land for miles but without doing any damage to any of the villages.

On the south side of the city is the Evangeline Saint Claire river and which gathers up its own share of summer rains, and melting snows and whirls them along toward the Mic-Hollister River. East of the town is the Mic-Whirther Run, a stream of water hundreds of miles in a long but only five hundred feet in broadness at its widest point.

The awful crush of the flood of soldiers in purple uniforms caused by the sudden outpouring of the 1st Cavalry, a uniformed Abbeianians together with the crush of attacking Angellian soldiers that had already in the increased the result to triple its usual violence is supposed to be the cause of the sudden dispersing of Manley's whole army and the destruction of so many of his soldiers, but also the terrible and most immeasurable loss of soldiers on the Christian side. The Glandelinian loss was terrible in the extreme for Manley is killed and wounded, and his defeat most dreadful but the Christian victory was nearly bought; though it brought to the Christians in slain and wounded the enemy loss was only a mere half hand full.

That the terrible loss of life, and as well as the number of prisoners taken by even so defeated an army was caused by utter recklessness on the part of the charging Nationals. This enormous wave of Christian soldiers poured against Manley's barrier line in overwhelming masses, but were shot down by the whole brigade per volley or taken prisoners by the scores of the Nationals per foot before the Nationals succeeded in carrying off before them but nevertheless every remnant of Manley's army that obstructed the onward rush of the Abbeianians was shattered and also lost heavily in prisoners.

At Gretchen, the center of the great battle disaster is on the extreme main line of the Galvernia, Pandoria, and Pandoria railroad, 374 miles northwest of Dorothy Gale city. It is the headquarters of the great Mic-Hollister Munitions works and its acres of powder and explosive works fill the narrow strips of the city's interior. These great works employ fifty thousand men. There are great stretches of woods consisting of every kind of tree abruptly on all sides and the railroad track which follows the course of the big Mic-Whirther River is above the scene of the crazy battle and therefore was not injured by the war of shell fire.

The highest generals of Manley's army had been warned of the impending Christian onslaught as early in the afternoon or forenoon as eleven o'clock but not an officer knew or believed that the Christian tidal wave had broken loose until the assaulting columns swept Manley's lines from their works, and tore their way through the main rebel rebel line and capturing all the camps, and general Manley got away only under the most greatest difficulties and was very dangerously wounded.

His escape from the overwhelming columns of Nationals was impossible. The generals at the very risk of their lives hastily rallied some of the divisions as much as possible and thus saved Manley's army from total destruction and swept out of existence all the Christian waves that attacked at this point no matter whether there were a hundred or a thousand.

Four miles below the city lay general Alcock's Glandelinian army of Whitesides and Scoodlers where the North Fork of the Evangeline Saint Claire river empties into the Mic-Whirther River. This Glandelinian division contained about 22,200,000 soldiers of the fiercest fighting type. It has not been heard from since the battle but it was conflictually said by newspaper men and war correspondents, and calamity howlers, that three quarters of it had been swept away by the Christian onslaught and scattered until it was no longer an army and the other quarter either captured or destroyed.

Four miles further down on the banks of the same river near Turners Great Farm and also Delight's farm along the river which runs parallel with the main line of the Mic-Hollister and Pandoria Railroad was general Meldonia's army.

It had 52,800,000 men all Mic-Hollistinians, 90 per cent of this great division being in strong positions on a large flat and in the two big farms, and close to the river, and another portion stretched toward the Gretchen junction. At this point the roaring Nationals moved forward like the great Lisbon tidal wave and few of Manley's army escaped the awful results of the terrible disaster. Six miles further down was general Shoemannia's grand army of Mic-Hollistinians and Oaridians and here alone there was a topographical possibility of the spreading and extending of the Christian tidal wave of attack. Shoemannia's army contained over 22,500,000 soldiers and was wholly devastated in attempting to break the force of the Christian assault, and general Shoemannia and hundreds of his generals and other officers were wounded. General Jespine Ja mains with the same number of men as Shoemannia's lay a mile below the latter's position also on the flat and one mile further down were Adele-De-Garbes Federals, and the other generals with a total force of 45,000,000. Here stretching along right at the rivers verge were the immense Glandelinian batteries of Thomas Leo postelices and rickens which had 10,000 great cannons and nearly as many smaller guns and rifle cannon. This point was defended by the Oaridians, Scoodlers, and Gro Growleywors and also the fierce Munabooks and therefore the great damage to this line of rebel columns was largely due to the peculiar rebound of the Christian wave after it swept across the works. The wave of roaring Nationals hurled every rebel force before it and spread over the Evangeline Saint Claire and passed over Adele De Garbes positions to a width of thirty miles in some places. It was related Shoemannia's right was broken at the vicinity of Evangeline Saint Claire stream and the rush of the Christian attack coming in contact with the other spreading waves increased the extent of the disaster to Shoemannia's and the others in this section.

In these places the opinion was expressed that so many lives of the rebels would not have been lost had not some of the over confident generals believed from their experiences with former war disasters that there was positively no danger beyond the temporarily forcing of the works or the overthrow of a single division. After rushing over the works the pressure of the Abbeianian assault was so great that the Nationals forced their way against the remainder of the rebel line and carried not only Biko Bickel's works and Jespine Ja mains but advanced all the way up to the Glandelinian camps and captured them and the strongly defended earthworks.

By the terrible battle communications by railroads and wire was nearly all cut off for the enemy. The exact number of men of the The exact number of the battle dead of the dreadful war disaster probably will never be known accurately. Bodies and skulls moved grass were found far beyond Gretchen and also far beyond Gretna which in all probabilities shows the battle extended that far. The probably most horrible holocaust of the war at or below the forest of trees where hundreds of thousands of wounded Christian soldiers who were saved from being killed instantly in the battle were burned to death in forest fires caused by the firing during the battle, caused a most fearful loss of life.

The loss in the the numbers of the Glandelinian tents was about ten million 10,000,000 canvas coverings.

On the day after, the catastrophe there was brought to the Christian general a Glandelinian prisoner who for a uniform had scarcely more than a dozen rags to cover his nakedness. His name was Algo Grubben and he was before being taken prisoner a lie-tenant. By a super human human effort had he had during the battle in working his way through the shell swept woods and across a flood of dead bodies in order to ascertain just as ascertain for himself the terrible results of the fierce Christian charge which he saw start from the edge of the fatal Mic-Whirther Woods. Algo said he was a lieutenant and had been employed in various scouting capacities for a considerably long time. He confessed that he had repeatedly recalled and called the attention of many Glandelinian generals during the height of the battle to the various breaks and gaps in the insurgent lines but he had received the stereotyped reply that the situation of the fighting gray lines were all right, that it had been formed and reinforced to stand for centuries against the mightiest of all Christian attacks without giving an inch of ground, and that such a thing as it's giving way before the wild onslaught of the Nationals was among the impossibilities.

But Algo did not hesitate to continue his warnings when he saw the fury of the christian onslaught increase. Initially according to his own state of mind he was instructed to shut his mouth or he would be shot. He was given to understand fully that the officers and even all the generals of the rebel armies were tired of his "infernal croakings" and that the less he said about the breaks in general Manley's lines from then on, the better it would be for him. Algo then apprehensive over the situation laid his complaints before the highest generals not more than an hour before the overwhelming catastrophe. He told these generals that the main force of the christian assault was due, that the divisions under Shomannila and Picknell were destroyed already, and that if the main force of the christian assault would be extremely heavy along this portion of the line the who were a rebel army would certainly give way and the most disastrous defeat in the war would ensue. Algo says that these generals promised to send a swift messenger to general Manley to notify him of the danger then, or appeal to his staff. Somehow the messenger was not sent, or if he was he did not reach Manley, the appeal was not made to his chief generals and the dreadful disastrous defeat ensued.

For fifteen minutes previous to the general rout, Algo said the christian attackers were forcing themselves over the portions of the last line of works so that vast portions of the rebel line was giving way in confusion. He said that the rebel troops in possession of the other works however for a short time had everything their own way on the christian attackers and destroyed and annihilated every one of the christian waves that showed itself within range and mowed down scores of christian generals. He said at this point for that space of time the biggest christian waves could not make out even the slightest headway so great was the fire of this rebellion and also the christian line would never had been able to go forward another step all day if the rebel line had not exhausted its ammunition. The christian line was however reinforced just at this critical moment and the force of the assault then grew so great that one of these christian columns not meeting any resistance at all swept horizontally over the works in one perfect straight line the troops of Shomannila having lost their ammunition trying in vain to resist them with the bayonet, even throwing stones, struggling with the Nationals in terrific wrestling conflicts, using fists and tearing hair and choking them and still they pressed on.

All this time too the other sections of the christian line particularly three immense divisions of them could have really had the fury of a terrific mountain torrent than men. At just 7.30

In the afternoon of the 31st of May Algo said he was attending to a Glandelinian signal station a mile back from the firing line when he noticed that the whole insurgent line seemed to be rolling back and far in that distance there was a roaring and screeching noise that sounded to him like the swift noisy approach of one of the well noted Sp r Spiritian Terrian typhoons. He doubted his eyes and looked at the scene through his field glasses and found that his suspicions were undoubtedly well founded. He ascended to the highest point of the signal station to get a better view of the scene and there he saw the whole gray line rolling back from the works and recoiling in the insane confusion with a wide snake like surge of lavender colored soldiers sweeping after them. Absolutely helpless he was compelled to stand there and watch the gradual development of what was to be one of the most disastrous glandelinian defeats probably in the whole war. He had just as the surge swayed back however observed a lone long line of Leo Castellio's artillery rolled forward a wall of smoke and a salvoes of thunder and literally observed the whole christian wave in front wither away to nothingness but the other section came on, and though shattered to fragments by the artillery fire swept up and were in possession before the guns could fire a third volley and Leo Castellio was captured and three of his officers slain in the desperate but successful attempt to rescue him from the war maddened demons in purple.

According to his reckoning it was seven forty five when the left section of the rebel surge began to part into many big gaps and within right minutes a gap of two miles in length was opened in Manley's swiftly recoiling lines through which a large portion of the roaring christian tide poured like torrents of water forced by machinery of most stupendous power. The Glandelinian army did not retreat before the soldiers were frightened or confused naturally but because it was impossible to withstand the assault, the pressure of the purple coated soldiers just literally pushing the struggling glandelinian soldiers before them. By eight o'clock the retreating line giving way like toppling masonry masonry which before the force of the christian

assault had partaken somewhat the form of an arch fell back, bending into directions, then the rebel line burst forward and swung back in two directions like a big gate opening outward and the great Glandelinian army was fleeing with the Federal army roaring and crashing crashing after it. Algo became so awe struck at the calamity that he was unable to leave the spot until the Glandelinian army and the pursuers had swept beyond his view. How long a time elapsed before he recovered sufficient power of observation to notice this, he could not tell but he did not think more than five minutes passed.

Algo said that had the breaks in the rebel line been repaired repaired by reinforcements the disastrous defeat would not, and could not have occurred. Had the battling rebel line been given ordinary attention the probabilities are that so many millions of lives would not have been sacrificed in vain. To put Manley's line back into excellent condition would not have taken one hundred thousand men 100,000 men.

General Eldonia Ricknell one of the most noted generals of all said of the Glandelinian army after the disaster:

"None of the generals known and good standing could possibly have successfully been engaged in the reconstruction of our fiercely attacked armies after its breaks had been neglected for twenty odd minutes without strong supports, and our first long line of troops was very inferior to that of the assaulting christians. Both the lines of Manley, and line and the reconstructed ones under Headwick Turner were not as strongly supported as they ought to have been with not the sufficient number of cannon even to meet such a terrific christian assault with any amount of success."

True the rebellion was surely of a concentrated position and in the best positions for resisting a christian attack and the outworks was of series of earthworks or walls of a sticky clayey quality the best of earth for adhesiveness of earthworks. All this being well rammed down. But the frontal lines of Glandelinian were probably not strongly supported at all and the cannon that defended these works was a battery of long range guns and not the anything and other small machine guns that were most needed. At the beginning of the disaster most of the Glandelinian army still stood while one portion was carried away.

It had been acknowledged or it was an acknowledged principal of reinforcing Glandelinian armies in battle since the war started and the invariable practice of strengthening every portion of the rebel line but neither was done here at this battle, for Manley's army during the Gretchen Battle was partly destroyed.

It is doubtful if there is another Glandelinian army of general Manley's size which ever looked supports at a great battle. Ignorance or carelessness is shown in the reconstruction of Manley's broken and half destroyed Glandelinian army for the center was weaker and gave way before the recession of the left and right wings ever started. The army should have been strengthened in the center by all the supports that could be brought to bear against the christian assailants. Had the swift withdrawal begun only at the left and center the force of the christian drive would probably have been more gradual and little or no harm would have resulted. And had the left and right wings been forced back at once when the christian tidal waves began to overrun the works on Manley's centre the suddenness of the disastrous break in Manley's line might have been checked, the line recoiling at least more slowly and gradually and possibly prolonged so that little harm would have been done.

There was a torrent of lavender coated soldiers like a river overflow near the left central divisions which proved that the charge of the christians was as relentless as a great tidal wave passing over a already shattered breakwater already swept to pieces by angry seas. But owing to the weakening of the Glandelinian centre, and which still fought on without supports only five minutes and a half elapsed before the christian armies swept over the works. And this portion of the Glandelinian army thinned out at best, had been further thinned out by its great losses by its unusually close "grating of men" to prevent the Nationals from coming over the works. There seemed to have been no cowardice of the Glandelinian army, its destructive defeat resulting from the pressure of the christian attack.

The estimates for the original line of defense called for 10,000,000 reserves but there was no indication of so many men arriving to support general Manley's broken army. The whole line of Manley's army was so badly thinned that it was unable to withstand the pressure of the christian assault. All was over in half an hour and half the time. All was over in half an hour and half the time. The flood of christian soldiers rushed



rushed in a mighty surge like a terrific flood released from the ocean sweeping everything before it and left as many fallen as a flood does in depositing vast windrows of debris. It which formed an impassable barrier to everything except the vast agent of destruction--the human flood which overflowed it and rushed on to wreak fresh vengeance further ahead. There was one terrible scene of the charge which neither the rebel generals or those of the christian line will never forget. General Maurice Costello's army was rushing forward through what is known as Turners plain these troops moving in a line or wave in ten men deep and about six miles long. This line was seen to go forward three miles to five million strong, but the general reported to Robert Vivian thus after the battle:

"Said to God to say. I sent my army forward during that great charge, and not a soul came back to tell me where they went. The enemy's fire swept that line out of existence."

One of the most terrible sights after the frightful battle was the conflagrations following it, especially on the christian part of the battle fields. The battle field was covered with all kinds of debris from wrecked and shattered trees all covered with dry dead leaves and other foliage and despite it being the Month of April and the beginning of May the most spring had been unusually hot and even dry. On or most of this day after the battle were found the charred trees and burned and battle torn soldiers of both sides. The fires at this point which lasted for two weeks after the battle and had still some of its vitality left two days after was one of the incidents of the aftermath of the battle and disaster to the foe that will never be forgotten by both sides.

The story here will not be and cannot be fully told. Not even the bravest of the survivors could look at this awful scene without a shudder to their sensibilities. So entangled and unyielding was the sea of wreckage at some points especially within the regions of Mic-Whirther burned forests that even dynamite and other explosives had no effect upon it what ever.

One deplorable effect however was the necessity at frequent intervals to dismember the few parts of the human bodies of fallen soldiers wedged in the mass that the ruthless shell fire left whole, to save them from the swiftly approaching walls of singing fires.

From the north end of the Mic-Hullester and Pandora Railroad bridge the view of the shell torn battlefield was but a prelude to the view which was to follow. Looking across the Mic-Whirther River the first object the eye would catch in the direction of a small farm was a little ruined Catholic country Church standing as a guardian over so many of the dead, a solitary sentinel left on the field after the battle. Still further on were the spring crop fields and grain and corn fields a fields with their grain and corn a just starting out now ruined. Beyond and across these devastated fields were sand flats and mud flats which never had been there before.

This was the greatest and most extraordinary freak a battle had ever caused before, a freak more astonishing than if an earthquake had done it. Not on the fields not even a vestige of the early spring crops remained. When the great storming assault of the christians came, all of Manley's generals felt a sort of uneasiness, and during the last part or early part of this last christian assault the overconfident glandelinian generals had been warned that portions of general Manley's armies were weakening.

During the three recent days of the battle however when the struggle line troops were having varying fortunes for both sides these same generals had heard the very same warnings a little too often to be even impressed and therefore these generals did not pay any attention to their informants.

Some of these officers who jeered were on the last day before night fall scattered along the banks of the Mic-Whirther Run could in death, or met a more horrible fate in the blazing wreckage of the shattered forest trees. Only a few heeded the warning and these managed to save their division and brigades from sharing in the frightful disaster. Early in the very evening the flood of christian soldiers covered by the heaviest artillery fire swept roaring and screaming over the fields and across the plains and streamed over the rivers and everywhere in long surges miles in extent. Every small advanced column was shot to pieces by the rebel fire but were rapidly swollen by new forces, wedges of troops became long lines and lines were turned into advancing human rivers, and rivers into floods and tidal waves. The left wing moving in a wave advanced and spread

like a mighty river overflowing its banks and the damage to general Manley's right caused by this mighty human avalanche alone was large. It indeed there was more to come, and the results were to be so appalling that there lived not a surviving glandelinian soldier who was likely to anticipate them. At this hour the left wing of the christian surge though torn up itself by the glandelinian fire tore away Manley's right situated on All good creek. This was the real beginning of the end. The enormous mass of panic stricken glandelinians were hurled back from their works. The lines of general Rectory's batteries, and those under generals Bataille, and Woodville Cambria and also their infantry were by this time completely oblitered and now the christians advanced like the waves of the roaring sea. The left wing of the attacking christian army then swept every thing before it crushing the glandelinian right as if it were an egg shell and going on unchecked until the big broneworks at the edge of the big Glandelinian camps were reached. Had the National assault armies failed to pass those works general Manley's army would have been defeated just the same, but nevertheless might have been spared much of its unaccountable horror.

There were for this part of the battle already sense of dead and dying, and whole divisions had already been swept away, ten had surrendered, but the dead, and the numbers of prisoners taken could only be counted by the hundreds of thousands, and not yet by millions.

Coming toward these works the retreating left wing wedged itself fast at these new trenches and tried to form a most impregnable barrier against the advancing Nationals.

The wounded retired to the rear of the works and hoped the titanic assault of the christian wave might be repulsed. It was a repulse, a repulse that goes forward instead of backwards. There was no longer a chance for all those glandelinian wounded to get away, and hence the known what was in store for them the very contemplation would have been enough to make the stars stark mad.

Only twenty minutes had elapsed from the time of the breaking of Manley's left wing when the National under general Herdrude, the golden horned Icknell, the Vivian, the Scammon and others rushed madly and insanely upon Manley's center. The christian waves were shot and torn to pieces, they rallied and came on anew, and were again obliterated, but the remainder of reinforcing parts came on. It was a fearful slaughter a charnel hell too horrible to be imagined, and still the christian came on with a devilish yell that was deafening. The glandelinian fire shattered the christian waves for every one hundred yards and strewn the fields over the battle line with seas of dead but the christian could not be checked and surged up to the works like a shattering tidal wave that not even allgure could withstand. The scoffing glandelinian generals realized now their folly but it was too late. Manley's center had given way and the immense wave of christian soldiers though shattered now as it was, and which extended fifteen miles in length was let loose to begin its work of destruction. The irresistible wall of Nationals swarmed over the works and rushed on with a fury that carried the rebel center before it. Had the left of the assaulting christian line been checked in its mad headlong rush upon Manley's right, and had it not been able to pass around the vast camp a large portion of Manley's army or probably all of it might have been saved from such a devastating defeat.

Those ramparts failed to check the christian tidal wave however and immediately half of this portion of the great glandelinian army were swept from the works and hurled back into the camps with all their columns and divisions crushed and mangled and with hundreds of officers and scores of their best generals slain and Manley reported dangerously wounded. Indeed the pressure of the christian assault backed the shattered Glandelinian army into the vast extensive city of tents and as these camps were almost surrounded by the attacking christian forces, and as there had to be an outlet somewhere the confused glandelinians tried to cut their way through the heart of the rear portions of the camps, and the horror raged with redoubled fury.

Again and again did the terrified flood of glandelinian soldiers hurl themselves fiercely madly, recklessly against the christians who were closing in on them, and each wave of counter attack was fairly demolished. The surrounding christian forces remained firm, but the central portions began to move forward the glandelinians gave way retreating in another direction and some fifty thousand more rebels were carried to their deaths and a quarter of this wing and forty great generals whose names are, Josie Gannon, J. J. Gannon, James Gannon, Richardson John Gannon, Josie Gannon, all brothers, Gannonia Johnston, Rodney Gannon, Josie Gannon, Gannon Norwandy, Gannon Jennings, Gannon 208 Rae Meldon Neldonia, Judus Gannon, Aronburg Aronburg Federal, Meldon Aronburg, Vancouver Aronburg Aronburg, Aronburg Hoser, Wickey Gansin, Galman Shoenen, Phelan Evans,

Edward Zimmerman, Mic-Whirther, Mic-Whirther Mic-Hollester, Mic-Hollester Henryson, Mic-Whirther Johnston, Shoguan in Phelanson, Cedernine, Mic-Hollester, Walter Brown, Robert G. P. amack, Mic-Hollester Wallen Zimmerman Francis, Roswell Ruster Johnstonia, Johnston-Federal, Heller Johnston, Hindermine Johnston, Abner Double Day Henry Shewan Ambrose, Hanson Ricknell, Tribune Ricknell, Zoe Rae Westabrook, and general Zimmerman Stanck surrendered.

Through this new gap which was immense enough the Abbieannian and Angelinian forces were diverted in the direction of general Shewan's army and probably within fifteen minutes if not longer the great big Omurian divisions under thirteen generals whose names are Cast Gastellio, Buford Gastellio, Minnie Zimmerman, Johnston Mullaway, Francis Smith, Nk Knox Ricknell, Mic-Hollester Gannonia, Aldolph Johnston, Rudolph William, Fritz Patrick Johnstonia, Arthur Norton, Henry Prue, and Henry Gurnose, and 6,000,000 strong, were engulfed and laid low and all these generals killed. Here also had gathered a number of divisions of Shewanians who felt confidently that they could check the Christian tide, and almost before they realized their peril they were swept away like drift wood in a seething torrent.

Meanwhile general Manley's left had been literally wiped from the face of the earth. Federal immense divisions was swept away, and general Francis Gannonia was a thing of the past, and the general wounded. General Ricknell's divisions with a full strength of one million men had nothing left of it but a fragment of a regiment and the general and a few officers themselves. General Hate Gouda's divisions were gone, and general Francis Setens wrecked or demolished. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers on both sides were killed alone in this mad hell, hundreds of thousands bayoneted themselves to death, and the seas of wounded met an awful death in the flaming debris that at frequent intervals were hurled madly into the air by terrific explosions, that shook the earth like an earthquake, more hundreds of thousands as has been written were burned by the fires set by the firing, as hundreds of thousands of more of fleeing rebels who sought a safety in the burning woods were overwhelmed by the Nationals or burned to death when trapped by fires in the forests. On both sides the instances of unusual heroism and self sacrifice were never excelled perhaps not even equaled on any known battlefield even in reality or fiction. Soldiers of both sides rather than save themselves alone, died nobly with their commanders and comrades, and other officers and officers willingly gave up their very lives rather than abandon their wounded comrades. At the approach of night, dark darkness added to the terrors of the situation. Then came oceans of flame to make the calamity of the battle all the more appalling. Countless trees had been shattered to earth by the shell fire of both sides. Many of the unfortunate wounded were caught and just how many of both sides were imprisoned in those blazing masses of wreckage may never be known, but the number was estimated at between one million and 23,456,789. At some places the wreckage of foliage was piled to the height of fifty feet and most of this was all soon afire and the scene that was then witnessed was beyond description.

Prayers and shrieks, from so many unhappy wounded imprisoned in the wreckage pierced the air, but little could be done by the rescuers. Men and officers of both sides held down by the shattered forest wreck, watched with indescribable horror and agony, the flames of the battle started forest fires creep swiftly, or slowly toward them until the heat scorched their faces and then they were slowly roasted to death. Countless numbers of those held fast in the wreck by the arm or a leg begged piteously that the imprisoned limb be cut off. Many succeeded in getting loose with mangled limbs, and one rebel officer cut off his own arm that he might get away.

The legions of the rescuers who were able wracked like demons to save the unfortunate wounded from the flames but hundreds of thousands were burned to death.

"At three thirty in the afternoon" said general Roswell Ruster Johnston of the Christian side, "Jennie Warner operating a telegraph in the Herman Telegraph Signal Station was cheerfully ticking away the news of general Manley's defeat she soon had to abandon that signal station on account of it catching fire. She then notified me she was wiring from another signal station and that the Christian success was progressing steadily. She claimed she was frightened because of the rapid advance of the ground and brush forest fires and said large stretches of forest around were burning like furnaces. This was evident before Manley's main line of defense was broken, for the officer who was answering her said; something encouraging to her and she was talking back as only the bravest of little girls can, when the rescuers skilled ears caught a

strange sound, of the telegraph wire that was not made by any human hand. The wires had either fallen or the station had been swept away by the flames, no one ever knew which. At three thirty o'clock the little girl heroine was there and at four thirty we might as well have asked the grave to answer us. Whether she escaped alive or not one could tell but let's hope she did....."

During the rescue work after the battle, a young Abbieannian officer saw a highly colored officer lying down beside a tall tree with agonized face and streaming gray hair. The flames caused by the terrible battle was rapidly approaching him, and yet the young officer at the very risk of his own life wetted his clothes or uniform and then plunged into the seething flames and brought the old wounded general so safely out of reach of the fire.

Scarcely had he done so when scouting around he saw another officer and his two dearest friends in the same awful danger. The young lieutenant plunged in again and while breasting through a hedge of burning brush cut on a artery in his right wrist, and though weakened with loss of blood and badly scorched about the face and hands, he succeeded in saving the three of them. Elsewhere the same brave officer saved nineteen lives. At nineveh creek. At the same creek a wounded general and many mangled privates were seen lying helplessly on the ground amid masses of debris and a wall of approaching flames was sweeping swiftly toward them.

The roaring flames commenced to reach the debris and by desperate efforts the rescuers succeeded in getting the general and some privates out of reach of the flames. In the efforts to rescue the remaining wounded the flames were fought desperately and one of the rescuers threw out a rope soaked through with water. The end landed on the shoulders of one of the wounded men but as he saw that he could not save the rest he threw the means of safety to one side and gripped the human hands of those who were with him. A minute later the wreckage burst into flames and in a second thirteen helplessly wounded soldiers were engulfed in the seething flames, being all burned to death. There were many thousands of the searchers and rescuers that distinguished themselves by their bravery. Many of the rescuers had to turn back on account of the flames. As the batch of rescuers passed a point where the burning woods were full of wounded and dying struggling to get out of reach of the flames another desperate attempt to save the injured was commenced. The rescuers set to work, wetted their uniforms, dashed into the very inferno and saved them all though many of the rescuers were scorched and injured.

The special parties of rescuers reached the little Elsie's Creek at 11.30 that night but they were notified by colored light signals that further progress in that direction was almost impossible. The greatest excitement prevailed at this place and large parties of other rescuers were all the time endeavoring to save the poor unfortunate wounded that were being sent into eternity by the approaching flames.

To the tidal wave of flames struck this section of the battle shattered woods just after dark, and in twenty minutes the flames from the wreckage below caught the foliage on the tree tops and rose high into the air and the conflagration soon spread over the whole territory. And in danger from these flames caught under the forest debris were wounded soldiers of both sides shrieking piteously for aid. A large number of rescuers at once gathered in this region and they were steadily reinforced by large numbers of Abbieannians on the opposite side of the stream. They brought everything used by forest rangers to fight the flames. Others brought wire ropes and these were thrown into the parts where the wounded lay in the efforts to save as many of these poor beings as possible. For half an hour on more all the efforts were of no avail until at last when the rescuers were about giving up all hopes a young soldier held down by a smoking branch managed to catch hold of one of the ropes. He caught it under his right arm and being pulled from under the branch was thrown violently against a tree that was threatening to fall upon him, but managed to clear himself from it as it crashed to the ground and keeping hold of the wire rope was successfully pulled out of reach of the flames amid the cheers of the rest. His name was Pen Pedro Vivian and his rescuer was a colonel named Angelone Robbins.....

The wounded soldier was taken to the town of Gretchen and cared for in the home of an aged couple. This young wounded soldier was about 18 years old. His story of the frightful calamity to Manley's army is as follows;

"With my regiment I was sharing in that grand monstrous charge against the enemy's shattered army. In my Regiment were 3,300 men. The firing was as steady as roaring water. Yet as we rushed on we saw the Glandelinian soldiers running before us. But soon I observed a part of the left wing of my regiment dissolve before the enemy's fire. An officer told me not to mind as the enemy would not resist further. But soon I saw my men drop by the score per minute, and the survivors halted behind trees, rocks and thick bushes and returned the fire. However the enemy's fire threatened to annihilate my whole regiment and we were forced to halt in our advance. In my fright I jumped behind a tree but the fragment of an exploding shell shattered my leg.

My comrades kept on going and gradually everything within my sight was aflame. The flames kept rising and I was in peril. Gradually I got away from the tree but a section of it gave way, fell on me and held me down. Then suddenly I found myself trapped there, and the flames rapidly approaching. After a little the flames seemed to be checked by the stream and I hoped they would be stopped but just then a burning tree fell across the stream and it was at this moment when I was rescued. After I was freed from the blazing debris I did not see the others of my comrades. One soldier was I was told was taken down from the branch of a tree whose top had been burned away but he must have been burned to death as the flames had been coming fast. Colonel Kintola and Major Grando I saw burn to death. General Heado was also burned. Colonel John Heidi was also found with his body half charred under the smoking debris. The scenes were terrible. Live wounded soldiers and corpses were burned by the flames. I would hear many of the wounded shriek as the flames engulfed them. All along the stretch of fires were soldiers who were trying most desperately to save us but they could not do nothing and only a few of us were saved. If this is war, then the Infernal Regions must be a heaven."

This young soldier's story is but one incident and shows what happened to officers even of the highest rank. God alone could have only known what had happened to the hundreds of thousands who were in the path of the crushing flames. It was impossible to get even anything in the way of news save the most meagre details.

An eye witness at Beldon Hendrick Luck Railroad Station tells a story of a most terrible horror which occurred at the North Bend of the great Mic-Whirther River near or at the lower Mic-Whirther Bridge which crossed the river at this point.

A young officer supporting two wounded soldiers, one on each side of him was seen by the rescuers coming down toward the bridge pursued by a most tremendous wall of flames. The bridge was broken down having been shattered by shell fire, and to swim the stream at this point was impossible for the strongest swimmer. From the opposite side of this stream a rope of good length and great strength was thrown over to him. This the whole three failed to catch.

Then the young officer was noticed to point toward the elder of the two wounded soldiers who it was supposed was either his father or a relation. He was then seen to instruct the two soldiers what they should do when catching the rope which was being thrown from the opposite shore. On came the flames with a roar.

The brave young colonel stood with his arm around each of the two wounded soldiers. As the rope was thrown to them he seized it, but a falling tree tore the rope violently away from him. Neither of the three succeeded in getting a hold on the life line. Finally the rope was again cast but seeing his companions would not be rescued he dropped the rope and tried to figure how to get across the bridge. The sea of flames was seething toward the bank and the young officer seized hold of the good portion of the bridge and after difficult work managed to aid the two wounded soldiers to get up onto the rickety bridge. He held on with his own hands and rested his feet on a pile of driftwood suddenly brought down by the current of the river. A floating tree then came down and struck the drift sweeping it away.

The young officer then hung with his body immersed in the water. A new pile of drift soon collected and he was enabled to get another secure footing. Near the bridge a big blazing tree suddenly fell striking the bridge with a mighty crash and the whole bridge crashed into the water all three being hurled into the river and held under the water by the weight of the debris and were drowned before the eyes of the horrified rescuers just on the opposite shore. Early in the evening a general and two comrade officers were also seen in the path of the advancing flames. A wire rope was thrown to them, soldiers dashed in among the flames and all three were rescued.

When this happened a few miles below the behind the scene of the horror at the bridge. A later report from another point from another part of the front says that hundreds were saved several of which succeeded in getting out of reach of the flames unaided. These were kindly taken care of by the people of Gratchen. . . . . All night long the rescuers fought the flames in an effort to reach the wounded. To the surprise of all, a little girl was seen near another bridge and despite the flames surrounding her she was kneeling on the floor of the burning structure and had her hands clasped as if in prayer. Despite the bridge being damed up in fire every effort was made to save the poor child but they all proved of no avail. The main part of the conflagration had evidently spent its fury up the north part of the river. No more wounded at this location could be rescued. Night searchers remained along the bank until daylight when the first view of the awful devastation of the fire and cattle was witnessed.

When the great wave of Christian soldiery swept through the main Glandelinian encampments the panic stricken rebels who had any chance to escape ran hither and thither in every direction. They did not have any idea where they were running to, only that a great surge of lavender coated soldiers as fierce as the demons themselves were roaring after them through the woods and that they must get out of the way of that. Some in their dare devil recklessness stuck to their works, though this was either certain death or capture.

Others ran through the company streets of their camps or got on top of the ramparts and then clambered over the adjoining breastworks and resisted the Christians until they could retreat in more safety. But the overwhelming majority made for the distant foot hill which girt the small city like the waves of the storm tossed ocean surrounds a ship. Even the Glandelinians whose works the Christians could not carry so quickly abandoned their positions suddenly and began to thick the whole army was as safe as some city buried beneath the water.

Yet when the Nationals were in possession of the Glandelinian works they had to put their own wounded and those of the enemy they had gathered immediately after the battle they had to put them into tents and other portions of the camps which had not been ruined. Most of the wounded of both sides had to sleep without any covering over their bodies or clothes and torn uniforms and it took the liveliest kind of work to secure shelter of any kind.

Yet the wounded were housed as best as possible in all the tents still standing and some idea of the extent of the camps captured can be gathered from the effects that of the 300,000 most prominent tents there were nine million eight hundred and fifty thousand smaller ones. Many scores of thousands of the wounded of both sides were crazed by their sufferings and for the first day or so the rebel wounded were dazed by what had happened and for that matter they are dazed still. Most of those not too badly injured went about helplessly, making vaguely inquiries for their friends and hardly feeling the desire to eat anything they were so disheartened over the defeat of the Glandelinian army. Finally the needs of army comforts overpowered them and they woke up to the fact that they were faint and sick. It was surprising to the Glandelinian prisoners however the Angelinian soldiers shared their own rations with them, and took care of the suffering Glandelinian wounded when they did not expect any mercy from them at all. But they however were sullen soldiers, cross and desperate and they did not appreciate this at all and only hated the Nationals to more than ever because of Hanley's defeat.

"The 'Fatal Stream' as the Mic-Whirther Run river is now called, and where the battle wrought such awful destruction was described by one of the war correspondents in this way: . . . . .

"The fiercest of the wicked Glandelinian army the long wave of Quarian Scout Infantry whose resistance against the tide of Concentinian Cavalry and Infantry forces was the matter of so much talk was a noble Turmerannian Army just concentrated behind a high breastworks thirteen feet in height and thirty two feet wide on top and manned by enormous cannon in the apertures, and teeming with short range cannon on top. Despite the dreadful shell fire poured upon it from the Christian batteries to cover the fierce Concentinian charge these works still remain wholly uninjured except that they are badly spelled on the upper



side by some shell explosions of immeasurable force but that they remain so was due solely to the accident of their position and not to their very great strength although they were the embodiment of solidity. Had the full force of the mighty ove wheeling Con centinian charge struck the Oarlian Scoutier army at once it would have swept it away as if they had been a n army of paper men facing a tornado winstorm leaving no track of even a remnant of men behind, but fortunately, or (unfortunately) a part of the O a Oarlian army was exactly parallel wity the path of the advancing Nationals which hence e struck the O arlian army full and compressed the whole of its line of charge gained in a fourteen mile line of advance into one inextricable mass with the fury of tens of millions of demons moving forward at nearly a railroad train speed. The effort of the glandelinian position withich which was under general Shoo annia in person was a breastworks of very peculiar construction. It consisted of:

1. Every tree the glandelinians had chopped down with trifling exceptions, including thousands of large trees, with all the limbs left on, but sharpened at the points.
2. All the wagons, and wagon wheels gathered from ruined farms, and those of u no use for further re. retainment of wagon trains in the army all these besides abatis and bob wire and all other sharp implements being intermingled with the trees.
3. All the various furniture and farming implements and every thing of dangerous character that were taken from the houses, many hundreds of miles of farm barbed wire stolen or taken from stores, and farm fields, and many times ore than this th at was in stock in the mills.
4. Perhaps fifty miles of track and track materials, and rails and all.
5. Captured locomotives, pig iron, boilers, steam engines, heavy machinery, and all other sp oils of a large manufacturing town. All this was accumulated in one long i- extricable mass which however failed to stop the christian advance.

The fol 'lage along a good portion of the Mic-Whirther Run caught fire during the evening of the last day of the battle. Hundreds of thousands of wounded soldiers where held under forest wreckage many by their legs only. The rescuing parties were tortured by thr groans and cries which came from that vast holocaust for nearly forty eight hours it being almost unhearable to listen to, yet it could not be escaped. Thousands undoubtedly suffered a slow death by fire. Yet who doubt could doubt that the vast numbers of the fallen in that fearful inferno which covered nearly a thousand acres in two days were burned to death.

The glandelinian positions held by the Oarrians was in the shape of a long serpent when viewed from on high and addenby the junction of general picknells works and the almost equally large Shooannian works extending along toward Henrietta's nne just a little above Gretchen town.

Adelaide Carbes trenches formed near Dam No. I which was about sixty feet high its lke eing large enough to hold twenty times the contents of the Johnstown Reservoir itself. One offshoot of the enemy was the purpose to deflect the christian torrent of to wipe it out by the burning of these two dams and h w this happened two flood disasters would have drowned the whole charge and destroyed all cities and villages within the region for a hundred miles all around with the loss of every life in all these places.

But as the in christian line of charge went tearing through the heart of the enemys main camps one section split from the main wave further down and the direct force of this column carried the works between the two dams thus saving the reservoirs and smashing the rebellious to pieces.

About half of the loss of life was in this section for the whole region between the two dams, became speedily a charnel hall and stayed so until night fall and it was here and not in the direct path of the advancing flames that all the rescuing of the wounded from the forest debris and ground fires occurred.

Nothing of the kind was possible in the path of the advancing forest fire itself. The existence of the works held by the Oarrians broke the continuity of the headlong christian advance headlong advance and gave this portion of the rebel line a chance to get away. Shooannias army was badly shattered with the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives but in the main from those of the O arrians down, the christian attack was not quite so destructive.

General Francis G Gammonia in charge of a portion of Shoo annias Oarlian army in the first section of the works which was carried by the christian attackers wrote a thrilling story of his own experience the details which Jennie nner managed to obtain possession of three days after the battle itself, she having easily e- escaped from the forest fire. His story states thus:;;;

"To his Excellency general John Hanley, glandelinian army.  
"ain. D. D. D.

"My division with two others on Shooannias night had been thrown into action by the high works at Henrietta Dam No. I opposite Henrietta Dam No. 2. I saw the "christian dogs" coming like a roaring flood from a million bursted dams, and my officers described their head long approach as the appearance of the whole army of demons from hell moving toward us in lavender and purple uniforms. I immediately rode back and forth behind my men, and shouted to my gunners to fire away for all they were worth, while to every officer I gave hasty urgent instructions. My gunners opened up wiping out the first line of Abbieannians and shattering the others, but the charge was irresistible and the works were captured. I was seriously wounded and two soldiers were engaged in getting me out of the zone of danger the soldiers supporting me under each arm and rushed toward the rear with the roaring purple coats right at our heels. They carried me a diar distance of two hundred feet and then fell mortally wounded, I on top of them.

Others came to my rescue however, and were shut down. Three others came also a flag bearer and were killed just as they lifted me off my feet. Alone soldier however by some means managed to drag me to a safe spot though he was hit five times and I was then taken care of by a cavalry force of Ga- Gargoylians who bore e to a safe spot before the christian dogs could reach us.

I cannot tell how many of my soldiers lost their lives or were wounded in this awful Gretchen disaster. The one division of Scoutiers on my right, under general Jennie Shooannias, which was carried away lost every one of its n- llen wounded to the christian dogs, how many no one knows. At least only 20,000 of the five million dead were recovered. A line of machine guns served to in a measure to protect Jessapine Jennies ary from a disasterous defeat.

Some idea of the terrible National charge may be gained when I saw that the Angelinian and Abbieannian troops swept upon the works with the speed and fury of a tremendous stampede of horses riding ridden by wild savage men all our cannon and strong lines of infantry not being sufficient with even the help of our queerly made abatis to stop their wild insane onrush. Our fire killed the whole line of christian christian charge and tore it all to pieces but we were swept back and our guns captured before they could be fired again. Shooannias army was forced from the works and half of it destroyed.

"My assistant general Hairbreadth Harry had a most wonderful escape. He was caught in the mad mob of opposing men and in the turmoil all his uniform was torn from him and he was borne by the desperately fighting soldiers of our holy cause clear of the onrushing christian dogs, who had tried so desperately to capture him. The general told me that while he struggled to get out of the raving mob, once thirty bayonets surrounded him on all sides, and he saw the fierce eyed Winkie

Abbieannians strive to de draw his horse away from his rescuers, but fortunately they were driven off by some of his Whinnies and Mungabous. He then started to urge his horse with the purpose to reach the main column but fearing to venture to o too much out into the o e open wounded as he was, returned to his body of rescuers who brought him safely out of danger. He had recieved only slight injury and displayed a rare amount of forethought in the face of all this danger, having snibed ten of his assailants, and ridden down a number of them, and made two of them his prisoners. He had fully expected he would be captured and therefore had tied securely around a comrades horses neck his valuable coat with a note in a pocket and this in order that the note if found might explain the cause of his being missed.

General Gammonia".

The last reserves of Hanleys army of which general Federal permitted the arrival to the support of Hanleys center had come up between Gretchen and Gretna and rolled into position at Mic-Whirther Run at about 3:35 P.M. a that late afternoon.

The reserves consisted of Abnaki Indians and by Manley was called a "handicraft" in the troops. The last part of this reserve column was a troop of fierce Abnaki Indians which had never been stopped in a charge in any battle before but which had in this battle been cut from the main body. The rest of the column had started forward from Gethen at 3:40 and later from its dreadful losses had been cut in a "death" division.

No one ever fitted it better. This division had charged and then contested seven miles of ground during its retreat to the attacking Christian line and left for all that distance fields of fallen soldiers. Seventeen miles of bodies covered the ground between Gethen and Gethen. When the new power men and war correspondents touched with the Abnaki Indians they were and to some extent with the men who make them. They rushed excitedly into the Christian lines at 7:30. In the evening, they were too excited to tell all about what they had witnessed. For Manley had reports of the great increase of the Christian onslaught. He had reached him during the full fury of the battle and being ordered to do so the two last columns of reserves started out with two machine gun batteries having fair chance of reaching Manley's center on time to check if possible the terrific onslaught of the whole Christian line. The original three quarters of a mile of rebellion of defeat that is of Adelle Garbes division was temporarily rallied without incident. The Christians had by this time carried the first line of rebel trenches and the officers in charge of the rest of the reserves threw upon the left of the fiercely attacking Manley a fine gray billow of soldiers sending them forward like a wall in the already among the already captured encampments checking the Christian attack for a few minutes and bringing cheers from countless numbers of insurgents who were trying to rally and who watched the advance of the reserves from their last line of defense and forgot the disaster to their army in the excitement of watching the amphibious prowess of these last reserves.

"We have seen the worst of this Christian attack," said one of the elderly officers of the reserves to a couple of excited non-commissioned officers as the last of the shattered Christian column was driven to the edge of the camp. "We have seen the worst of it but the fresh troops will have to wait here for a short time for the Nationals are rallying again to resume the assault."

So Manley's last reserves stood waiting for a while on the higher rise of ground when it should have gone forward at once, while the artillery along general Manley's front rolled in their thunderous uproar and the enraged Christian forces rushed on to the storming. Then when the rebel line was being broken to pieces the reserves were ordered to move to the support of Manley's center. The open ground was just open enough to allow the reserves to move with an impetuous for a counter attack, upon the Abnaki line of advance.

It was to the very captured works that the reserves seem to roll toward this time. It was no longer a question of resisting the attacking Christians. Yet the billows of advancing Nationals from Livianham's army swept on anew among the Glandelinian encampments and swept over the broad topped breastworks only to be broken up like a wall reduced into a thousand chop waves by the severe fire of the Glandelinian reserves. The Glandelinian soldiers behind their last line of works now forgot to cheer. The officers commanding the reserves forgot to take about the "Christian dogs" and the privates began to fret. The situation was curious and it was very ticklish. The reserves were moving

slowly. A part of the column annihilated in smoke from musketry discharges was out of sight. The fiercely charging Abnaki Indians were again in possession and also were swimming through the encampments and setting numerous tanks on fire.

The advancing reserves looked like a long broad gray serpent wriggling on its belly toward the solid purple waves. Gradually there was a simultaneous though not concerted movement among the Glandelinian generals and officers together. They began coming together in batches and looking toward the battle line. Suddenly the highest general broke the queer silence among the others in a voice which had just the least crescendo of excitement in it.

"If you officers do not keep to your commands we won't be able to check the advance of the Christian dogs," he shouted. The demand was a little absurd like the direction given by a land coxswain to "trim ship". Still it had its uses. It relieved the tension which every officer felt and which none of them acknowledged. These

officers went back to their commands, looking again began among the officers and fronting a unit of privates. There had not been much fun in looking toward the attacking Christian waves any way. What had appeared to be a recession of the Christian attackers when looked at from that location was merely a forward movement of the Abnaki Indians upon Adelle-Garbes works like the swelling of a stream from flood waters.

All at once these columns of reserves which had been moving more slowly, for each a good ten minutes stopped short. Then the officers were seen by the others to dash back and forth trying to rally large patches of soldiers coming toward them, and even dash dashing at the nearest of the soldiers.

"Manley is being driven back," said the same general who had commanded the officers to go back to their troops. So it was. Manley's line was being driven back by the Christian attackers. It was observed that the Nationals were carrying the works at every section of the line and forces of Abnaki Indians were moving around the other way threatening to impede the retreat of the Glandelinians altogether.

A line of troops in purple were seen leaning fence rails along the edges of country farms ever everywhere they were coming and nothing now could stop their advance.

The wounded of the rebels who appeared to take the situation in easily, though no such a war disaster had been known to them since the war began had been in large numbers keeping company of their fighting comrades for the last two hours. There had been some hope for the Christian tide to be checked just beyond Shoumunda's works. But as sure as guns were iron, and Christians were Christians, the hope to withstand the National assault was fast disappearing. The success of the Nationals was steady. Finally the reserves had to recoil and the Abnaki purple wave shrieked fury and triumph. The Nationals began to carry all before them like the tornado and swarmed over the last line of works like the tidal wave swept the work bankwater. As they did so the uproar of the Christian wall was heard from elsewhere mingled with a loud hurricane of cheering. A long wave of Abnaki Indians led by two monstrous columns of Concentinians Cavalry appeared around the head of the other works and rushed forward with a fury that nothing could withstand.

"They'll never get through the encampments," was the unanimous consent of other over confident Glandelinian officers, and their verdict were verdict seemed to be confirmed officially by others. But they did carry the encampments. During the beginning of the retreat one of the officers who shouted:

"These reserves must be held together to cover Manley's retreat. There will be no retreating of the reserves until night fall."

A wounded Glandelinian officer who managed to get above and beyond the danger line on Gates Bluff and who says the first tremendous rush of the Abnaki Indian tidal wave had been preceded or preceded by a terrific and peculiar cannonade which he thinks was one of the worst cannonades of the whole war. He declared that a few moments before the surge of fierce Abnaki Indians had reached general Manley's works there was a tremendous rolling explosion of shells all about the battle field and upon general Manley's line and the Christian positions were walled in great clouds of smoke. He said he saw as it were of many big eruptions rise in the air and the next minutes saw two lines of undulating sheets of flames sheets of flame along the Christian positions and the rebel lines were being torn to pieces by this shell fire and wrecked. The next minute the Christian charge came and as a smoke hid everything out of sight he could not see anything more. There was really a tremendous duel of cannons that wrecked Manley's line and and therefore the cause of Manley's defeat may be explained. The experience of many of the wounded is most terrible. Many saw hundreds of their comrades facing the roaring flames and meeting a horrible death, some praying, while others had become actually raving maniacs. Yet no one will ever, can ever know the real horrors of the results of the battle, unless he saw the seas of burning wounded, and forest debris along that fatal Mistic-Holleseter gun stream.

"It was dreadful," said general Dargat. "The horrible nature of this awful affair cannot be realized by any person who did not witness the scene. As soon as possible after the last great crash of the battle had ended and terrible fires broke out I with a large party of rescuers hastened to that portion of the battle field. Countless thousands of the wounded of both sides were struggling amid the battle debris to get out of reach of those scorching flames and exploring the rescuers for God's sake to rescue or release a man.

Franklin rescuers, thousands of them, stood at the side of that extensive and advanced furnace that was slowly heating to a hell heat and incinerating so many human victims. Every one of the rescuers were extremely anxious to save every one possible, and while working desperately, raved, cursed and blasphemed, until the air appeared to tremble. No system, no organized effort to release the men of bent up soldiers of both sides was made by these working to subdue the conflagration. Shrieking they would "Go ahead" go to that place, go get him out for God's sake. Get him out of reach of those flames. " referring to some officer they wanted to have saved. Under the circumstances it was necessary to secure more organization and by this means more were rescued than before. Some of the glandelinian prisoners at work also even under guard thinking I was trying to thwart their efforts when I ordered another point attacked by the rescuers advanced upon me, and threatened to beat my head off or dash me into the bloody river. One soldier who was trying by means of a rope to draw a wounded comrade out of reach of the flames pulled too hard, the rope broke and the wounded soldier was soon engulfed by the flames. The agonies of that rescuer was simply heart-rending. He raised his arms to heaven and screamed in his mental anguish, and only to cease that and tear his hair and soon lie one distracted. Every effort was made to save every wounded soldier possible and we had the satisfaction of knowing that fully 200,000 were saved from cremation. One young officer was found under the body of another. A force of searchers attempted to extricate him from under a big tree and succeeded in releasing every limb but his right arm. For four hours they labored with the forest fire coming nearer and nearer. I was on the point several times of ordering the soldier to chop his arm off. It would have been much better to save his life even at that loss than to have him burn to death. Fortunately it was not necessary but the very young officers narrow escape from death or mutilation he will never realize. The fire claimed a young man among its victims not only the living wounded soldiers but also all the dead which were in some ways purposely abandoned to the flames for the purpose of disposal.

Many abandoned gun carriages and caissons were found half burned in the charred wreckage of the battle field. One of the queerest sights of the battle field especially near Gretchen which I observed was general Vivian's demolished headquarters standing with one wall the other having been blown down entirely leaving the floors supported by a only the upper partitions. In the upper rooms generally used by general Vivian could be seen a mantle with a lambrequin on it and a large wall clock stopped at half past seven. Not far from the clock was a large sized Holy Bible though from the marks on the wall plaster the shell fragments of some exploding bomb had hit these things. In the upper parts of this building where the shock from these exploding shells was felt more more intensely, there were many strange scenes.

The furniture in one of the rooms, was toppled over one after the other in a row and left where they lay. One large table was turned completely over and stood with its legs in the air. Out of this building the general and his staff escaped safely and were but little hurt, although five of the generals declared they had been stood on their very heads by the concussion of some very violent explosion. Every room of general Vivian's headquarters or I mean general Vivian's headquarters had its own story which I had observed. From one an officer entombed by wreckage in the base of a basement by wreckage escaped by chopping a hole through every floor, and then the roof. From another a forerunner who was said to be a Hungarian but who joined the Angelinians just for adventure leaped into the stream and fell thirty two feet into the water and escaped with a broken leg. "The upper part of this cross pointed direct

A war correspondent described the situation near Gretchen nine days after the disaster to Manley's defeated army in this way: "So vast is the field of destruction that to get an adequate idea from any point level with the scene of battle is simply impossible whether you believe it or not. It must be viewed from a great height. From the top of Pandora Mountain just at the east of Gretchen, own the whole panorama can be seen. Looking down from the high heights many things about the enormous battle, that appears inexplicable from below are perfectly plain. How so much devastation can even caused by the awful shell fire as if a tornado swept through it a hundred times was made perfectly clear. The city of Gretchen was built in almost the form of a Cross with the long at longest portion extending up a squarely toward the main river. At the shortest section was the junction of the Evangeline at Claire and Resurrection streams. The upper part of this cross pointed direct

ward

toward the mountains. One of the victorious Christian armies (for only) densely covered with bloodline is crowded to its utmost with wounded Christian soldiers except for four large brick buildings that stand near Evangeline St. Claire river and these house the medical supplies.

The course of the victorious Christian armies from the exact point where they issued from their trenches to where they disappeared into the woods after Manley's fleeing armies the rest spreading in several columns over the flat districts of fifteen to sixteen miles isolatedly defined by officers whom I interviewed. The whole advancing Christian army issued straight from its long line of works in an extensive solid wave of screaming roaring soldiery and swept across the fields and so on to the woods carrying all before it.

Here at the woods a series of strong glandelinian batteries consisting of cannon capable of hurling grape and canister by the torrent volume were captured at one sweep. The woods however seemed to divide the invading wave. The greater part roared on to the south swept upon Manley's camps and carried these positions like a sweeping windstorm and then closed with the rebel line in the rear driving it down to Allenby's was capturing the whole force at this section. The other wave spread across the river whether now moving southward and went over Manley's strong works at the center.

The glandelinian positions here in the meantime were defended by the very glandelinian reserves and therefore hurled back the Christian onslaught for a few moments, but a portion of the Christian wave turning eastward came upon the glandelinian rear and captured a portion of this section of the rebel army. The stream of soldiers that passed over the rebel works on the left was hurled back by the main glandelinian column under general Raymond, Richardson Federal and others, but were reinforced by the winking Abyssinianians and rushed forward again, when it drove the enemy back for miles in hopeless confusion and spent the force of the attack upon the last line of works. The incessant progress of this Christian advance forced upon the retreating glandelinians and over the works caused the Nationals to have an irresistible pressure that nothing could withstand, the greatest force being from the right and left and made a storming assault whose fury allied every one who witnessed it. This accounts for the apparently or comparatively extensive path of the charging purple columns through the glandelinian camps where its course of advance through the thickly clustered canvas tented company streets could have been easily seen. The force of the crushing onslaught increased gradually as it went onward for at the point where the waves of Christian troops separated at each edge of the small woods, every glandelinian column was shattered to pieces or driven away, and at the end the rebel lines were destroyed. In the middle of the battle line the disaster to the foe line was still more greater. Further to the right the attacking columns overlapped the enemy line, split it into sections, surrounded each section, and captured them all.

To the southwestward the gulf of the Christian armies was of a different sort. They drove off every glandelinian column as if they were not resisting them at all and hurled back the main line tearing it into small fragments or swept it over the last line of works and so on down over the fields for miles. This left the great Christian armies so often written off of under the two Vivian generals in possession of the enormous glandelinian camps, the city of Gretchen and Gretina, scores of thousands of cannons, immense immense stores of ammunition and provisions, ten million big and small tents and millions of arms, and scores of thousands of provision wagons and others, and countless horses and mules. In this region there runs the Mic-Holleston and Pandora Railroad. These camps now in possession of the Christians do not relieve the shocking shocking picture of ruin spread out all over the battlefield but by contrast makes it all the more striking. That part of the rebel captured rebel encampments to the south where the Christian forces won the first success of the battle there used to be a separate village of bigger tents which was called Camp Manley. It will now be called Camp Vivian. Some of the queerest kinds of tents are here.

Many of the addition of the tents that are being placed there helter and skelter in that neighborhood were never in that region nor any where near it before. They are being erected by the victorious Christians and are extending from the rebel camps as far up as the city of Gretchen. I got into the building once occupied by Manley as his headquarters. The lower story had been set on fire by the fleeing rebels and everything in it had been burned to a total loss. Heaps of blackened wreckage could be seen. There was no

signs of any furniture. The ceiling of the first floor was burned through the windows were out and the cold early May rain blew in and the only thing that escaped the flames, and remained intact was the small picture of some child appearing to look straight at you. She was lying on a bed with some large dolls in her possession. She seemed to look grimly and sadly serene. A melancholy wreck of a former house that child in the picture seemed to look upon. I saw a baggage wagon of large size in the middle of a company street sticking tongue and all straight up into the air resting on its tail board with the hind wheels almost completely buried in the gravel. Some rebel officers' library had been strewn over the full length of the same company street for there was a long trail of all kinds of books good expensive ones too left half covered by gravel and dust and reaching for over a mile back and a half.

Down at the lower end of the course of the old Whither run Stream there was a house uniformly used by General Sherman as his headquarters. Through its side the trunk of a large poplar tree had been driven by some explosion like a lance and there it stayed sticking out straight into the air. From the concussion of the same explosion another farm house used by General Sherman as his headquarters had been lifted over two big barns in some mysterious way and then had settled down between them and there it stuck high up in the air so its former occupants might have night have gotten in it again with high ladders. I saw General Sherman's headquarters with its side stove in as if it had crashed against another house and in the hole the body of a dead horse

lay. In the gravel was the case and key board of a large and expensive piano and far down the river near the wreck of a long line of army provision wagons were its legs. The upright piano with all its inside apparatus gone stood straight up a little way off. What was once a set of most costly furniture and even a beautiful doll of some little girl and some school books were strewn all about it, and the farmhouse that contained it was no where in sight. The remarkable stories that have been told about officers being wounded and carried a mile over the battlefield and the common going back two or three times more are easily credible. After seeing the evidence of the strange course the Christian wave of attack took in its advance upon the enemy. Those who lay wounded near Beldon Bridge saw four wounded officers being carried by privates under a severe cross fire to safety. Then regardless of the peril, and though it seemed suicide they came back to go past again and once more return with a wounded general. Then they were seen to go far down to the lower bridge and were seen rescuing other comrades. A prisoner was imprisoned under his piece and these same soldiers though exposed to the enemy's fire rescued him after three were killed and four wounded.

General Hanson who was severely wounded and carried right past his own headquarters coolly told his men to fight hard to revenge his fall. He survived however though he had been wounded twelve times. Fearing that he would have died however the general had carried on a conversation with his officers while lying on the stretcher, and giving directions for his burial.

The third or fourth time the searchers made the wide and lengthy rounds in their efforts to find the wounded soldiers not touched by the flames.

It happened to be that fourteen officers had been caught under the branches of an enormous pine tree, and had to remain there for three days and nights before they could make any of the rescuers understand where they were confined. At one time scores of enormous trees prostrated by the explosions of big shells were wedged in together near the ruins of the great old Whither bridge. Forty brave men here went out across the river and working their way through or from one branch to another and warning their way in and out brought to safety thirty five men and twelve officers. Some of the wounded lay under the fallen trees and in their struggles with the flames and hindering briars and foliage most of their clothes had been torn from them and rather than appear in the company streets they took the chances of remaining where they were until the heat of the approaching flames forced them to about for help. At this stage of the forest fire more of the wounded were lost by being burned to death than by the effects of the wounds received in the battle itself. As they were held under the wreckage of trees and other debris the roaring flames reached them and cremated them alive.

The rescuers began on the wreckage of Forest Glenwood just opposite the town of Grant. It stretched one of the most hot contested portions of the

the battlefield. The largest numbers of the wounded soldiers of both sides were said to have been lost here, the flames having wiped out everything on this section of the river and yet not touching the wreckage on the opposite shore a remarkable thing considering the terrific force of the sea of flames and the narrow width of the river at this portion. Twenty one hundred thousand bodies were taken out of this region within two days all horribly cremated and taken to be hurled hastily in long trenches. In many instances dead bodies of soldiers were found wedged between the trunks and branches of large trees, or under wreckage of farm houses or other debris and they were all found to be terribly cremated at last to ashes. In this section of the devastated battlefield exhumation was sure to result in the recovery of bodies in every little spot and all cremated too. Thirteen hundred bodies were taken from the burning rubbish at Elkins bridge at one time on the afternoon of May the 4th. None of these bodies were recognizable and they were hurled into hastily dug trenches and buried immediately. They were so badly cremated that it was impossible to keep them until they could be identified. During a series of blasts at one of the other bridges in the afternoon all the bodies thousands of them were hurled or blown to pieces.

Yet the blasting had the better effects of opening one of the channels under the central portions of the bridges and to convert some of the bodies to a better reach so that more rescuers could get at them. And the order that was issued was that all cremated bodies should be buried hastily in trenches or cremated over again right away. This was being rapidly carried out under the general who was in charge of the work of recovering the wounded and the cremated bodies declared that scores of thousands of soldiers and also the dead prisoners had been already put to work digging graves, and hurling the bodies into them and at the close of the afternoon the remains of many others were being laid away as rapidly as possible.

Colonel Sanders had also taken charge of a regiment of eleven hundred Landelminian prisoners who were already doing a most wonderful amount of work. In an interview with me he told me of the work that has to be done and he declared that it probably will take one hundred to three hundred thousand men to clear the battle field of all the cremated bodies and to find the rest of the wounded and also to try and stop the fire long enough in its approach to enable the others to remain the rest of the wounded wounded.

"Yet I am at a loss of how all this work can be done," he said to me. "This enthusiasm among the prisoners will soon die out and we will either have to obtain more volunteers or force the prisoners to do the work at the point of the bayonet. Just now the prisoners are willing and hope they will remain this way until the work is done." "It will take all the coming summer for all the men to do all the work in this region that is necessary to obtain all the dead bodies there are so many millions of them. Steps must be taken at once to furnish more gangs of prisoners and I have repeatedly sent a communication asking for other armies to lend their prisoners if necessary or furnish relief in Landelminian workmen prisoners. I have asked for a number of men to be here to work for a week or two at a time and send a full band and prisoners in charge of guards and officers. We will board and care for these workers here in a manner as if they were our own prisoners provide they do the work willingly. These gangs of prisoners should come for a week at a time or more as no organization of any kind can be effected if rebel prisoners arrive and leave when they please."

All officers had declared that they proposed to clear the whole battlefield of all dead bodies and to send all wounded to the town by towns as quickly as possible. I was here when many of prisoners came across one of the biggest fallen oak trees I have ever seen in my life. It was still smoking, and a faint odor of burned flesh prevailed at this very spot.

"Dig here," said the officer to his men. There is at least one body under this smoldering tree." The men started in with a will. First a large pile of underclothes and a half burned uniform of gray color was brought up first. It was of fine quality and evidently such which belonged to some Landelminian officer of very high rank. Presently one of the prisoners exposed a charred lump of flesh and lifted it up on the edge of a pitch fork. It was all that remained of some poor Landelminian officer who had met an awful death between the fury of battle and fire. His trunk was put on a piece of cloth, the ends were looped up making a bag of it and the thing was taken to the river bank. It weighed probably fifty pounds. A stone was attached at each end attached to it and it was thrown into the water. This is done in many



cases to the burned bodies of both sides, mostly thrown into the river, or buried into trenches or cremated over again."

There actual number of Glandelinian or christian soldiers who lost their lives at the battle of Gretchen will never be known can never be known, but over 4,556,793 bodies of the victims of the frightful battle catastrophe were identified, and these together with the hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of unidentified corpses which were recovered, or buried in the river and in long trench graves and in the sands along the edge of the stream, or disposed of in quick sands and other ways, or buried in the very oceans themselves, or those bodies which have been found in the burnt areas of the battlefield those there also cremated anew, the hundreds of thousands burned to death while lying helplessly wounded and those taken from the very waters of the streams all these served to swell the horrible list as far as known to possibly seventeen million Angelinians alone and 7,000,000 Glandelinians which was the figure named by general Robert Vivian the fifth day after the enormous conflict. He had every opportunity for obtaining information on this point.

Until the reorganization and recovery of so many bodies began the officers in charge of the various burial camps of prisoners tried to make lists of all the bodies disposed of by their own men and prisoners but when it became necessary to hurry the burial of the corpses or their reburial the danger of palpable being so great as pestilences that they had to be put out of the way at the earliest possible moment the compilation of these lists was abandoned and only a mere estimate made, and the work of recovering all these bodies proceeded but very slowly on account of the heat of the smouldering flames and the tangled conditions of the foliage wreckage the prisoners in the camps assigned to this being enervated by the intense heat of the day sun, sickened by the effluvia from the already decomposing bodies and the smells from those cremated by the forest fires and depressed by the gloomy character of their awful surroundings and also by the defeat of general Manley's army. Most of the prisoners thus employed many of whom were in comfortable circumstances before the battle disaster broke were now without any thing whatever. In the majority of cases these Glandelinian prisoners had not only lost their own earthly possessions from the captured encampments but members of all relations as well who had been in the army fighting for the cause and were heart sore and crushed in spirit and also revengeful.

In the main many of these prisoners engaged to do in this work because they wanted to help those of their own wounded comrades, to help each other out in their desperate straits and for the further reason that this not buried in mind and body they might possibly go mad.

Despite the fact that general Manley was winning losing the battle and most of the prisoners taken by the christians were being put to work as written before there could have been some great hope of recovering and driving the christians from the battle field. Inner Myletze had in the meantime as written before crushed all other portions of the christian forces on the morning of the eighth of March but a large portion of the christian force had retreated with all haste to the steep sloped Glorinians Heights about ten miles beyond Gretchen which too is on the Conservatory Run. As this move was for the time being in entire ignorance of Myletze or any of his own generals the retreating christian troops under general Warbucks Stanley and others had a good opportunity to form in strong battle lines on the top, and also many of the retreating batteries on the top had been brought to the summit under cover. It would take too much writing here to really tell what had occurred in detail, but Myletze had decided to take possession of Glorin Glorinians Heights also and had no idea of knowing it that the christians of the defeated right wing had taken up their position there within three hours time had sent up a large section of his force to go up and take possession. Many of the people of the world may have read of the Volcanic disaster at St Pierre at Martinique. This disaster was something on that line but of course of the christian fire, but no city to destroy.

The unsuspecting Glandelinian army had got to about half way up the slopes when the whole ridge seemed to open like a million volcanoes of artillery and big guns added by muleetry and within half an hour only ten out of a column of many hundred hundreds of thousands came back to tell the horrible tale.

Myletze then with great numbers hurled assault after assault against the ridge, and as often hundreds of thousands were killed and millions wounded and the survivors either routed or captured.

While Myletze was still unsuccessful, and Manley was being shattered at Gretchen, the other Glandelinian armies were still immeasurably successful at the other sections especially at the Conservatory Run, Parbeck and Treceian Lanes, but nevertheless had gone so far in their headlong rush that even while carrying all before them they had become so widely and widely scattered that they finally could not push on further, and the routed christians were having a chance to rally.

Here was the opportunity for general Nero Vivienne, and Concentrian Aronburg, who alone had been too strong to be hurled from their positions. The guns from the ridges in possession of the christians, also counting the Heights of Glorin Glorinians and other spots opened a dreadful curtain fire of shells, shrapnel, high explosive and splinter shells which tore to pieces all the works of nature in a hellic eruption of horror except many a column of Glandelinians to pieces, and annihilating all and everything exposed to it. The roar of this fire was heard two hundred miles. The mad advance of this the remainder of the immense christian army, and then like a tearing cyclone swept forward with irresistible speed, driving forth their dreadful battle cry "Remember Abbieann to Hell with Glandelinian!", and soon within half an hour column after column of Glandelinians became panic stricken. They were borne before the charge like a splintered bow before the tornado. Those who could not escape threw down their arms and held up their arms in token of surrender, and the others tried to flee but were trampled under the horses' hoofs.

The disaster now to the Glandelinian army became immeasurable beyond description. Where at nearly all points before, the army had been so irresistibly victorious and had swept the christian armies before them like a road before was worse. Indeed the disaster was far greater.

It took a party of fifty Glandelinians to fight like savage demons to save wounded Manley from capture and though they were successful and got him safely away only five of them remained.

By late afternoon the tidal wave broke loose, and the Glandelinian army was like a ship grounded on a rock during a wild storm at sea. Nothing save a miracle could save the Glandelinian army from destruction, and apparently the miracle must have occurred through the coming of night which put on and finally to the dreadful horror. Indeed the rout of Napoleonic army at Waterloo was a victory compared to this. That evening the christian army was christian armies had not only retaken all the lost ground, but they were in possession of all of the enemies works, had captured three quarters of the number of their artillery and all munitions, too many prisoners to mention here, three lines of wagons full of stores, (10,000 wagons in one line) more markets and other weapons than the army could take care of, nearly thirty thirty thousand battle flags, immense droves of horses, all kinds of machine guns, in great numbers, and had succeeded in capturing many generals of the foe besides.

What had at first for the first two days threatened to be the worst christian defeat of the whole war, and a most disastrous one, finally turned out to be the greatest christian victory on all record.

For some unknown reasons however the outcome of this tremendous four days most frightful battles beginning on the Aronburg Run and ending near Glorinians Heights and Gretchen was uncommonly unusual. The Glandelinian army as fast as it was possible possible for such a big force to move was continuing the retreat. To aggravate matters the retreating Glandelinians had to leave many more big cannons and wagons behind because they were all cut in two feet deep quagmires of mud and wet sand and they had no time to go through the labor of drawing and pulling them out. It seemed as if a "Jennie runner" affair had broken out again but on a far more immense scale. The Glandelinian army by the results of the battle had been badly and dangerously broken up, and were far apart from one another and some of the armies or divisions of the armies were literally lost and cut off from any communications with each other.

Even general Manley's ambulance wagon in which he was lying wounded got stuck in the quagmire and though the men and horses labored for hours they could not draw it out, and the wagon had to be abandoned and the general removed to a covered wagon. The wheels had sunk to about two feet in the bog and the horses even though twenty of them then ploughed and pulled miles on a stretcher until that portion of the retreating army got out of range of the quagmire. Hundreds of thousands of the retreating men had to plow through these bog and muddy marshes with the dreadful fear all the time that the christians were still on the pursuit and close to them.

Indeed the dire results of the battle had general Inner Myletze greatly discouraged. Mostly all other battles he had fought against the Abbieannians he had either managed to hold his own or to literally win battles. But he will

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The storm of exploding shells flashed in tremendous display, and the crashing roar of the battle seemed supernatural. In the coming darkness of the night the magnificent flashes of the exploding shells increased their vivid and scorching glare. They even rivaled the varying and prodigious dyes of the most beautiful rainbow. Sometimes while bursting in the sky the flash was in the shape of a gigantic star or light so lightning but being of a bright blue as the most azure depth of the bluest sky.... When the shells burst on the ground the flashes shapely like an arch wh would sometimes be of a livid and snake like green or changing to a livid and infernal crimson....

He knew that during this conflict he had against his christian leaders that were either his equal or who could overmatch him, they knew more of the lay of the land than he did, and were able to place their armies into the strongest positions. Yet if Myletze had not been caught napping, when the christians had retreated toward the Heights of Gloriamnia and secured it he might have had a better showing. It too had been the easiest route too to send great numbers of troops to aid the other Manley who was being harassed at the Gratorn section of the battle and his failure to carry it, and the christian artillery opening anew from all other points and from unexpected positions spoiled everything for him.

He lost more men in his assault upon Garnat Gloriamnia Heights than the numbers of both sides that fell upon the slopes of Carnation, White Rose and the Mc-Holleston Ridge combined in that short hour of the fatal morning. The christian artillery fire had moved from Myletze assembling troops in great waves for every charge. The slopes of the ridges were too open for shelter of any kind, and the Gloriamnia troops there for moving up had been so exposed that they were annihilated as fast as they rushed in even one quarter the way up Myletze tried to cover these attacks by artillery, and though his fire was effective it did not stop the christian fire and only made things worse for the Gloriamnia artillery men.

Myletze however had been and always was a wise and well learned man. He did not want to engage the christian armies here in the first place because for one reason he knew from the reports of scouts, which told him the truth too that the opposing christian armies were under the most expert and greatest Abhisannian leaders, that the great and more dangerous armies under the two Rulers were not far away, and that too the christian armies were vastly superior to his own, had the most cannon, the best weapons, and the greatest positions also.

Myletze too always since his first meeting with him, and of his knowledge feared Concenterinian Aronburg the most. And now he knew that he too could lick him. All of the Manleys were down wounded, two of them seriously and of the Gloriamnia side the greatest loss of generals on all record breaking measures occurred. The numbers of wounded was far beyond all all measure and he had to place where in he could bring them too, and as he had been forced to leave the majority of the badly wounded behind on the field in the retreat there was no telling what their fate would be. He and the Manleys too had lost all their camp equipment, tents and other means for sheltering the wounded, nearly all the weapons were either taken by the christians or stuck in the bore, and even the loss in stretchers and all other medical provisions had been supremely broken heavy.

Thus ended the greatest conflict of the war to always make the Aronburg Stream and its adjoining creeks ever famous throughout the times. The way the battle terminated it would be very hard to say which christian general could really claim the victory as his own however. Emperor Vivian had been worsted and forced to retreat, and never had rallied till the battle was over, and Emperor Hensons gray though it had stood had been almost annihilated. Throughout the four days actions Concenterinian Aronburg had failed to give way, before the enemy and so had the two great Vivianommas especially Angeline Riches father, and all of the hammering of the Gloriamnia armies against them had been of so avail.

It could seem probable that the victory could be claimed by any of these generals equally but which ever way it goes, nevertheless it was a great christian success, and the enemy hopes of ever securing the city of Angelinia Apathia at that time was out of the question. If it could be spoken of that way this could have been for the whole Gloriamnia Abhisannian war and for both sides, the Gettysburg. It seemed absolutely to be the main turning point of the war for the greatest Gloriamnia generals were shamefully beaten broken and forced to give up all hopes of ever again for months of repurchasing what was once four days before the mightiest army on record. Now it was broken and scattered for over three hundred miles, and many sections with all means of any kinds of communications cut off, and the dire peril of the christian armies moving forward on the morrow and taking more time to capture the lot of those cut off.

On the following morning the great danger that was so dreaded was greatly realized. The pursuit was hastily begun organized and the christian armies that were the first to go swept upward, and the Gloriamnia armies which had very little rest had to go to it again on the fastest retreat on all record. During this time too there were many more captured prisoners, and a greater number slain or had surrendered. One general gave himself up when he saw there was no escape, and many other officers were taken. So close for a time the results of the Gloriamnia Horror.

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The storm of exploding shells flashed in tremendous display, and the crashing roar of the battle seemed supernatural. In the coming darkness of the night the magnificent flashes of the exploding shells increased their vivid and scorching glare. They even rivaled the varying and prodigious dyes of the most beautiful rainbow. Sometimes while bursting in the sky the flash was in the shape of a gigantic star or light so lightning but being of a bright blue as the most azure depth of the bluest sky.... When the shells burst on the ground the flashes shapely like an arch wh would sometimes be of a livid and snake like green or changing to a livid and infernal crimson....

When the many masses of the contending forces would come together in titan throng time and again, they seemed to assume real quaint mimics of monster shapes all ways swirling two and fro and then vanishing into fearful turbulent abysses of deafest destructio and bloody slaughter.... The exploding shells bore such sickening and pisonous smells as to take away breath and make a many go into senselessness.... The men on both sides indeed seemed at ti to literally fall as sick as snow in a blizzard. Despite the catastrophes the Concenterinian general Vivianias lines for a time could not be forced and finally the enemy had to give it up....

So despite all the deformities that threatened northern Angelinia by the most terrible desolation and devastation which was worse than any hurricane or typhoon could do so to them, Huebama lines seemed to be crumbling.

Had indeed suffered a crushing defeat at the battle of Mc-Whirther run and indeed the situation of the war up to this point had not now brought out some very disconcerting facts before the eyes of the christian armies in southern Angelinia the state of Angelinia mine. It was that Angelinia denier her greatest of victories already won was not yet on the point of winning the war at any point though general Vivianias had made his fighting forces serious fans in world worlds affairs. Twice in the most serious conflicts since the battle of Big Girls Knoll had the trained forces of Gloriamnia been seriously repulsed by the valiant Angelinians officered by mostly all Abhisannian generals.

At the battle of Mc-Whirther Run the Gloriamnia under general Huebama Manley received the most serious reverse in the war because their undisciplined, bravery frenzy and resources could not dislodge the entrenched christian armies. Always a hardy and desperate soldier the Angelinian had learned how to shoot as thoughtful cause casual casualties in all the battles testify, in which in many more Gloriamnia fell in killed or wounded than the christians.

Huebama Manley had received such a serious reverse at the battle of Mc-Whirther run that his dwindled armies had to make a general retreat entirely abandoning the invasion of Eastern Calvernia and moving northward. Manley however showed terrible revenge for his defeat however, and so terrible were the desolations he caused that many believed that the grass never grew no more where his horses hoofs trod, and whole regions were made by him wide a dreary wastes.

In his retreat this armies about northward like a fierce tornado like at ruin leaving ruin and despair behind them. The poor angels and children who were with terror, they thought that the sound of the wild was near and felt as helpless in the hands of their foe as a lamb would be in the clutches of a source of dragons. Manleys army literally swept everything before him like a great army of locusts. It was not until the end of of march after an excess of terrible orgies that Manleys armies reached the vicinity of

Julo Callio where they concentrated to make a stubborn stand should general Vivianias and Hannonia advance to make a drive against them. Thus ended the second year of the terrible and cruellest of wars and Calvernia was still in possession of the cruel and religious christian savages. So cruel and ferocious had born the christian barbarians under Tamarline and Federal, and so great their numbers that the very sight of them had caused alarm and terror causing fear which knew no bounds. These two were known by the world as the scourges of Satan, and these Gloriamnia general indeed did believe that they were scourges scourges in the hands of his in Infernal Majesty. Federal along was believed to be worse than any of the generals and was known by all the Angelinians as a human ORNADO as a "HUMAN TORNADO" indeed no tornado has ever done the damage he did not even the mightiest earthquakes.

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 musketry, the maelstroms of rending earth, the thousands of men and horses going to their death minute by minute and you will know what it was like. General Aronburg Evans the main commander of the Concentinians had never heard such a din which had become universal a regular deafening warfare of hell, this band to hand struggle against men on foot and on horse back being the most terrific the world had ever seen. Hundreds upon thousands of the Concentinians were laid low and so fierce was the contest that those who grappled together tore the very clothes from the sides of each other. Against the main part of the human breastworks the wave of destruction horror and slaughter progressed with the most frightful fury the Glandelinians fighting so furiously and with such frenzy of despair that they tore to pieces the very horses of their assailants with their bayonet pikes and sabres moving down hundred upon hundred of Concentinians within a few minutes and shattering the big line as of many.

Provision wagons were destroyed by the frenzy stricken Concentinians and hundreds of cannons were blown up by the Glandelinians with the purpose of checking their maddened adversaries who were slaughtering and being slaughtered for leagues of miles. Whole columns of the Concentinians were shattered into fragments piles of their men and horses fairly obstructing the way of the others. A monstrous stone bridge on which ten thousand Concentinians were crossing to flank their enemies was blown up by the Glandelinians and the ten thousand were hurled into an eternity, hundreds of the horses and men being stripped of every link by the terrific blast.

One point of the gray line was carried away by the pressure of the Concentinian host, other lines also recoiling while they poured in such a fire which made such a shocking crash as to shake every tree in McWhirther Run.

"ON TO VICTORY IN THE NAME OF GOD THE ALMIGHTY!" Shrieked Aronburg Evans amid the din and confusion of the battle. A big burly Glandelinian soldier barely missed him with his sabre but last he was surrounded by a score of yelling infantry men one of which to his sorrow appeared to be his son. By sheer force of courage and desperation he managed to tear free of them but was again almost hit by the sabre of the same Glandelinian then he found himself surrounded amid a maelstrom of whirling sabres, stones of bullets of bayonets, and weapons of every description and he was completely compelled to draw out of the storm as he saw that his force was being beaten. He tried frantically to make for safety but a lance from somewhere somewhere was hurled at his head striking him a stunning blow. Then a shell exploded and a bushel of bullets seemed to scatter about him his horse falling down on top of him his knee cap being broken.

His face and head was also badly cut and his body was covered with bruises and mangled cuts which resulted in hemorrhage which showed that he was suffering from mortal agony. He also had an eye gouged out while close to him was the body of a Glandelinian soldier who had his head so badly crushed that it was an unrecognizable mass of flesh and blood which issued from the eyes nose and ears. As the counter attack of the Omarians increased in violence the whole surviving column of Concentinians slowly gave way. The counter attack was particularly violent among the center of the Concentinian columns and the damage was terribly severe.

Twenty five mounted brigades of Concentinians were totally destroyed, by the enraged Omarians and one whole corps was cut to pieces and cut to pieces and the survivors forced to surrender. Another Concentinian general by the name of Flocey was hurled in wreckage and bodies and was badly hurt and near him two other general penny Axel, and Garribba were killed and a corporal general by the name of Mc-mutt was severely wounded and probably crippled for life.

and hundreds of other officers were injured but the main commander with a few others got out of the bloody maze of men and horses being slain. Forty five horses were rescued from the daze of bodies with much difficulty. For first the first time in the war the furious Concentinians had been beaten, being utterly thrashed. They had met a much fiercer foe the Omarians who had once been friends. Other sections of Glandelinians no matter what kind generally could be as easily beaten but not the plain Omarians.

Furious with their success against the Concentinians the vast columns of Omarians pressed on over the bloody fields of McWhirther Run far and wide and amid an unrelenting crash of musketry which sounded like the roar of a million cannon the Omarians crashed madly among general Simeons purple wedge rending and tearing their lines savagely in the fur of their attack. The Glandelinians were cut down in every direction, amid the groans prayers and sudden shrieks. Enormous volumes of the Omarians vomited themselves everywhere upon the Christian trenches like furious human avalanches despite the showers and the torrents of shells and canister and fiercer and mightier spread the horrid battle. Streams of canister poured down things among the surging gray columns and full into their most extensive wedges poured a curtain of destruction upon their graycoats, their cries being of death their silence of eternity.

The horrid storm of shells roared down among the woodland splintering wreckage an almost concealing the quivering corpses of the many scores of thousands of the fallen. It was a frightful tremor tremendous, tremendous tremor of shells literally pouring upon the assailants hundreds of which were thrown hither and thither by the explosions. The heaps of the dead and wounded rose high and terrifying, and many of the wounded gasping in muffled concentration in agony.

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 While this was on general Raymond Richardson Federal had thrown forward one of his main wings across the McWhirther Run in three long lines of battle and these advancing like a great line of smoke from an advancing forest fire struck against the Christian lines under general Aronburg and for three hours these two bitter enemies kept their armies in titan throes, there being a regular warfare of titans but finally one of the lines of assailants was wiped out and the two remaining lines crushed and mangled and back they went in a disorderly retreat with general Smeelinthe head, Break-in-the-head, and Accountantine wounded.

#### THE FURIOUS CHARGE OF THE CONCENTINIAN CAVALRY.

Simultaneously while this was going on the entire force of Concentinians made a tremendous charge crushing the assaulting columns to pieces along their own front and carrying all before them. In their furious dash upon the Glandelinians the Concentinians in charging across the McWhirther Run found at times their way so effectively blocked with the dead and wounded that thousands could not get over quickly and went down horses and all before the terrible run fire of the Glandelinian ghien of cannons stretching for thirteen miles. One of their leading general Harry Anna was killed with them. Appalling indeed was the universal roar of the exploding shells, and the storm of bullets, which screamed like a maddened fury. One whole army of the Concentinians went to fragments amid the volume of the earsplitting crashes from the bombshells and high explosives and the survivors trying to leap the breastworks of the dead and dying bodies fared no better than the others for they were bayoneted and hurled to the ground by the frenzied Omarians who yelled like legions of demons in a deafening uproar.

The roar of the Glandelinian cannons hidden by a wall of smoke had redoubled that of before and as the Concentinians striving with all their fury tried to press on there seemed to ensue a world of roaring devastation and carnage, the deafening crashes of shells the roar of multitudes of bayonets against the combatants was terrible and the crashing of musketry and the yelling cries of the Concentinians fairly stormed with fury everything was hidden in a sea of smoke. The Concentinians fairly stormed with fury the battle being like a veritable crash of hell. Everything seemed to be in the greatest uproar ever heard, big volleys of hundreds of thousands of bayonets meeting the frenzied Concentinians seemingly as thick as snow, bayonets, sabres and pikes striking against each other like battering rams and no end seemed to come to the bloody clash at close quarters. The Glandelinians being Omarians were bound to hold the morgue of McWhirther Run at all hazardous. And never before did the Concentinians who always fought like the fiercest barbarians meet such desperate foes and where ever they assailed and hundreds upon thousands of men and horses Omarians who gave serious resistance and hundreds upon thousands of men and horses together were shattered and mangled together by the explosions of guns which in their desperation the Glandelinians blew up purposely to make greater losses among their assailants. Mangled flesh was scattered in all directions and if the victims shrieked the noise of the battle drowned their cries. Furious and terrific however as was the continual assault of the Concentinians the roaring of the musketry being as deafening as the heaviest cannonading and like the shells themselves....

#### FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE WAR THE CONCENTINIAN ARMIES ARE SHAMEFULLY DEFEATED BY THE FURY OF THEIR FORMER FRIENDS THE OMARIANS.....

The very explosions of shells seemed to scourch the skies the din being tremendous. Many thousands of the horses had their bodies broken or crushed, crumpled out or bruised and many of them were falling it could not be counted. The breastworks of dead and wounded gray and purple coats were being almost inundated by masses of falling horses and Concentinians. As more and more of the Concentinians arrived the attack broke with all its force and it seemed as if all the demons of hell had been let loose and were fighting among one another so dreadful was the din. In all directions on the McWhirther Run there was a regular sea of combat men, whole columns were being rent and torn by shells whose explosions seemed to sting the skies, the detonations fairly shaking the ground. The real fury of this slaughter was indescribable. Imagine the roar of this terrible battle, the scene of this tremendous slaughter, the thundering shells and shells that seemed to split the earth, the screaming roar of



Marching little Greta general Viviania was joined by Hansonia and thus redoubled in strength the Christian forces awaited the approach of the enemy, determined to give battle in full force on the grounds of McWhirther Run. On the hillsides of Greta, in sight of McWhirther Run slipping and sliding and shining through the most sickening horrors of one of the bloodiest fields, and the grim silence of ruined cities, were the cannons of the Glandelinians numbered by the thousands raring whole Christian armies to pieces. It was one of the awfullest fruits of the terriblest battles that had gathered but on the McWhirther Run there was only a little part of its vast dreadful harvest, and so desolated was McWhirther Run by this battle that naught remains of it save lonely desolation and loving memories of faithful hearts. General Weinstein had also been in the fearful action, and Vivian and Nero included but these four now lay dying on the wet ground wet with blood with silent soldiers around them. No scent of beautiful flowers was there now, the smell of incense, nor the drowsy hum of peaceful bees nor singing birds, nor the music of rustling of green leaves.

Instead the very abomination of desolation, a rent and blackened battlefield. No sunlight now nor stillness or caressing breeze, instead the downpour of the rain of wreckage from the shell-ridden woods the maddening shriek of bullets choking clouds of smothering smoke and such a steady deafening roar of heavy guns as to make the earth tremble.

#### THE CONTINUAL DESOLATION OF MCWHIRTHER RUN

#### AND THE FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE THERE! THE APPALLING LOSS OF CHRISTIAN GENERALS.....

In all the din of horrid noise and battle confusion these generals however had not been mortally wounded as at first thought but were too severely wounded to be moved and their lives were threatened every moment by the horrible storm of battle raging all around. The armies of these three generals each numbered five million had been crushed to pieces. Many of the voices of the Christian general who had fallen on that bloody battle field were stilled forever and the heavy guns thundered as they lay in their mudstained, bloodstained uniform on the blood soaked ground. Their splintered bodies had been shattered by shells their faces covered with sweat and blood their heads now held on a rough soldiers dirty knees; the smooth brow earthstained and wet with blood and the dew of death, the strong delicate hands, the innocent hands motionless and limp, killed in McWhirther Run the heroes of Angelina. There they bled; then where the others had been slain in sight of weeping officers and generals and so ----- they gave their bodies to that pleased country earth and their pure souls to their captain Christ, under whose colors they had followed so long to sudden death, yea even this our little lives in is indeed great victory. And really among them were buried Nero and Weinstein who died from exposed, exposure it being a sadder sight of all and who could have told of the grief of Violet and her sisters when they learned of the deaths of their brave friends.

For forty two eight hours the two contending armies had been in titan throes, and three times the victory had been in the hands of the Glandelinians amid a sea of blood, fire and hell's daminating horror. Weinstein one of the best friends of the Vivian girls had been killed, in leading a storming counter attack across the McWhirther Run in which his army of about nine million had been reduced to four million within four hours in a mighty tide of ruin and fiery carnage.

Nero had been killed when his army of about thirty million had failed to withstand the heavy thunderous onslaughts of Hoemann and Wicknell and these two Glandelinian generals had been wounded and suffered terribly. Nero's army confronted all day long by the armies under Tamerline and Richardson Federal had suffered unbearable losses during an almost preternatural carnage and gave way. Nero having been killed in trying to rally them. Nolans army itself in action on the same day had striven for long bitter hours to recover the McWhirther Run ground, but amid a sea of piles of dead and wounded he had failed and as he himself had been born from the fields dangerously wounded his army toward three o'clock was cut to pieces and hurled back even from their main line of works and only the most desperate efforts of the surviving officers and generals averted a rout of the most disastrous form.

Despite all the fury of the battle and the general success of the enemy on the McWhirther Run they had yet to contend with the Christian armies under general Viviania and Hansonia whose lines were entrenched at Hansen's Run.

A large horde of nearly ten million seven hundred thousand Concentinians all on horses and yet having batteries of artillery had reinforced general Viviania, while the battle with Nolans army had been progressing. Not long did this happen but large forces of Abyssinians had also arrived and every effort of general Manley to oust general Viviania out of his position only resulted in far greater carnage than on the other two days. Every assault of Manley was unsuccessful and he fell severely wounded as well as general Concerinia and general Hoemannia.

the Vivian girls that they did not wish them to die a death so easy as shooting. What they desired was to take them prisoners, when they intended to torture them to death in order to be revenged upon them for causing so many of the recent battles to be lost. The fugitives knew this and made up their minds to die rather than be taken prisoner by such a blood thirsty warrior as general Richard Tamerline who was raising Cain with the rest of the officers for not aiming with accuracy as he wanted them to be shot down on sight saving in a rage!

"What in the tarnation kind of officers are you anyway. Can't you shoot straight, or is your eye sight going to the bad. If you can't shoot better than you are not fit for my army."

However there seemed no hope for the little girls at all or neither for the boys gathered up the reins and dug up into their horses, who leaped forward with their riders a terrible yell of confusion and astonishment arising from the Glandelinian officers who saw this performance. Strangely enough, the children and even the horses were not killed or engulfed in the quicksand, for the astonished Glandelinians saw the horses and riders make the perilous descent in safety, and plunging into very deep water of the stream below, and then quickly swimming out they dashed into a woods succeeding in making their escape, and taunting their enemies who were seen far up on top.

#### CHAPTER SIXTY FIVE

#### THE BATTLE OF GRETCHEM

Tamerline's army having recovered from the shock of the fall of Hoemann's army after many days hard marching had advanced in grand array causing Hansonia's army amid frightful carnage to fall back across the McWhirther and McHollester Run. Hansonia's main wing on the left grand division made a desperate stand of thirteen hours on the grounds of McHollester Run, but the condition of the ground was very unfavorable and so collecting his great army already smitten on the retreated northward to make a stand the next day. It was the largest army that he had ever brought together since the action at Big Girl Knoll all free men fighting for their children's liberty, and their families while the Glandelinian armies were mostly made up of men who were forced to leave their homes to fight for this devilish tyrant. The numbers of soldiers was so great among Hansonia's army that it had taken a seven day and nights before the whole army after giving opposition to the enemy at Gretchen for four days, could finally concentrate itself across the outskirts of McWhirther Run, near Greta.

On the first of March at half past eight, one million hundred thousand Glandelinian warriors pouring across the McWhirther Run and long ranged the bloodiest conflict ever seen since the battle of Cedernine. The despairing warriors fought with the fury of millions of tigers. They advanced, they fell back, they advanced again though their columns were wiped out by scores, and fell back again while the thunder of cannons though an avalanche of daminating storm of shells and canister among the charging columns. Again and again, again the Glandelinian columns fresh in numbers rushed madly to the onslaught in a sea of fire from the Christian guns but the Angelinians drove them back with dreadful slaughter.

Such was the destruction of his finest troops that poor Tamerline was filled with rage. He was determined to win the battle however even if it cost him his own life. Again the Glandelinians returned to the onslaught with redoubled fury, the braving Angelinians scathing the enemy's columns as they advanced.

Then a cavalry force of three million Angelinians and a separate force of dragoons rushed on their foes like a roaring thundering avalanche over throwing them as they advanced. The turmoil and slaughter was terrific and thousands of the Glandelinians crowded together were trampled under the horses' hoofs. Yet still more were driven up to the combat by the lashes of their officers.

The brave cavalry leader was killed and a desperate fight took place over his body but there were only two hundred thousand of the cavalry even and dragoons left alive. Their lances and sabres were broken and yet they fought as bravely as if they felt confidence of victory. They were overwhelmed by the surging columns in gray however and surrounded, and being overwhelmed by bristling walls of bayonets they were all slain not one purple coat having given up the fight. To Hansonia the battle was won however but not without bad results.

Tamerline again made a juncture with Manley and attempts of general Viviania's part to advance was barred. Being overwhelmed he retreated northward being rejoined by Nero Viviania, V Weinstein and general Nero.





## CHAPTER SIXTY FOUR

THE GLORIANNA HORROR SHIFTS TO GRETCHEN TOWN  
SLIGHT REVERSES FOR THE CHRISTIANS.

Great and mighty conflicts, and terrible  
bloodcurdling horrors of war.

But their sorrow can never be compared with Violet's grief which had rendered her helpless almost like a cripple. Many would after a long while forget the death of their loved ones, but Violet didn't and though she did not show it, Starving could notice in her face that she was still pining for her sisters and brothers. It even seemed to him as if she would never be happy again, and by her misery he was drawn nearer to her than before and never allowed her out of his sight a moment and was fascinated by her features. She was still helpless on the wheelchair but to him her beauty had become more dazzling and more startling than ever. I To him it seemed as if all the misery would have to end as it is as nothing could be done in reparation for the damage done. And only little more can be said before the battle of Chambelans breaks. Hanson had sworn that he would get Federal and Tamerline at any cost and many times when he accidentally heard Violet moan in tones of bitter woe;

"Good bye, dear mother, brothers, and sisters; Farewell to all I love. May I never see them again. Oh please dear God take me also."

Hafumed with rage and emotion. Violet's seemingly last farewell was piteous indeed and the whole nation soon would mourn her. Her sorrow and what had happened may have been believed to have caused the violence of the battle that soon raged.

THE SMASHING BLOW AT HUEBAUM MANLEY, And the reverse/ fright  
ful carnage/

"Oh if my sisters had not died or disappeared!; "Was Violet's piteous cry; "How happy I would be then."

At the approach of the coming battle Hanson moved Violet to a safer place though she protest saying that death would be the only means to end her misery, and that she wanted to die to go back to her sisters."

On March the eight general Viviania advanced several of his wings under general Hal Hurley, Buren and Bullian against the Glandelinian columns under Adele-de-garde and though these columns fairly raised hell with the christians as to say and would not yield even an inch of ground, their leader was finally mortally wounded and the rest because they would not surrender completely annihilated.

It had been a terrible surprise for the enemy at Chambelans but one of Huebaum's main wings after seventeen hours of fighting which was beyond description reversed the tide of battle and rolled up the attacking line with terrible slaughter.

The Glandelinians on the morrow the nineteenth were the ones now to advance and during very severe fighting they captured the garrison at the town of Rosan annihilating the inhabitants in the most cruel manner. At the same time amid fearful losses the Glandelinians assaulted the apparently weakest portions of the christian lines at Chamberlans but fortunately as the christian lines there were about to be crushed to fragments one of Hanson's main wings after five to six hours fighting rolled up the attacking line at all points smashed and crushed to fragments. So vigorously that Hanson the third day of the battle pressed forward swarming attacks himself that the much greater force of the Glandelinians amid terrific slaughter abandoned their works to Huebaum's consternation. Two of his main wings were fresh however, and these he hurled upon the christians but now they were overwhelmed and the whole christian line advanced like a tidal wave sweeping all before it and crushing Huebaum's entire center to fragments. Huebaum saw that he must throw his supreme army into action and this he did the battle becoming terrible.

The christian advance was temporarily checked by a terrible Glandelinian fire, but now as they themselves were the assailants the Glandelinians suffered awful losses.

One assault was made by the main columns under general Tamerline

sisters I know but they have their own grief. What would I give if this had never happened."

"It's God's will." Said Starring; "He wanted to give your friends their reward so they were called."

"But why should it be that we are left almost alone. Why was not we taken also with them?"

T "This is something no Typhoon ever did." Said general Hanson to one of his staff five days later after his defeat in a severe and long battle which had raged at a place called Poo-moonia; "It would take many years to get all this wreckage cleared away and years to rebuild the cities. In the time of the great Glandeco-Abbiennian war of 1841 1841 it took almost forty years to repair all the wreckage in this country where the same war raged. This catastrophe may make it longer than that though."

"Probably so." Said Weinstein wistfully; "There is one thing that cannot be repaired for and that is of the sorrows of the seven daughters of the great general Viviania. And he will never get over the effects when he learns of this terrible devastation. It is strange that this bloody long war and all they suffered during and before the war has not killed them. If they survive all this part of the war and the other horrors, I wonder if they will survive the rest. They always seem to have charmed lives and the full protection of God."

"It is pretty hard to say who could survive attacks of these terrible characters." Said general Zimmermann bitterly; "Such attacks of the enemy seem so fierce, as to defy God himself, raging with such preternatural fury. It is a miracle that I or you and Weinstein or general Viviania and Hindernie and that the Viviania girls are spared. Many times during some of these fierce battles I was so afraid that the little girls would be slain, and probably it is God's will that they should survive. But how did they come to be wounded in the battle of Rondinia Andencia?"

"They were signalling with some of their boys when our livings were flagging and a terrific shell explosion laid them low. They may be in that condition for a month now."

On the first of march after a long lull along these portions in the terrible war thousands of officers were assembled to hear a speech from Hanson;

"My good friends." Said general Hanson; "You all remember the darlings of the nation who whom many of the Glandelinian generals have been brutal to. All of them except Violet had been reported missing and whether they are killed or captured no one knows. The whole nation of Angelinian including the state of Calvernia will soon know the whole story and lend the greatest sympathy to their grief stricken general ruler. Hanson then gave a long narrative of the suffering of the little girls, at the hands of the foe, and declared that Manley was the cause of it all."

"It was on the grave of one of my generals that I had sworn before God that I would do all in my power to avenge their murder of disappearance, by getting relief for this stricken nation of Calvernia, to do what I can for Violet, to over come any child labor evil for her sake, and I want you all to do what you can to strike a terrible blow against Huebaum Manley when I shall attack against him to morrow."

As he finished there came shouts and cheers from the throngs of generals who heard him mingled with sobs tears and congratulations and brandishing of weapons.

Indeed the fury of the war and its terrible effects had many times caused poor Violet and her sisters indescribable terror besides unnecessary sorrow, and the whole christian army was willing to avenge it if it cost the last drop of blood.

No sorrows and terrors of war had really deprived Violet of her dearest friends and loved ones and sparing her and her sisters hardly nothing, though what happened to her sisters will soon be seen further on in chapter eight. Violet and her sisters had lost heavily however. How would it feel if some little boy or girl had six kind loving sisters two brothers and they should all die in an early battle or on once disappear, or receive such a report, besides getting an indecent burial and even no funeral because there could not be any means. Would not it break his or heart hear her heart, and would they not be prostrated with grief like poor little Violet.

"In Angeline." Said Violet: "Is that city destroyed?"

"Yes." Said Angeline Jennie Jennings: "The city cannot be even approached by boat as the surrounding vicinity by the enemy having burst a dam has been flooded to a terrific extent."

"Good heavens." Gasped Violet as her eyes dilated with horror and every drop of blood driven from her lips and cheeks. "Where have they killed?"

"Two quarters of the city's inhabitants had perished." Said Starring soberly: "The flood is as I have heard, something frightful, and a goodly section of the Angelinian volcano McVivian had been torn away during the enemy's attempt to blow her up and many of her caverns are swamped."

"The bursting of the dams completed it." Said Mildred: "Recesses find find it almost impossible to reach those marooned by the flood which is terribly wild, lots of drift wood and wooden houses have floated out to seawith people clinging to the tops."

"Did you see the flood?" Asked Violet.

"Yes." Said Mildred: "What had been gone but a short distance when we heard a distant rumbling rushing sound that seemed to waken a million whispering echoes which sent a creepy feeling and shiver down our spines. What it was we at first could not imagine but one of the soldiers said that it was a flood, and that Angeline was flooded. But I did not see the reason why it should roar like that. The roaring sound was growing momentarily louder as we drew nearer to it. Then all at once we knew that we were within hearing of the flood, the roar magnifying the sound into a howling medley of echoes. We then began to mount a high rise and soon came within sight of the flood. It had receded considerably since the dams had been burst but was still of horrible depth and rushing swiftly toward the west in seething torrents and spray. In traveling in a different direction we were soon near enough to get a view of the seething city."

It was indeed a sad sight. All the wooden buildings were gone into thousands of tons of floating wreckage. The big volcano loomed up in the distance in eruption. The floods seemed to be very extensive and was full of wreckage of every description. We could not hear the terrifying sight long and left it."

Poor Violet and her sisters realized that the floods had swept away their own homes, the war having caused the loss of their two brothers and many of their best friends. These thoughts filled their hearts with rending sorrow but they did not say anything as they did not care to share their sorrows with others.

However they hid their faces in their hands and sobbed and Starring noticed it said:

"Never mind my dear little friends, your brothers and friends have gone to heaven in that beautiful world where Jesus is. I will always pray for you little girls and I know that Jesus will help you. I always see that you try to be a good pray, every day and read the bible when ever you can and you will go to heaven and see them some day."

A week had come and passed and Violet and her sisters were no more than before. Everywhere sorrows were seen and no wall of despair, no words of impassioned prayer could have had such a depth of woe. Hanson's army had been continually advancing and encountering a part of Huebner's army by accident, had come into a collision. No battle had been terrific while it lasted and hundreds of thousands had fallen in which it was predicted that through an accident that Jennie Joice and Angeline were killed, when they were in Hanson's headquarters all the time and long after the battle he had been trying to find out the false reports. The Angelinians however had been victorious in the battle which had raged four days in duration and which had been known as the battle of Bondina Andencia. Both sides lost one million four hundred thousand.

A week had come and passed and Violet and her sisters were no more than before. They were on the veranda of a palace partially wrecked building Hanson used as his headquarters and Starring was with them the little girls being confined to a wheel chair having been wounded every one of them during the battle just passed. Starring was sitting on the steps watching the Angelinian soldiers pass to and fro with melancholic eyes. Many times Starring had heard the sweet singing of the Vivian girls and now he had orders from general to leave the armies and come to him as he was sending Evans to him.

"Violet." Said Starring: "Last night I dreamed I saw you and your beautiful sisters who raised their deep eyes and fixed them lovingly on me while rays and warmth seemed to go from them to me my heart."

I dreamed that the smoke to me, gradually their words seemed to melt and fade as in a divine music, then I saw them come bounding toward me as if to come with a wreath of flowers in their hands, their cheeks as bright, their eyes radiant with delight, but as I looked their cheeks became a paler hue, their eyes had a deep divine radiance, a golden halo seemed around their heads, they seemed to rise on shining wings, from which flakes and sparkles of gold, and sparkles of all brilliant color fell off like star stars and they were gone."

Violet laid her head against his breast and sobbed.

"The world is cruel to me and my sisters." She sighed: "Starring I have only got you as one of my main consolers. General Hanson and papa and others loves me and my"

probably you will as the advance will soon be resumed. Angeline Jennings and Mildred Maxwell had found their way to the Christian armies and being with Violet and her sisters just then Violet asked them to tell of their marvellous escape.

"Please tell us of your marvellous escape won't you?" Asked Violet: "We did not far so good ourselves during the war. This is one of our boy guardians Jack McHollester Starring. My name is Violet Vivian and these are my sisters Jennie Joice, Hetty, Daisy Angeline and Catherine."

"My name is Mildred Maxwell." Said one of the little girls and my companion as Angeline Jennings: "We had another little girl by the name of Madge Evans with us who alone failed to escape. We lived in Jennie's house but our homes are ruined and our parents dead."

"We lost no parents, but our brothers and best friends are gone."

Said Jennie: "We are unequal in our losses. You are pretty dear and remind me of a little lost girl called Gertrude Angeline who is a prisoner among the enemy or dead by now. Tell us of your experience won't you?"

"Indeed I will." Said Mildred wiping away a tear: "We were caught in it unexpectedly."

The first greatest havoc was at Marcucian Run where the advancing foe within three days wiped out the great city of St. Joseph. Here the approach of the Angelinians under Huebner's army was indeed spectacular as predicted by these two brave dear little girls who escaped so marvellously during the battle of Jennie's house or of Gloria which checked his sweeping advance upon Reno. Here he was driving for and where Zimmerman coming up with reinforcements just in the nick of time gave him the most crushing defeat he ever suffered yet in the war up to this time. Angeline Jennings statement is thus:

"We were on our way to church when we noticed the skies in the south growing hazy with smoke and familiar as we are with the smoke of roaring battles which us two had experienced no more than once we were ignorant of the nearest of this great battle and at first paid no heed. We had come within sight of a little ditch in a thickly wooded region when we were surprised by seeing in the east a wall of smoke all in terrific convolutions, and a terrific sound of firing worse than any we had ever heard before continued continually broke upon the air."

"Did you realize the danger then?" Asked Violet: "If you did, what did you do to escape?"

"No we did not even realize the danger then." Answered Mildred herself: "I and Angeline did not know that the battle was approaching near, but just the same we heard a savage snarling, and roaring sound far in the distance. We had a strange dread of some impending danger but bewildered, we were at a loss of what to do. We watched the advancing gray columns in terror and at the same time noticed an intense lurid glare that lit up the southeast as if it was a great forest fire."

"It was like that here." Interrupted Joice: "We saw through our glasses the blackest clouds of smoke overspreading the horizon above the glow far from the scene as we were."

"That is true." Said Angeline Vivian: "But at first we believed that it was the coloring of some volcanic eruption on its own clouds. My sister Violet herself said she heard an ominous roar and snarling sound that awed her. To her as she said it sounded like many frightful cries across a crossing a bridge and of thousands of trains of cars going through a tunnel at the same time in all their speed, mingling with a strange snarling and snarling sound like the chattering of a caged lioness or a frenzied trapped animal defiance."

"It may have been the noise of the battle of Jennie's house."

Said Joice: "I hear from reports that the conflict was the most terrific ever waged."

"We were in the very heart of the Marcucian run which was crowned with gleams of beautiful trees some of which were nearly one hundred hundred and eighty feet high. The terrific glow was getting worse and two broad full funnel convoluted clouds of smoke was arising in that direction and we realized that it was a big fire. We also then realized our extreme danger and rushed for an old cistern and jumped in and just in time as a sea of purple coats came rushing through the glen and as we touched the bottom and rolled over and over on our backs in the deep soft clay we were bruised and scratched a terrific and frightful appalling uproar that deafened us broke loose and in the blaze of the smoke and the distant glare of the fire we could observe all the men within sight fall while bursting shells shivered trees to splinters. As we looked cautiously over the edge as the cistern deep was it was had a long ladder running down upon which we climbed we saw thousands of men falling every minute and it seemed to us as if the clamor of the battle would never cease."

We were confined there as long as the battle raged until rescued by the Christians who happened to see us. We were injured by our fall into the cistern and laid up for several days. Where do you little girls live?"

As the storm of shells increased in violence the whole building suddenly gave way and all were half buried. The shelling was particularly violent among the metropolis. Of the city and the damage terribly severe. Twenty five big banking firms were totally destroyed by the explosions, then consumed with most of their contents by fire. Many children were buried in the wreckage of the orphan asylum and killed outright and hundreds injured more or less, but the Sister Superior and a few others were taken from the mass of wreckage unhurt. The shells had rased many houses from their foundations all being a mass of tangled wreckage. Two large chimneys on St Michaels school were toppled over and crashing through the roof of the structure. In the meantime horrible things had occurred to three or more children. A blasting explosion of a shell fairly reaped them from the wreckage and were thrown into an avalanche of wreckage only to be literally caught by a great shower of foundation stones which pinned them against a sagging wall, their necks being caught between two projecting beams and they died. Other children thrown about by the explosion had escaped sudden death but her injuries were mortal and caused her the most intense suffering and she was also annoyed by the sulphurous stench prevailing in the atmosphere and at times she gasped for air.

For a whole night she lay exposed to the weather but early in the morning several soldiers came appearing to be Glandelinians searching among the ruins dragging one body after another out of the way then went over towards the poor mortally wounded child lay children lay and seeing that she was they were not mangled or cut up like the rest of the slain and soldiers put their hands through their abdomens and opened them up and left them the way to die. During the night time, after the battle of Anna Aronburg was over General Hanson saw the clouds of smoke from the burning cities and towns and not taking any notice of it he did not know what its peculiar character was until the wall of frankish clouds became full of convolutions resembling two immense snakes writhing in the far distance. The blacker portions undulated in greater convolutions while a terrific glare appeared that would have brought any ones suspicion in a moment.

"It indeed was an evil omen," said Hanson to one of his staff officers; "It was about twenty minutes after nine when I saw a black wall of cloud as dark as ink spreading over the sky in the most appalling manner, and everything in that direction seemed to be involved, in a dreadful unearthly indescribable sackcloth like blackness, and every thing would have been blotted from view if an angry sheen of flickering red light, as if it were the terrible eye of God had not appeared."

From the horizon convoluted masses of blood red clouds seemed to rise a slowly and sometimes swiftly and when ignited in that direction with my field glasses I could see angry signaling tongues of flame spreading from seemingly every direction. Despite all this seemingly supernatural darkness that was unaccountable and frightful there was a dead sepulchral suffocating silence, and the angry red light at times became so intense that I could read by it. At the first appearance of the clouds I had not taken any notice, or did I know of it its treacherous character until it overshadowed everything in that direction. Then I believed that it was some great fire but where I could not tell.

Weakly, softly, and beautifully swanned at last the light over the still trembling land, the winds were sinking into rest and the foam died from the plowing surge of the delicious sea. In the southeast the yellow mist gradually caught the roof of the building and the light was seen to be coming from the wreckage of the destroying clouds, where red flickering lights still appeared. Above the black clouds the sky was of a sulphurous yellow and a thin mist of it was along the eastern horizon and the rising sun shone very dimly. The distant hills were hidden in dense yellowish vapors and there was still a strong smell of burning substance in the air.

The atmosphere was oppressively silent, there being not even the slightest breeze and the day was sultry. Starring was elated from the scenes of wreckage at Anna Aronburg when the marching armies had been near that burning city and the first question that he put to Violet was how far was Ange Angelina St Clara from Anna Aronburg.

"Of the correct answer I do not know," said Violet; "Though it must be fifty miles away." "Then," cried Starring; "Then the Glandelinians under nummau Manley is not far from Federal and to his right is Huebema as bad as any of the other leaders!" "I do not know him enough to decide," said Violet; "Though I know that there are generally five Glandelinian leaders who are exceedingly violent. And I know them to be worse than demons." At this Violet wiped her eyes. "It may take five or six years before this damage is repaired," said Starring. "You ought to have seen the sights in Evangeline St. Clare and Vivian Wickey. But

Sections of wooden houses were a shattered into piles of timbers and wreckage of all description was thrown many feet into the air. Nothing of any kind was left intact and a monstrous bridge spanning the Lanain River was completely blown down by high explosives. One little girl could not manage to escape out of a certain orphan asylum and as the shells high hit the house she was caught in a mass of wreckage. The roof of the building was blown away by the force of a shell shell burst and the walls of the westward side fell inward with a so shocking crash that shook the immense building to its foundation.

"Oh God," shrieked the poor child, amid the infernal din; "Oh God if they th u wilt save me!" A big beam nearly missed her but as another shell burst within the structure she was buried under fallen timbers. She managed to work herself free of the timbers but was again almost hit by a narrow beam, then she found herself amid avalanches of bricks, more mortar plaster, clouds of timbers, laths and dust and utensils of every description. She tried frantically to escape but an explosion hurled a chair at her head which struck her a stunning blow. At the same time a big table was turned over on top of her and she was soon buried under timbers. "Oh this is awful," moaned the poor child child struggling to get free. Bushels of glass were scattered all about her, her knees cap being broken her eye face and head out and had bruises on the body which resulted in hemorrhages showing that she was suffering internal injuries. Despite all her injury the poor child had a most trying experience. Just in front of her and close to a raging furnace of fire, a five gallon can of benzene was turned over and the child pinned down as she was saw with fan fascinated gas through one eye the benzene run slowly from the can and in a small stream meandered toward the furnace of fire. My how she did scream! A deflection in the sagging floor near the blazing fire was all that prevented an explosion. A man lying near the child had an eye caught out and was hurled about the face and body. Also close to her was the body of another child whose head had been crushed into an unrecognizable mass of flesh bone and blood issuing from the eyes, ears nose and mouth. Three other little girls were caught in a swirling shower of foundation stones which pinned them against a sagging wall and as they gave a pleading farewell look to their frightened Sister Sister attendant Catherine they were hurled back and forth and then their throats were caught between projecting iron beams, and choking horribly they smug limp swiveling slowly while their tongues stuck out so far that they could not draw it in.

Their rescue seemed utterly impossible unless by the beams breaking which they would not be long in doing. Kicking fiercely, while the blood came from their nose and ears they vainly tried to reach up to loosen that crushing grip their tender necks which were also bleeding but it was utterly useless. A large curved knife sent whirling through the air by an explosion made a space at one of the little girls a str striking her on the left arm cutting it badly. Another implement whirled too high struck another little girl simultaneously on the chest and then falling with a crash far below. In their mad fury the shells tore the very intestines out of other children and flung them at the strangling children. A large piece of meat from a child's abdomen struck one of the little girls fairly in the mouth and injuring her protruding tongue. Masses of wreckage now made a rush at the choking children cutting their bodies badly, a blast of explosions tearing their clothes from them and even from their legs causing them sudden mortal agony.

For a few minutes now the flying fragments of debris and shells were checked by the eastern wall which did not as yet give way but it soon continued again the poor children already half dead getting a furious bombardment of flesh. The little girls were bleeding from cuts on their chests abdomens and legs. It was glass in general that caused these wounds.

The storm of shells came utterly reckless in their fury and one upshooting mass of wreckage made a furious rush upon the children fairly lifting them up and pressing their chest against the wall of the wrecked house so that they could not get away. It was the worst shock that any children could get, that these poor children could not have the awful choking no longer and in their last furious struggle to loosen the awful grip they had realized that they must think of their prayers for they were surely going to die. At this moment a whirl of pitchfork was hurled at one of the little girls being driven clean into her chest and to the heart, the little girl dying quickly.

The other two children were almost dead from strangulation already. Their heads were thrown back their eyes bulged as if they would fall out of their sockets and their suffering for air was indescribable. This to their faces were indeed purple and they presented all the symptoms of suffocation and pain. An ugly knife made a dash at the second little girl plunging into the side of her abdomen and a shell fragment flying at her at the same time struck her body and then she too was dead.



All this while the foremost of Inner Mylsetze's army was approaching like a roaring tidal wave and storm, and Emperor Vivian was now becoming fairly frantic. General Vivian himself who had rallied his shattered command had decided to make a sort of stand but so bad was the situation of the ground everywhere and so many had perished under quicksand and other bogs that a safe position could not be had, and therefore he had to continue the retreat with the small number of men he had left to him. It was apparent to even Conventinian Aronburg who had fought it out during most of the battle that in Inner Mylsetze he had met his match, and so seriously handicapped was his own army that he felt almost repentant that he had ever dared to engage this great Glandelinian chieftain in so great a battle. It was or is probably one of the longest retreats of any Christian or Glandelinian army ever heard of, and was probably one of the most swift. A portion of Conventinian Aronburg's army finally halted near the region of Ig Birknool but also could not rally and thence was forced to retreat toward Jagnia where a great portion of the swiftly advancing Glandelinian army under Icknell was overlapping, and this force of Conventinian Aronburg was captured, he narrowly escaping being taken prisoner, but with his handful of men and officers he fled to the woods near by and took shelter there.

During recent Glandelinian retreats the Glandelinians themselves had passed through a literal "hell" of sufferings but now the Angelinians themselves went through worse miseries. And in such a condition as Emperor Vivian's vanquished army now was it was evident that if not succored soon it would really be captured.

Never once during this long retreat did the unfortunate Angelinians ever have a respite not even in the night, and countless numbers of men dropped from fatigue and exposure. Complications of troubles followed, such being something worse than the other, and worse of all the pursuing Glandelinians would ruthlessly open fire upon any portion of the army they came to close quarters with, and shot down or captured as many of the soldiers as they possibly could. In this case it seemed the Glandelinians were getting more lucky than even the Angelinians had ever been a yet—they were able to rescue for their own use all the baggage wagons caught in mud or left behind in the hasty flight, and also even all the big cannons left behind, and also a most splendid collection of prisoners.

General Conventinian Aronburg had in the first place an opinion that general Inner Mylsetze was the best abled leader of all the Glandelinian armies, as good and as abled bodied a general as himself and he had never had dared to make the attempt to drive his mighty Hobbonite host from the region of Lucilla Jackson if Angelina Agathia had not been in dire danger. And now both he and Emperor Vivian had found out to their sorrow that general Inner Mylsetze was one of the best and most abled leaders of all Glandelinians who was also very high in rank and a good deal better than any of the fierce Manleys, and also he had already proved it. Since the retreat had now been on its full third days duration general Conventinian Aronburg and Emperor Vivian had a better opinion of general Mylsetze yet and for this simple reason: Inner Mylsetze had since the beginning of the retreat had captured fifty five million soldiers as prisoners, and also scattered Emperor Vivian's whole army over a most wide territory in endless total rout, and made a great conglomeration of confusion and panic. And Inner Mylsetze had captured one hundred thousand six hundred and fifty five big cannons, two hundred immense trains of baggage wagons, millions of rounds of ammunition, and about forty thousand big gun caissons. None of these had been abandoned by the Christians on account of mud but had been taken by the victorious Glandelinians during raids and forays and charges upon the panic stricken Abbelemian troops. The Glandelinians captured also during the third day thirty three thousand cannon which had been hastily abandoned by the Christians besides all ammunition and ammunition caissons, and this indeed made a most good collection. And Inner Mylsetze from all points pressed the advance and pursuit with the most unwonted energy and speed, and during this long retreat and advance general Inner Mylsetze had kept his army almost within touch of the shattered Christian army, the Glandelinian army pushed on through the worse quagmires of mud without a halt, pushed on unchecked by the worse of the storms, and not even the wild floods of the Ig-Whirther river checked for a single moment the swift cyclonic advance of general Inner Mylsetze's men. The Glandelinian armies were advancing through obstacles as if they never had been there and during the retreat when ever occasion presented itself the Abbelemians threw obstacles in the way such as setting forests afire in their rear, or cutting down trees, mining the ground, or making flood condition worse and blowing up bridges and roadways and the like but all this did not in the least check the victorious Glandelinian advance one hour.

About nearly fifteen thousand precious cannons had been captured by the Glandelinian hostles three thousand five hundred provision wagons and twice as many ammunition wagons, and a whole train of gun caissons which would have extended ten miles in a line and nearly twenty million rounds of ammunition had been lost this way.

Over this second terrible disaster Emperor Vivian and his generals felt sure that his main army could never reach the shelter of the works at Dorothy Gale and that he would soon be captured. This disaster and ambush caused unnecessary delay and the near approach of the vast Glandelinian army drove all of the Christian generals into consternation and despite all their best and most determined efforts, ten thirds of the others throw down their arms and surrendered to the victorious foe as well as their precious and sacred battle flags, armor and more cannon were left behind in the second day of this wild retreat, the retreat since it started having probably covered fifty miles. During this day of the retreat a most terrific hurricane of insane wind and the terrible thunder and lightning and blinding sheets of rain followed the other troubles, and threatening to turn into the most frightful cyclone ever known. This causing great loss of life and immense destruction added to the consternation of the defeated armies. And the men were killed by scores by falling trees. Emperor Vivian saw personal baggage wagon during the conclusion of the storm got stuck in quick sand near a little stream and though the men and horses made the most frantic efforts to drag it out it was impossible, and then when it had sunk too deep it was abandoned and sat at that point a blinding flash of lightning struck and killed all the horses blew up an ammunition wagon and also the drivers, demolishing a tree near by at the same time and almost laid Emperor Vivian out who was at that time just mounting another horse.

During many other battles and retreat it had always seemed that nature had been the main enemy of the rebels but now it seemed to be a worse foe of the retreating Christians. Immense windrows of fallen trees barred their progress, and this delay almost caused general Vivian's army itself to be surrounded by the foe for the Glandelinians were so close during the pursuit that the Glandelinians could almost shake hands with the Angelinians had they been friends.

Fearing and anxious as he was Emperor Vivian was also amazed at these dreadful occurrences. He had failed to crush Inner Mylsetze on account of the wreckage caused by the battle barring his swift advance, and now the same scenes was obstructing his retreat also great storms and the enemy. If it was not a rain and thunderstorm it was a cyclone, if it was not a cyclone it was a fierce forest fire, and if it was not a forest fire it was a flood, and the danger of all of his army getting caught in torments of the flood. Only by great efforts and by using his brains did general Vivian himself manage to escape Inner Mylsetze's trap almost encircled as they were, and now so swift was the dreadful retreat of Emperor Vivian's main army now that the Glandelinians had to pursue just as swiftly so swiftly that even their own wagon and baggage trains and cavalry could not even keep up with the main army and had to keep on going without a pause, while even the baggage wagons, advancing artillery, and cavalry were kept following the pursuing army at such a speed that horses had to be changed every half hour to keep them from being overworked. It was a worse retreat and pursuit of the war.

Already now since the bloody three days battle at Lucilla Jackson or Glorianna the retreat of Emperor Vivian's army had probably continued for about seventy miles and had lasted for about forty eight hours or even less, and all this trouble coming to the army. Just think of it, and yet more and more was coming to them.

General Vivian through most desperate efforts had succeeded in rallying a part of his own shattered army and had succeeded in getting a good portion of his troops together, and was slowly retreating toward the direction of Randall on the Ig-Whirther Run. There had during his own part of the retreat been a long continuous period of rainy and windy weather mingled with great thunder storms and hurricanes, and the soft rich earth beyond the great and mighty wind river which was also like the Stanok river near Jennie under admirably suited to the greatest and most excellent manufacture of mud and here the mud was of unusual depth, and here his army was caught, many perishing in bogs and quick sand. Thousands of baggage wagons struggled across these bogs or got stuck and sank, and only one eight their number ever succeeded in getting across, the remainder being stuck so fast and so deep that they could never be released.

The main christian commanders especially Emperor Vivian and his brother general person Vivian felt the disastrous defeat at Lorianne more than any of the Glandolinian generals had felt theirs, and cursed the luck that had befallen them and their most righteous cause. This defeat without the slightest doubt gave evidence that the Glandolinians were totally winning the war and there was no disputing it at all.

The christing defeat at Lorianne was worse than Manley's defeat at Jennie Turner, at Arkmoor and elsewhere. In that three days battle general person Vivian and all his generals had tried their level best to crush general Inor Myletze, but had seen his own armies crushed and manila themselves had seen their best leaders go down dead or wounded and the main army torn up and routed worse than any ever seen before. All of the army except that which had stood its ground to the last on Lorianne Heights had been most seriously handlopped, and Emperor Vivian who had come up too late had all he could do to prevent his whole remaining army from being scattered beyond rally and reformation. During the retreat Emperor Vivian had sent all his generals and other officers everywhere all a o a along the line to keep order among the main armies, to try and rally the shattered corps and divisions. He exerted all his power but at the start the retreat of his beaten armies had been most remarkably swift and panic more like the flight of a herd of terrified steers, and it had taken nearly two days before the whole of the army could be drawn safely out of the trap and get the swift retreat on a full progress.

But then with the approach of morning strange and terrible things began to happen. Torrents of rain like that of a cloudburst, accompanied by the most terrified thunder and lightning and wind, and made such deep mud and bogs that the armies were handicapped by it. On account of this and because of the swift progress of the enemy's victorious advance general person Vivian's army had to leave about fourteen hundred big cannons behind, these having become stuck in the mud and bogs even up to the very hub of their wheels and all the desperate efforts to save them proved of no avail. Thousands of baggage wagons filled with the army's supplies and provisions were also caught in the deep bogs and all the horses available could not pull or drag one out, even though aided by men who worked with rails and the like.

His trouble was complicated by the hundreds of thousands of soldiers cloudflooding in the deep and three to five feet deep in places, and then to still make it worse the enemy cannons were placed on high ridges near by and opened with destructive effect upon the struggling masses and in their haste to escape the pursuing Glandolinian infantry the men had to swim across the near by streams or across the Aronburgs run at the risk of being drowned or overpowered in the swift current or being picked off by the enemy's fire of rifles and cannon.

It could have been stated that the width and line of this terrible retreat covered about a hundred miles of ground and so terrible was their losses even during the retreat that they appeared like a severe melting state of snow under a hot summer sun.

By all this trouble Emperor Vivian's beaten army was almost completely dispersed and threatened with total destruction, and by the time that the whole christian army had succeeded in crossing the whole region of Mic-Whirther run three quarters of his army was far apart from the rest of the main body, one third had been captured with all their battle flags, generals and provisions and all their artillery and ammunition, the Glandolinians had forced the surrender of another division and the rest of the army was even beyond the near reach of Emperor Vivian. It took a very long time after the army left the region of Aronburg run and Lorianne that the broken fragments of the crushed army could be brought together, and this surely required a twenty hours delay, and yet all the while since the retreat began his whole army was seriously handicapped and badly harassed and torn by the swiftly advancing Glandolinian victorious armies. Emperor Vivian and his generals were terribly anxious, worried and full of sorrow, for none of them could do a thing, general Vivian was too far away to lend him aid and all efforts to reform their divisions proved of no avail. The precipitate retreat never ceased since it started, but with the defeated christian armies it had been terrific thunderstorms, bogs and mud, and also too much water and terrific heat. Two came double worse. A large party part of the defeated christian army under general person Vivian's picknell during its retreat was crossing a large plain within sight of the northern end of the Aronburg run this plain being so wide that the other side of the woods could not hardly be seen at all with the naked eye, and here a big force of the victorious Glandolinians lay hidden in ambush.

In their wild flight too many of the panic stricken troops were going over the plain at once and thus the gradual result was that nearly eighteen thousand were killed by the enemy's sudden fire while the remainder of the soldiers were forced to throw down their arms and surrender, baggage wagons and other army property being captured by the foe.

A-20

So swift was the retreat that scores of thousands of men dropped from exhaustion and were captured by the enemy. The numbers of the artillery battalions lashed their horses unmercifully in their efforts to get them to go faster. Across the Aronburg run the retreat spread, and most of the soldiers who failed to cross the many pontoon bridges were in the deep water, and the scene was indeed more lively than ever can be conceived. It indeed seemed to be the turning of the work, as the defeat and retreat of the christians was similar to that of the enemy at Jennie Turner, only more so. Hundreds of big guns were stuck in the mud, and those who tried hard to get them out were suddenly surprised by the enemy and captured with the guns. The Glandolinians gave cries of triumph as they surged after the retreating christian forces overtaking the rear many times, and always capturing many prisoners.

If the same number of Glandolinians were all mad dogs they could not have so created the confusion and retreat which they accomplished. Glandolinian cavalry incessantly overtook and tore through large portions of the christian columns capturing prisoners by the wholesale every time they made a dash, cutting through like cisors through paper and scattering everything before them.

When daylight approached thick woods, and undergrowth, and bogs and mud, and fires and mud, hindered portions of the christian armies in their still precipitated retreat. Countless numbers were caught and smothered in the bogs as they tried to get across, either sinking or being shot as they were stuck in the quicksand. The enemy cavalry and artillery and infantry strove with many maneuvers to obstruct and obstruct the christian retreat and soon the confusion became a thousand fold worse. Some very columns of christians even surrendered, but with the rest it was every man for himself. Muskets and firearms were thrown away in the swift flight, everything they could get rid of was cast down and they fled so swiftly it was hard to overtake the christian forces now.

No one can really comprehend how the retreat of the christian armies really was. Most of the christian forces in the front of the retreating hordes had outdistanced the troops in the rear, and guarded by cavalry had soon secured many hill hills and plains not far from the recently bombarded city of Aronburg on the day before at the beginning of the battle, and their artillery men also managing to get up hundreds of pieces of guns decided to form a desperate rally and stop the rest of the rest if possible, and also stop the precipitate advance of the foe. It took nearly four hours for all this to be done despite the fastest work at it, and despite commands, and entreaties but at last a very strong force crowded over fourteen high and steep hills, and massed in front by strong batteries of calibre and

machine guns. Finally the other big forces had come up and seeing what their comrades in the other divisions had done started the same work themselves. Over half of the retreating forces toward the closing of night was entrenched in extra forces and on high ridges, and supported by artillery awaited the coming of the enemy. Soon the rest of the christian forces came up and pursued close in the rear by the victorious enemy. Seeing that half of the main christian force so terribly defeated had managed by overexertions to rally on the heights, the enemy checked his furious advance, and soon by late night concentrated near the christian forces but did not pursue any further though the bombardment of Aronburg was recommenced again that following morning, and shells were again dropping into the damaged city. The christian artillery men seeing what was going on were horrified but nevertheless general Vivian who took personal command of the beaten army did not allow the artillery men to waste their ammunition by responding and so nothing happened along the opposing lines that day. Violet and her sisters were very grieved when they heard their father was so dangerously wounded but nevertheless they felt better when all doctors who had examined him knew and attended him declared that he was not in danger of death but nevertheless would not be in condition for several months. Overcome with the excitement of the past days, and wishing to forget their sorrow and disappointments Violet and her sisters decided to go to their friend general Walter Starring and go with him if possible to see what the results of the bombardment of the city of Aronburg was resulting. As they went to several points of the christian lines and reached a higher ledge of ground on the hill top they could see that at a far distance thousands of small fires were burning, all in the country side, on hill sides, in valleys, and in glens, and that in the vicinity of the city of Aronburg the sky was clouded with the smoke of bursting shells and houses on fire.

Indeed. Indeed the horrible shells were creating awful havoc in the city of Annie Aronburg and it is probable that those who were awfully enraged because despite all their efforts in trying to prevent it the christian forces had rallied, and not daring to attack such heights in their disordered conditions the foe had again turned their fury upon the city of Annie Aronburg and such havoc as described here in the next page exceeds all imagination. It was simply terrible.

In this terrible battle the christian losses were considered as 431,487, 770 in killed wounded and disabled. The number of prisoners is not estimated at all. Glandolinian loss in killed and wounded 431,044, 097.

As a fact it was as Evans soon discovered through his glasses. They were now still following the tracks of the Mc-Holleston and Hammond railroad, which was clear at this point, the army now marching as fast as it could, the artillery men leading their horses in their frantic endeavors to get their cannons out of mud holes, or wild windrows of wreckage.

"It may be a long time before trains can run here again," said Evans.

"I don't think so," declared Joice. "They will have to be cleared as soon as possible, so supply trains can run. You know the wounded soldiers in the ruined cities cannot be removed to any part of Abyssinile without trains, and there is no more wounded in any part of Calverinia or Angelinle herself that we could crowd in on them."

"Joice you are too terribly right," said Evans. "War is indeed hell, and no mistake at that."

"The enemy is one of the main things to be tackled with now when we get to Marcucian Run," said Violet. "And the main danger to be avoided is that they do not come upon our flank while we are on this march."

Evans indeed feared the approach of the Glandelinian columns which may be able to reach general Hanson's rear, before he or Robert Vivian could ever reach Marcucian Run, and he feared he could see clouds of smoke in the sky toward the south, for they could not be thunderheads of rain clouds. Put of course he was not absolutely sure, so he did not say anything to the little girls, though he kept his eyes in that direction.

It was generally well on in the evening now and all the Christian soldiers noticed that the heavy clouds covered the whole sky especially over the ridges, and as they watched, the smoke grew in density. Violet and her sisters also watched the approaching change, and became restless, all the soldiers fairly racing along, but it seemed as if the fast approaching clouds would catch up with them before they could reach any shelter from it. The wind was now blowing furiously the sun was gone, and presently a sudden increase in the shaking of the ground almost threw the mighty leaders off their horsehooves.

Where the Christian armies were now passing trees lay almost as thick as straws. Evans had almost an idea now that that it may be the prostrated trees that were burning in the distance, but how fast the conflagration was advancing, he knew not.

Yet his fears were needless. What happened to be smoke of a forest fire, or from a cannonade was only the smoke haze of a new battleline near the ridge, and the smoke of cannons in the lower grounds were rising upward in clouds. In truth there were the most terrific forest fires the world ever seen far east of them, so far that they could not be seen. The wind was abating considerably now, and the strong smell of powder was still in the air. There was a strange thundering sound in the direction of the raging battle, and Hanson knowing the direction to hurl his forces with comparative safety and with evident success headed that way. The battle was quite a distance at yet, which made the Vivian girls safe for the time being. The distant roar was incessant and could have drowned out the roar of an eruption, the distant roar of musketry resembling the mightiest roar of the sea as along a rocky shore during a hurricane of the most violent fury. And many of the officers did not believe there was any possibility of battling with the Glandelinians now with any success, and felt that the strongest line could not meet the enemy without disaster, or without being crushed to pieces. The Christian lines were now nearing the region of the distant battle being only fivemiles off now. Hanson or his brother were not daunted and decided to pitch in the fray as soon as possible. While his lines were being prepared the roar of the distant battle grew wilder and wilder.

"I see that this expedition is in vain as no one can attack the Glandelinians and survive it," said one of the officers. "I have a mind to turn back and wait until it recedes."

Unknown to him the supreme superior generals had the same idea and not only that but was determined to abandon the enterprise entirely. It was seen they were barred by overwhelming numbers of rebels.

"We are checked in our enterprise," said Robert Vivian. "I have a mind to abandon the enterprise entirely. Marcucian is unapproachable."

"But then how about poor Concentinian Aronburg?" asked Violet reproachfully. "The enemy must be swept back for if they break the line here at last and our country also. As you are the main leader of all the Christian armies it is your duty as you said before to crush the enemy at all costs. And you could pray. We would join in the prayer."

"I have prayed," said Hanson. "But he seems not to hear."

"And where can we strike the blow?" asked Baldwin.

"Toward the region of Accordia Park Tavern which would be a good place," declared Evans. "That is if we can get there."

"I fear we can't," said Jennie gravely. "Nearly the entire region is flooded. We will have to look some where else to strike the blow."

"Where," said Hanson. "There don't seem to be no place to move a cross safely. We are barred by the enemy."

Evans drew the little girls closer to him for fear they would go too near and be swept away to destruction. As they continued on, Evans drew Angeline and Jennie to his side and said:

"Keep away now. A dangerous battle is raging. Do not go too near this region or you are liable to die for it. You are liable to do anything since you lost so hastily and I must watch you."

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The heat of the atmosphere was terrific. Violet and her sisters noticing the strange grayness of the ridges, began to have strange fears themselves especially as the gray color was quite weird, and freakish, even seeming to effect the far distant landscape, and the atmosphere. They could not at first convince Evans of the threatening appearance of appearance of those ridges, as he declared it was only smoke from burning trees or other rubbish. But after a time he became suspicious also, as he smelt sulphur of powder in the air. Baldwin smelling it also became suspicious, believing that the cloud may have come from Mt Catherine saying that the volcano may be in eruption.

"But why don't a blizzard of ashes fall then?" asked Hanson. "And Mt Catherine is too far to be seen anyway, and we can not suffer the effects of her eruption from here. So can only destroy to the distance of sixty miles. We are two hundred miles from her now."

"But she can throw her sulphurous clouds this far," insisted Baldwin.

"Maybe that is so too, but I noticed when these clouds first appeared they resembled smoke from shells bursting, or from cannon volleys, and not from any eruption as they blazed and spread out with terrible swiftness."

"Well it may be from those distant hills then," said Baldwin exhibiting some alarm. "If those guns are trained upon us we will have some great time saving our armies from the relentless fury of the explosions, and then how about the little girls? Hanson I fear something is wrong. I hope I'm mistaken!"

Evans had the little girls closer to him than ever now, guarding their every footstep, though it seemed to him at times as if they were celestial beings being over him. They had traveled for half an hour or more, when they suddenly began to see the country again and a good portion of a house near by, which seemed whole and entire.

"Let's take a look and see what's in here," said Hanson.

Hanson was the first to enter and gave a cry of dismay. At his shout Baldwin, Robert Vivian and Evans followed quickly. They were horrified at what they saw. The whole ceiling was down and mingled with the wreckage on the floor, were thirty dead soldiers, and several horribly mangled bodies of little children. Hanson stepped inside, and lifting a large beam drew out the armless and legless body of a little girl. Near her lay a boy. Her body was rent and torn and smeared with blood. Her head had been crushed and her eyes which were bloody also were half out of their sockets. Her neck was lacerated as if with a butcher knife, and her windpipe was protruding.

"Gacious this is no place for us," exclaimed Baldwin. "Those bodies of the two children and the soldier also looked as if they had gone through a meat chopper. Come better, to be out in the open here. The shell that hit this built building did some work."

As Violet and her sisters had not gone in they of course did not know what was up. As they saw their father, Hanson, and the general enter or emerge from the place with pale faces they realized some horror was in the place, and they could not suppress a shudder. Evans who had been with the men, refused to reveal what he saw, as he did not want to distress or horrify them still further. They begged and pleaded, but he would not yield, so they gave it up, but nevertheless he knew that they suspected something awful as he saw the look of horror in their faces. Hanson and the rest proceeded onward into the open country. Evans had Violet and Jennie by each hand each being on each side of him, and he could not restrain from drawing them to him. He liked all of the little girls equally alike, but he did not have seven arms. He had become more like a brother to them, than a mere guardian or friend, and the little girls seemed to realize it. They loved him as much as their tender hearts could feel and show, and though they acted like dear little sisters to him, he nevertheless always had that strange feeling of awe, which frequently made him wonder. He thought to himself all the time with that strange feeling of awe; "Are they really flesh and blood, or celestial beings, disguised as children? He avowedly swore that he would protect them in any way, would be as kind to them as his heart would permit, and satisfy them in any way that was not injurious. During the whole march, Evans stayed with the little girls talking to them now and then on one or other subject. Hanson and all of them were tormented by the din of the distant battle, which was only growing worse, and by the concussion could hardly keep their feet. Fields, once filled with corn and wheat, were exposed to view, and now they were dull and bare, with big shell craters in them. Not a corn stalk reared itself above the body strewn fields, and the ground had the appearance of having been plowed by some immense comb with thrillions of teeth. The wheatfields had also been stripped but nevertheless was strewn with pieces of timber, and other pieces of wreckage from farm houses and barns. Violet and her sisters from their markings remembered these farms, because they had passed here sometime during the Christian advance before the great battle of Accordia Park. It was indeed a scene, compared to what it looked then.

The shell storm had swept these fields with cruel fury, as the shells had spared nothing whatever. Far in the distance through the driving rain of splintered debris raised by shell explosions now and then, Evans could see something blue, mingled with long white clouds, and with his field glasses discovered what it was.

"We are really miles away from the battle field now," he said to general Hanson.

"I can see it here with my glasses."

"I know," said Hanson. "For my boy, don't you hear that terrible noise like millions of trains of cars going through a large hollow cavern at one time? We are more than a mile from it for we could not get too near it so soon."



"I'll take good care of them all right," said Evans. "I'll do anything for them." A few minutes after they all started out for the region of Marucian the leaders on horseback, and taking with them their provision train. The army soon found that the traveling was hard, for the fields and roads were covered with debris. To make traveling easier, the army chose the railroad line, traveling on the half shattered tracks. At places no tracks were even seen so thick was the debris that covered the ground. The railroad itself seemed to be the hardest to travel for they were cumbered with the wreckage of broken fences, and trees. Evans surveyed the scene with evident dismay and then said to Violet:

"Violet dear, is it very far to Marucian?"

"Quite some ten miles," he answered. "It may take an hour or more to even reach there on foot in all this wreckage."

"I wonder if we will succeed in crushing our way through or not!" asked Evans. "Maybe the enemy is too strong already."

"Oh I hope not," declared Jennie. "It will be bad for us all."

"I thought not of the enemy's assault had receded already by this time," said Joice. "I was surprised when I heard that the region of Marucian was still in the grasp of the terrible enemy. Oh Dear God help the poor victims. I fear they are doomed."

"And I also hope not," exclaimed Evans as they reached a long viaduct where the tracks were clear, and firm without. "It will add to the toll of lives." The army had now traveled some distance, and now they again came within sight of the ruined town of Glorianna whose terrible ruins barred their way in that direction, the city being swept by a conflagration. The Christian army was impatient and as the heat of the smoldering ruins was intolerable, they headed slowly in another direction making a clean broad branch of the city. Soon afterwards they reached another portion of the ruined city. Though here the ruins were passable, they were yet indeed too harrowing a sight to describe. Such scenes are really shocking to view. What battles no man has nerves to visit, what the poor victims suffer cannot be told us, even in our outermost chambers of secrecy it so harrows up the soul. This was the ruins of Glorianna. Violet and her sisters could not look upon it. Yet for some short cut the leaders decided to try and make a passage through, and there was no backing out now. This section of the city was entered readily enough, and as they passed through the wreckage strewn streets streets they saw whole lines of massive buildings in total ruins. Tons of debris lay beside the buildings on in the streets, many boards and sticks protruding from it. The leaders hastened their horses onward climbing the wreckage in the streets at intervals and plowing through wide gaps choked with dust and debris. The atmosphere was hazy with the smoke from the distant battle, and the generals fearing a new shell storm hastened to get out of the ruined city.

"Goodness if the old officers of the Glandelinian batteries on those far distant Lucille Rickson and other ridges see us, they will order their gunners to hurl their hurricane of shells upon us, and if we are still in this ruined city yet, and they do, it will be good day with us," muttered general Hanson to himself. "Whew."

He at this moment now that it was drawing near evening noticed a strange redness in the sky toward the direction of the far distant thundering Christian ridges of the Glorianna peak heights.

"A fire of great force and strength is going on sure enough there," he cried. He was then astonished and almost frightened, for at this moment the glow suddenly disappeared, reappeared three times and was gone. Indeed Hanson feared they would not get out of the ruined city, and now wished that he and his army had not halted or gone in this direction at all. However he did not mention his fears to the others. Evans and himself did not have any fears, and the little girls did not even think of those threatening hills to their right. The one to be most dreaded for this section would be the Mc-Holleston ridge, the worse one of all. Indeed to Hanson it seemed as if there was no end to the city of Glorianna as they seemed to never leave it. Baldwin chanced to notice the worried look on Hanson's face and said:

"What is the matter your Excellency?" "You look as if you were worried about something. Are you fearing that after all our undertaking will be a failure or something worse?"

"No not that," exclaimed Hanson as he noticed the sky above the other ridges become gray with smoke so clouds. "I fear we are in for it. Suppose the enemy gunners on any of those ridges yonder see us. It may be going bad for us if we are still in this ruined city, and they shell us."

"Those ridges are suspicious," said Baldwin. "But probably some Christian forces may be again assaulting those ridges now, and the Glandelinians cannot fire upon us."

"I wonder what those gray clouds mean!" said Hanson. "I believe their guns are already in action. I'm afraid we may get it yet."

"Well what of it?" said Baldwin. "We will have to face a worse gun fire at the Marucian grounds. Besides we ourselves are safer here, for we could dodge into some of the deep cellars of some of the ruined houses here." However Hanson had no faith in Baldwin's words. He was bound to get out of Glorianna before the storm of shells would start. The whole line of ridges had become as gray as the skies before the outbreak of a severe storm. More like the Kansas grasshopper, especially like the gray hues of the grass, and house mentioned before the outbreak of the cyclone in the story of "The Wizard of Oz" even the far distant ruins seemed to be of a strange gray color which made them look all the more desolate and terrible.

"We ourselves know the danger, and don't care much about going, but you better not go or we will too. It's like suicide. We know of the vow you have made, but it is not necessary to run such dare devil risks for it. We absolutely know we will win it on our heart's, that if you attempt it without us, you will never return. No army of any size cavalry or infantry supported by parks of artillery, could pass through that roaring inferno and live. Oh for God's sake don't go without us. Wait until the battle in that location recedes. If you two are killed our hearts will be broken for ever. You have time to fulfill the vow. Pray to God first, and ask him to withdraw the enemy's assault in that quarter."

The three great Christian generals, and the two rulers stood against, and looked at the little girls, and there was such a silence, that the tick of some clock in the wreckage could be heard. Yet general Hanson and the rest were determined to go immediately for to delay would only probably bring sad results. There was no signs of the enemy receding in that location, and there was danger every minute of Concentinian Aronburg's army being swept away."

"No," said Robert Jivian. "We are going at any cost. Duty calls first. I and my brother Hanson have a big army here to crush our way, and if we wait too long the raging Glandelinian assault upon Concentinian Aronburg's army will sweep away all opposition away before we arrive to the scene, and then what good will it do for us if we are cut off from retreat. We will not risk unnecessary dangers, and will not attempt to meet the heart of the enemy's assault. All we are going to do is to march round Oppl Oppl Ophelia by the safest way. We are to go eastward, then south, then toward Marucian Marucian Run where the flood of Glandelinian mobs are not so much in the way. We could start that way from here."

"But the enemy's line of assault is extremely extensive," put in Baldwin. "I had tried that, and met only few failure and terrible slaughter. We will have to battle the foe in general fury that is all, or give up the undertaking."

"I'm not going to give up the undertaking," said Hanson. "We can go straight for Glorianna first then, no matter what the risk."

"If you are going for real, then we are going too," said Violet firmly and almost seriously. "Papa and Uncle made us a promise that if we asked for anything we would receive it. Either stay or let us go."

"But it is too risky to go," protested Baldwin. "There is nothing but a soothing storm of carriage so you see, girls, you fair Princesses are facing dire danger, when you accompany our armies, for there will be no safety anywhere."

"I know," said Violet. "But I don't care. Anyhow we have escaped many dangers before, and may do so again. We trust in God, and Evans and he also can accompany us. He will watch us."

"We did make a promise," said Robert Jivian. "But in that case we will have to excuse ourselves. We absolutely refuse to let you daughters of mine accompany us. We are not going to let you run the same dangers after we have made promises to see to your protection. There is no use to argue either as arguing will be in vain. If you accompany us you will do so at your own risk. So you are not going to accompany us and that is all there is to it. Do you think we are fools to let such beautiful children as you run into such hopeless peril. No. Maybe I cannot prevent you if you will use your will, but if you accompany us I'll abandon the battle altogether." And Robert Jivian's eyes flashed as he said these words.

Yet Violet and her sisters were undaunted. They knew full well that their beloved ones and only friends were facing unknown dangers and they were bound to follow if they had to go alone. They knew their presence would be more safe for the three mighty leaders so Violet said:

"Papa be angry if you wish but we are not going to let you run into unknown dangers and us not around to help. If you do not let us accompany you, we will go alone or you may refuse to fight the battle altogether. We are cool headed and can see the danger before any of you can and you know it. Taking all your Glandelinian soldiers would not help you any. It is also a very foolish undertaking if you are after, and to keep you out of danger, we will follow even if we have to do it on the sly. Stay and wait until the battle line of the foe recedes, and we will stay, go and we will go. It is our duty to."

"I'm afraid we will have to yield," muttered Hanson. "There is no holding them back. It is better to let them accompany us, than if they go alone."

Robert Jivian was silent for a moment and then he said in a manner as if he did not like to give in:

"It is not my doing anyhow. I will not force them to decide. Violet bring Evans here."

Violet obeyed and in a moment Evans was standing before the great ruler.

"Evans my boy," he said. "We are all going on a dangerous mission. We are to advance against the enemy, but we will run many risks in the region we are going into as that region there is overwhelmed by victorious Glandelinians. My daughters insist on going along, and yet though I can hardly give them the permission, my refusal is in vain, and they firmly mean to go anyhow. So you will have to accompany them. Evans my boy guard them well. I leave their very lives into your hands under your safe keeping. If one of them is even hurt you will pay for it by losing your guardianship. So remember. Value my daughters greatly, more than any riches. More than success. So I'll leave them in your care and if they are all right even on our return, I'll reward you handsomely. I hardly can permit them to go, but then I cannot restrain them. Better to let them go with us than to go alone."



"It is," said Robert Vivian. "May many generals I have met declared that they never before had observed more desolate scenes among the strips of forest bordering the Conservatory Run region. Nothing is within sight in the plains except melancholy wreckage and dead bodies. There is hardly not a strip of green foliage anywhere on the outer limits, and heaps of tangled wreckage probably from the villas and villages and towns had been seen north of where we are, and on the Catherine Hills more strange wreckage has been found. I have also heard that on those ridges the loss of life among the Glandelinians was appalling."

"How is that?" asked Evans. "The Glandelinians are not assaulting those hills now are they?"

"No indeed, but they did," said Robert Vivian. "They are now in possession. Some said there were eight hundred thousand Glandelinians killed and one million wounded and one hundred thousand mortally wounded within six minutes. Trees had been shattered to fragments here by shells of every description, or even scattered into windrows of wreckage. The town of Ophelia yonder is in wreckage beyond redemption, every house having been leveled to the ground."

"Ophelia was a beautiful city," said Violet sadly. "It is harrowing that the worse of the battle raged at Lucillie Jackson, and that both that city and Gloriana were wiped out by the storm of shells. Nearly every soldier was killed in the wreckage there."

"Yes it is true," said Evans. "I don't see how the enemy could have been so strong. Not a single street can be distinguished in the city of Ophelia, Gloriana, or Lucillie Jackson and probably myriads of men are still working in vain to extricate the bodies. These scenes would make you two little girls feel sad if you were to witness them." He added placing an arm around Violet and Jennie. "But think of it, all those fallen trees will make it handy probably to repair or rebuild new houses, and young trees may start from the roots left in the ground."

As they drew near to Aronburgs street Hanson and the others saw a large image of our Lord Jesus Christ, with his arms outstretched and his head bowed. The cross was missing. Hanson at once understood the mystery. It had been a large crucifix like shrine used by sisters of a Convent near by to pray before. The cross had been torn away by some explosion. The crown of thorns was also missing and the bricks from the huge pedestal supporting the immense image had been wrenched away. This was a freak that surprised him, and the rest indeed. At his very feet lay the crown of thorns. The crucifix itself had stood about forty feet high. For fifteen minutes they continued on their way, and the more further they went the more horrible was the scene of wreckage. At many places half burned debris was exposed and they saw in the far distance that many big fires were burning. Ophelia itself was being consumed by fire, burning in smudges, that made many big clouds of smoke, and the following night after the battle, the glare could probably be seen for a hundred miles.

"It is terrible that relief cannot come," thought Hanson. "The only help I see is that Manley is stayed."

Indeed General Hanson Vivian had set on his retreat to get to Gretchen as soon as possible to strike Manley some blow so as to cover the retreat of the main army at night, or make another effort to win the battle itself, but he had been told that the whole region was unapproachable on account of so strong a line of the enemy. Robert Vivian and Hanson were indeed at a loss of what to do. General Baldwin had made an attempt to force his way but half an hour later came back with the report that no one could approach the region under any conditions.

"This disastrous battle has caused more damage and greater loss of life than probably the entire Glandelinian war itself," declared Baldwin. "I and my force of men had tried by various means to reach Ophelia but could not succeed. Even the general who declared that the loss of his picture caused the storm of disaster did all in his power to help me with his forces, but the attempt seemed just as dangerous as a wicked attempt to frustrate God in his purpose. Ophelia is utterly unapproachable by the battle line itself. The poor fellow got badly wounded in his effort to aid me."

Robert Vivian was affected by this story, but told Baldwin not to let the Vivian girls hear of the results, as they would only be the more distressed.

"I wonder what we are going to do?" asked Hanson.

"I have a mind to risk it any how," answered Robert Vivian. "But if we wish to succeed in the enterprise we must not be reckless."

"I'm with you," declared Hanson. "But if I were you, I would not permit the Vivian girls to go with you, if you can restrain them, for there is no telling what may happen to them."

"I'll do what I can," answered Robert Vivian. "I'll lose all if I lose

them. We will start immediately, and not let them catch us."

But it was easier said than done. Their preparations for advance was discovered, and Robert Vivian had to confess. "But," he said, "we don't like to have you accompany us, as it is going to be a terribly risky undertaking. You little girls may as well stay with Evans. He will take good care of you until we return. Of course you need not fear for us, for we are not going to be reckless, and if we find the undertaking too dangerous we will retrace our steps."

Violet and her sisters knew of the risk these generals and their father and uncle were running into, and Violet said with tearful eyes;

and the apparent loss of their brothers and dearest friends. This again filled their hearts with rousing sorrow but they did not say anything more as they did not care to share their sorrow with others. However they did hide their faces in their hands, and sobbed, and Evans noticing this, asked;

"What is the matter now dears?"

They raised their heads, and Evans suddenly realizing said again;

"Never mind my dear friends, if they do die your brothers will be going to a better place, where Jesus is. I will always pray for you little girls, and I know Jesus will keep you and help you. I always see that you are always trying to do your best to be good, pray every day, and read the Bible, and you will also go to heaven some day and see them again."

Here Evans was interrupted by a burst of groans and sighs and lamentations which broke from the outside and died away instantly. Evans was struck with sudden emotion. The spiritual faces of the little girls, the long locks of hair, and their sobs struck at once upon his feeling, and he looked long and earnestly upon them and shook his head. Angeline Jennings and Mildred Maxwell who was also with them shook their own heads, as Violet and her sisters sobbed and wailed, with a violence which alarmed Evans, and soon Jennie was lying like a wearied dove in Evans arms and he bending over her soothed her by every kind word he could say. Suddenly the two rulers appeared, and Robert Vivian riding up and noticing the strange children, Robert Vivian asked;

"Where did you two little girls live before coming here?"

"In the city of Lucillie Jackson," said Mildred. "We ourselves have no home just now and as an explosion of shell swept it to pieces."

"Do you wish to stay with me and my daughters for a while?" He asked. "They are loving and kind, and will be angelic sisters to you."

"Sure we would be glad to have you two stay with us for a time," said Jennie through her tears, and smiling sadly. "We would even wish you to stay always." Robert Vivian told Hanson who the two girls were, and told him their homes and parents were destroyed in the storm.

"The poor things," said Hanson Vivian. "Sure they'll be glad to remain with the Princesses of Abieanna."

He embraced the two little girls and then turned to Evans and said;

"You may be their guardians also."

"I surely will," answered Evans. "When your new names and these little girls are placed in my charge, I'll protect them even with my life."

"Were you little girls caught in the frightful battle over yonder?" asked Hanson.

"Yes," declared Mildred.

"I have seen many hurricanes, and typhoons during my day, but not one of them did as much damage as this battle," said Hanson. "I and my wife was buried under the wreckage, and my daughter also. I escaped unharmed but they were killed. I presume you little girls escaped, though you were caught in it."

"Yes," said Mildred. "At Conservatory Run. We were caught in the Treedon Plain. Our experience was frightful."

"Lucillie Jackson's destruction and also of Gloriana are terrible," said Hanson. "Those two cities are unapproachable on account of the battle raging along those points. Did you little girls not hear about it?"

"No," said Mildred. "We did not know the battle was raging there also."

"It is still raging also in the vicinity of Ophelia and with all its fury," said Hanson. "What is even reported about it cannot be exaggerated, and I witnessed a good part of the whole battle. It is terrible worse than any conflict, and the cannonading was terrific. The list of killed and injured soldiers is unknown. Every one of the four wrecked cities are reported to be in the grasp of big fires, and everywhere outside of Ophelia especially where the surge of battle still goes back and forth is a sea of broken tree trunks, branches, and wreckage of country houses, on either side, of all the railroad tracks, and wreckage of battle arms, and covered with vast seas of the dead and wounded soldiers."

"I never knew that a battle could be so severe, or do all this in so short a time," said Evans. "It is terrible beyond doubt."

"Well the Glandelinian onslaughts have the most extraordinary force," said Robert Vivian. "And the rebels seem to be attacking here fiercer than any where else."

"I reported my way out of the battle fields, trees are found lying as tyvek as straws, and there are so many wounded soldiers under them in the battle field, that as long as the conflict continues there is no hope of rescuing them."

"Have you two little girl scouts seen the Vivian Hills?" asked General Hanson.

"No," said Mildred. "The smoke made it impossible to see them."

"They are bare and naked," said Robert Vivian himself. "The explosion of shells from either side swept down to wreckage every tree on those hills, piling up their branches as thick as straws on their shell furrowed sides. The hills once green and beautiful are now a sad sight. Millions of shattered trees are also lying at their bases, and furrows, and craters, and rents can be seen on their sides. Not a whole tree trunk can be seen. The hills are desolate except where broken trees lay scattered in places."

"It must have been, and is in this portion then where the battle is at its worse," said Evans.

There battle here had been the fiercest of its kind, and the shells had again scattered tons of wreckage from Ophelia. The thunder crashes of shells and high expl sives were frightful, and every roll seemed to shake the earth and reverbrate in the heavens. It was at this moment that his Majesty Robert Vivian got a message which read as follows;

Your Majesty,

The battle line near Ophelia is now something marvellous in formation, but exceedingly terrible in character. The violence of the shell explosions caused great eruptions. A seething attack had now been made upon my line and concentrated most of its heaviest pressure upon my main columns. We were able to resist the first onrush of the enemy, without being totally crushed and routed, and when the second came we were also able to hold ground, and our center having a momentary calm in the storm was also able to resist the third onset of this great wave, and while the storming column extended and expanded its line, a great deal of its force especially toward our center had been withdrawn to the main point on their right, which caused their center to weaken, and we were able to repulse the third assault.

It is your duty, Your Majesty as we'll as your Brothers and the others to try and cover our retreat, in case we are forced. At any cost we will be beaten, and in any way. I'm going to send my lieut lieutenant generals down the way to meet your forces as soon as possible.

Your assit assistant. general Blomlinia."

Robert Vivian read it to the others. They were indeed surprised at the details of the letter.

"By Golly general Baldwin, but we must force our way past this glandelinian barrier." Said Hanson. "And get through we must. Shall we hammer away now?"

"We might as well do that," answered Baldwin. "And have it over with."

Across the region of Ophelia to the northeast, a new and great battle line had formed and extended out and gathering momentum as it rolled forward, it soon started headlong and soon had swept across the whole region mowing its way through all the glandelinian columns that dared to barricade its approach, and from the Lucille Jackson ridge again, the very sky seemed to have developed into a down-pour of shell fire, and as the attack of the counter advancing christians under Blomlinia had gone forward without almost any warning, a large part of the foe line had little chance to escape, the enveloping onrush, and amid the deafening roar of the conflict, came intense smoke clouds, the thunder of cannon, and burst of flame anew. This was the character of the report of Blomlinia's counter attack, put in the Angolinian papers afterwards. More details than this had been reported however, telling also of the deaths of many christian generals, the freaks of the terrific explosions of shells, and the miserable sights of ruin and desolation left by the battle.

"If you little girls do not mind you can see the wreckage of the city of Ophelia," said Evans as they had stopped to halt near the region. The little girls declared that they did not mind, and were soon witnessing the real horrors of the bloody battle storm. Many tents could be seen standing, where the wreckage was a less massive, and even rude huts, which were built from the wreckage, while here and there the wreckage was dotted with the bodies of soldiers and old men, and women and children, the mangled bodies of children of all sizes laying seemingly as thick as the dead and wounded soldiers themselves.

Scores of thousands of the survivors were aiding in the collection of all the dead and injured from the wreckage, despite the roar of the battle raging round the city, and the sights of many of the bodies was loathsome. What piteous scenes was before the eyes of the little girls, even now though it had slackened. Many thousands of mothers without children, tearing their hair in grief, or children made orphans by the deaths of their parents, filling the air with pitiful heart-rending lamentations. Many frail torn bodies of children had already been extracted from the tangled wreckage. Blood soaked this wreckage everywhere, and worse sights were exposed to the little girls than those they had witnessed, during the Glandelinian massacres they experienced at Calmanrinia or other places. How hard it may have been to extract the dead and injured, amid the buffeting gale, then blowing, flashes of lightning from bursting shells can never be told. And greater than any Typhoon horror were these sights of destruction. Sometimes when the rescuers tried to extract a child from the wreckage either boy or girl, they only pulled off a leg, or head, which may have been partly cut off by shell fragments. When they would find their body, the sight would be too horrible to relate. Here also had been frightful suffering among the countless injured before they died, especially among the injured men and women and children, who could not be taken from the wreckage. The Vivian girls had never observed such wreckage, and neither did Evans. All the while the great battle in the distance was rolling swiftly toward the east. Hanson and the others were indeed near enough to get a vic view of the seethed city of Ophelia, and here it indeed was a sad sight for the ruins was terrible, all the big buildings having been blown into total wreckage. And the surge of battle in the far distance seemed to be far extended, and was full of explosions of every descriptions. They could not bear this horrible sight long, and turned away from it. Poor violet and her sisters indeed realized that the battle storm with its horror of shell storm had swept away their very own

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Poor Violet and her sisters. Many things had spoken in their souls calmly and clearly that such miseries would ensue. Many times such fears rested in the hearts of the little girls, and which troubled them in a manner in which only they could know. It was already drawing near seven thirty o'clock in the evening, and the rays of the already setting sun shining through the smoke clouds formed a sort of glory about them as they advanced toward Evans in their white dresses, with their golden hair, and glowing cheeks, and their eyes unnaturally bright and abnormally beautiful. The appearance of the little girls impressed Evans suddenly and painfully. Their beauty seemed so intense, yet so fragile, that he could hardly bear to look upon them. He drew them one after another gently to him and suddenly folding violet in his arms said;

"Violet dear, I believe you and your sisters will soon get over the effects of those sights before long."

"It's all no use," said violet. "I always felt that such a disaster would come, and it did. I am sure I or my sisters will never get over the effects." And violet sobbed.

"Oh now dear little violet." Said Evans trembling as he spoke, but speaking cheerfully. "You have become nervous and low spirited. You must not indulge in such gloomy thoughts. It is not like yourself. See, I've got a large ripe orange for you."

"No Evans." Said Violet putting it gently away in one of her pockets. "I'm not nervous, and low spirited. If it were not for you Evans dear, and my parents, I or my sisters would never be perfectly happy. And I have things I would like to have said to you long ago."

"Why dear little P I Princess, what has made your little heart so sad?"

"There are a great many things that makes me and my sisters also sad, and which seems dreadful to me and them. I would rather be dead, but yet I do not want to leave you, or the cause when we are needed so much. It almost breaks my heart." "What makes you so sad, and what seems so dreadful to you, violet?" said Evans.

"Oh the things that are done by this awful battle. I feel sad for all the poor injured, for I love all the brave soldiers dearly, and they are all kind and good to children. I wish Evans, dear this had not happened."

"So do I," answered Evans, but we cannot check its course."

"And my dear Violet." He added, "You are too sensitive. I'm sorry you ever saw this war."

"Oh but that cannot be helped, Evans. You want us to live so happy, and never to have any pain, never suffer anything, not even hear a sad story, when millions of other creatures now, have nothing to do but suffer pain and sorrow, probably all their lives. It seems selfish. I or my sisters cannot help witnessing such scenes, and horrors, and we can't help feeling about them. Such things have sunk into my heart, they go down deep. I've thought, and thought about them, Evans. And is there not any way to have all the wreckage of the cities repaired?"

"That is a difficult question dearest. There is no doubt many of the buildings will be rebuilt, but it may take a score of years. I really wish there was not a single war in existence, but then what can there be done about it."

At this moment a call from general Hanson, put an end to the sad interview. During the meanwhile reports came that the christian columns under general Blomlinia had been swept down by a storming attack of the glandelinians, and the real loss in killed and injured was not known as yet. This same glandelinian assault of terrible ferocity traversed the whole Angolinian front along this portion at gloriana, sweeping upon the strung but already shattered lines of Abbeannians, the christian fire along this point being so terrific, that it prostrated hundreds of columns of men by the very concussion, and scattered thousands of regiments of assailants by the dominating shell fire.

The real length of the assaulting column was not given but its velocity and force was considered that of a mad runaway from an army of demons, and this had given forth the facts to Robert Vivian who was worried, that the conditions of the battle was ten times worse, as reports came in, that the christians retreating from the region of the Vivian Hills was swept by the same shell storm and assault, which shattered every tree of a forest in that respectable region by the converging cannon fire of both sides, the two assaults having occurred at the same time. The cause of this great onslaught was really known. Extensive christian columns were traversing all the dominated points toward the left flank of the Rickson ridge known as the Bondon Hills in an endeavor to bring to a check the Glandelinian onslaught at this point, and which had caused all these horrible slaughters. Simultaneously another terrific hurricane like assault traversed the battle fields on the center. It did not extend to the region of Ophelia until an hour later, and this was what Robert Vivian and the rest saw the wreckage fly. Consternation was produced among the many christian commanders as many feared the battle was going to be lost right now. The storm of mines flying everywhere became in itself a veritable screaming hissing sound. At the time the christian armies of retreat under the A generals of Hansons and Hanson and Robert Vivian themselves had reached this region, it was raging with a fury enough to waken the dead, but gradually now it was receding, and still the attack was sweeping upon Blomlinia's front though just now large portions of Conservatory run was free of the mighty shock of the battle.

What cruelty the child slavery itself could not do, what the horrors of the worse child massacres and the severest typhoons failed to do in Abbeemina, the guns on the outside of Lucille's picket and Carnation ridges accomplish a accomplished, and in two hours at that, a killing hundreds of thousands in a way too horrible to predict.

The sorrow of the Vivian girls could not be correctly described. They gazed upon the dismal burning ruins of distant Chm. The herlans as they reached the place with the slowly retreating armies with an aching heart, and with a feeling as if they had lost everything they had. Evans himself wished in his heart that some mistake had been made, that the seriously wounded generals were not their good brothers, and that they were some strange men who resembled them. Robert, Vivian with the fragments of his own armies decided to make headon for Gretchen or Grerna to cover the retreat of the other main armies so badly wrecked, and if hard pressed to retreat to Maraudin town, and again cover the retreat and smash back Huebaum and Johnston Jackson Manleys swiftly advancing armies if possible.

Violet and her sisters followed their father in his retreat who was at the head, in a slow and melancholy gate, and Evans could see that they were almost heartbroken and always stayed more closer to them, trying to console them, and bring their thoughts to another channel. He drew Violet and Jennie nearer to him and placing an arm round each said:

"Now try to cheer up dears. All this crying and weeping won't bring their health back. Don't give up your poor things. I can be as a brother to you if they go."

Violet laid her head against his chest, and sobbed. Evans was indeed touched and embraced them fondly. Never had he seen such pretty little girls in such sorrow. Evans was seated with the little girls in a private army covered wagon and tried to console them by singing some cheery songs. From where they now were, they could observe the wreckage of whole freight and passenger coaches, which had been left on the sidings of tracks in this region. Not far from here was a small creek clogged with wreckage, scores of dead horses, and twigs of trees, and now the sound of the receding battle seemed louder to them, and indeed Violet and her sisters felt sad and lonely, and the warmth of the evening, and the roar of the losing battle made them feel worse. To them it seemed as if they were the only living things, or beings in existence entirely.

They were in danger of losing their brothers, best friends were gone, and home and everything else, also happiness. The whole world seemed dreary to them. It was only a short time after the retreat started, when the vicinity of Ophelia was reached by the van guard, and the ruler found his retreat barred by a new

swing of the battle whose terrible uproar was in fullway and a large force of the Scoodlers was advancing. The wreckage of Ophelia was sailing into the air in clouds from thousands of explosions, and poor general Hanson, Vivian did not know what to do, and felt like giving it up, but Robert Vivian wished to force his way through the rebel column if possible.

"Baldwin is right," said Hanson to himself. "Ophelia is already unapproachable not because of the battle itself, but of Manleys seemingly impenetrable positions and we are cut off from retreat in this location by his advancing hordes, and of his sweeping onslaughts upon Vivian's still going on now. I hope to God's help that generals Winstien and Noro Vivian's holds Huebaum Manley from making a junction with Johnston's advancing forces. If Winstien fails, it is good night then, because if Huebaum succeeds, the two combined will be able to crush our retreating armies between them like an egg shell, and with win a more glorious battle, and so this must be prevented at all costs."

"During this temporary check in the retreat, while their uncle and father debated over the situation, Violet and her sisters went among the injured, and many times Violet and her sisters laid their hands on their bosoms and sighed heavily. Their cheeks were more pale, and a deep earnest shadow at times, passed over their eyes.

"These sights makes my heart ache," said Violet to Evans. "Our brothers are probably dying, only few friends are left, and now we are threatened with a most disgraceful defeat. These things sink into my heart. I wish the war was over, and also I can almost wish suicide was not a sin. Because then, I would attempt it by a doing some rash deed, or going into some fatal adventure."

"Why Violet dear how you talk," said Evans in sudden alarm.

"I can't tell you, but when I and my sisters saw so many of these poor creatures among the wreckage you when, when we and you came up, thousands of children who survived had lost their mothers, and thousands of women had lost their husbands, and scores of thousands of mothers cried for their little ones, and when I heard how many children were killed along with the soldiers, Oh was not that dreadful? and a great many other things, I have felt I would only be too glad to die, and get away from all this misery. I yearn to die, and wish I could Evans." said the child earnestly laying her little hand on his.

Evans certainly looked at Violet with the greatest awe, and when she glided toward her sisters he wiped his eyes many times as he looked after her. He could see plainly that this disaster, and the sights the little girls had witnessed had caused them more sorrow and pain than they could really bear. Evans and their father, fearing that their sorrow might cause prostration, had tried to keep the main sights of misery and horror from them, but in vain. Hanson felt the same as a certainty but fortunately they were not prostrated, being brave enough to keep up their spirits.

The threatening deaths of their two loyal brothers and the disaster and other things had caused them more sorrow, than any other, as and as he looked on them, Evans felt as if he was in the presence of sorrowing angels over the death of Our Lord.

A wild crashing roar came pouring from the distant horizon, a sound which almost froze the blood of Hanson and the others, and the fearful unearthly uproar seemed to be fairly thundered into their very ears.

"Well let us hope they are not going to shell us again," said Angelina. "The ruins are terrible enough now and Avezzano or Messinda could not look as bad." It was not but an hour after when they had all left the ruined city behind, and began to reach the scenes where it was reported the brothers of the Vivian girls had been dangerously wounded, and Violet and her sisters after weeping for a long time beside their cots lay as if almost dead themselves for the little girls had fainted away in overwhelming sorrow. And yet they had no desire for revenge. The burial ground of one famous general who was killed in the battle was just outside the ruined Carries Square district in a lot partially cleared of wreckage. To the last Robert Vivian and the others saw the last of the good and faithful general in the coffin, then they saw the cloth, and the flag spread over him, the lid of the coffin closed, then it was let down into the grave. Robert Vivian and the little girls stood beside the grave looking vacantly down. They saw the men lower the coffin, they heard dimly the solemn words "I am the Resurrection, and the Life. He that

Believeth in Me though he were yet dead, yet shall he live. And no greater friend had hath a man than this, that he lay his livelife down for his friend." And the earth was cast in and filled the grave, and they could not realize it was the brave general they were burying from their sight. Nor was it, but only the frail seed of that bright immortal soul, which shall yet come forth in the day of the Lord Jesus. Violet and her sisters were sobbing in uncontrollable grief and emotion, while some sad hymns and songs were offered and prayers recited. Then with some old wreaths and roses in their hands they decorated the graves, while a long prayer was read by Evans for the dead. How beautiful and peaceful his grave looked, decorated by the tender hands of Violet and her sisters, with the wreaths of flowers, those beautiful flowers, which spoke so silently to all hearts of the resurrection of the Body and Life Everlasting for the righteous souls. Indeed where the very graves of many children were, had stood numbers of beautiful trees, where hundreds of birds used to build their nests, and many sparrows sang. Now these trees were missing as the storm of shell fire had cleaned out two cemeteries of all trees, and every tombstone known to be there. At the grave of the dead general, was placed a large cross and Robert Vivian wrote an inscription at the foot of the grave, which was nearly hidden by flowers now:

"To the sweet memory of the brave general who was killed at Aronburgs Run ory Glorianna. A ge thirty seven years."

In the center of the beautiful cross there were other words and they were in gold. These words were beloved and always honored by the still living parents of this dead christian general. Violet and her sisters left the graves weeping as if their hearts would break, and the rest with down cast heads prepared to go to their commands. It was near by, and start on the retreat in the direction of Gretchen. Evans had a feeling anew in his heart that drew him still nearer to the dear brave little Vivian girls. He had always followed them where ever they walked or played or went out on scouting tours, and when some times he had seen them so pale and quiet, there was more to him in their tearful eyes than he had ever seen before. Even since the Lucille Rickson disaster occurred that morning it being now six thirty, he had begged them to eat a general mean meal but they only shook their heads.

"Oh Evans," said Violet pitifully. "The whole world seems as empty as an egg shell. First all my best friends are gone, and now we are in danger of losing even our brothers."

"I know it is hard to bear," answered Evans with tears in his eyes. "It was overcoming to me because I never knew those generals were your beloved brothers, and that they may die before I even know them. I saw that frightful battle storm and the glandolinian assaults that caused them to be so frightfully wounded, and how fearful it looked. One of the officers had told me the christian line gave way at the first shock of the impact, and not a single brigade, or divisions or a single line of the christians could hold."

What Evans said was true. Also the tenants of Aronburgs Mansion in Carries Square had taken notice of the approach of the battle, and yet were taken unawares. The building had been a block long, three hundred feet wide, and five stories high, with walls three feet thick. When christian divisions of soldiers began pouring into the streets and into the houses, and repelled the first shock of the enemy assault to take the houses, the first shock of the shell storm came. When the first shell

barrage struck the concussion occurred simultaneously, and a perfect salvoes of shells exploding about and upon the structure, tended to burst the building into fragments, and the whole mansion had caved in, pinning all its tenants and occupants soldiers and all beneath hundreds of tons of debris. Only the wall of the eastern end stood, but its remaining rooms were gauged out by following shell eruptions, and all the walls reduced to three stories, and shattered into grotesque ruins. The injured brothers of Violet and her sisters had not been taken from the battle field until three hours after they fell, but none of them would have been considered in such a frightful condition, had they received care instantly.

revenge the repulse of their most massive column. Division after division while I was on the scene was being dissolved away and the long battle array had been forcing it its way over works, and across plains and through valleys across accompanied by the horrible roar of their cannon. Hundreds of thousands of men had given up their lives to meet the fury of the Glandelinians and Zimmermannians the fiercest Glandelinians of the lot, and those who had such good luck of getting to their works without too heavy losses were safer than those who moved in to the Mc-Hollister Woods near Lucille Jackson and received their fatal blow from Boppo Evans the most dreaded Glandelinian general of all. This is what I take the Glandelinian assaults to be what they are, and I defy anybody on earth, no matter who they are, who read our books, on wars, and battles, and then witness this hell of slaughter, and make on thing else or less of our own battle. Talk of the fury of the Glandelinian onslaughts upon Vivian Run across Conservatory Run. Their own covering artillery fire from all guns in the woods, and along the stream and on the edge of Conservatory Run were surely the agents of unsurpassed destruction, and the only reason the very landscapes of planktonburg, Penn. did not give way before the roar of millions of shell explosions per day, and the shattering explosions of mines, like the cities of Lucille Jackson, Ophelia and Chla Chamberlaine, is because along the Aronburgs Run the battle did not last long enough or was not infinitely furious enough to rend their way through to the very hell itself. For pity sake, for shame sake, be cause we seem to be men, borne of milder nature, and not of savage demon ferocity, many of the Angelinians and Abyssinians do not dare to use the fullpower of their own attacks, like the Glandelinians of all sects master upon themselves, and which the Glandelinians do, and go the farthest, we only reaching on with the power, that we have at the crisis of our nerves and courage, trusting in God alone. I declare to your fair creatures, after I had witnessed some of the horror at Conservatory Run and the Gloriana Heights, and between Ophelia and Chamberlaine, and at Lucille Jackson itself, there had been minutes when I thought if the whole country would sink and hide out all this butchery, and whole sale destruction, raging on the most beautiful spot in the world, I would willingly sink with it.

I had been rushing back and forth along one battle torn line after another late this afternoon before coming here, and reflected that every brutal disgusting frenzy stricken army of human fiends in gray was on their horntrending course to destroy as many christian soldiers as possible, and as many cities as they could splinter to pieces with their biggest cannon, when I have seen so many multitudes of men rendered to pieces to their very innards, by Glandelinian shell fire from that horrible Rickson ridge and Garvation range I have been ready to curse the atmosphere, to curse nature, and the cause of the war itself.

"Uncle, uncle." Said Violet. "I'm sure you have said enough. I never heard anything like this in my life before."

"Like this!" Said Hanson with a sudden change of expression and resuming his natural careless tone. "Pooh, your ways are always something opposite to mine."

"Well but the question is!" Said Jennie.

"Oh yes, to be sure the question is, and a duce of a question it is. How came this battle to rage in this state of surpassing incredible fury? Well I shall answer. First. Both Dorothy Gale and Angelina Agathia are threatened by the biggest Glandelinian armies ever mustered, and defended by a vastly superior christian force. Second. The battle became so by the violence of the Glandelinian attacks, and defensible methods when we attacked. And the fury of some of the Glandelinian attacks, I have witnessed had been incredible, and made y immense lines of rebels scores of miles long, and what is more the cruel ferocity of the Glandelinian soldiery, and also their reckless disregard of death, made them rush on with such fury and daredevil recklessness, which bid fair to destroy all within their path. The Glandelinians known as the Mc-Hollisterians and Zimmermannians as a I know generally advance with a fury too great to be described, and their own covering or defensive shell fire boom with a violence as to seem to rake over mountains, and to seemingly force to an extinction over nature herself. The Glandelinians also known as Turnerians, Omarians, and a all sects of Gargoylians are still more terrific and reckless in their nature, and extremely ferociously ferocious in battle. Don't look at me as if you do not know what I mean. The Glandelinian columns which assaulted the strong christian position all along the edges of the Conservatory Run Grounds and the Parbeck and Trocan plains were of the greatest extent of any line of battle charge ever seen in any battle before, and even their massive separated columns extended as far as ever I could observe. There was no shortness or error of the duration of this battle for the possession of Conservatory Run either, and any body that ever went through that wild inferno this morning and afternoon, will say the same. The battle going on for the possession of both sides of Conservatory Run was a direct embodiment of hell's horrid fury itself, a fact to be accounted for in no other way by experience. And now I have explained all and will say no more on the subject until it is all over."

"Hark, what is that?" Suddenly gasped Violet as a whiteness over spread everything. "Maybe it is only the means of the injured still among the wreckage." Answered Baldwin as they all made their way for the asylum.

"No it must be from the distant battle." Said Robert Vivian. Don't you notice how it is roaring now."

"Goodness come here." Said Hanson laying his hand on his brothers shoulder and lead ing him to the veranda of the asylum. "Do you know what that is? Hark!"

"I did once and I repented after committing the revenge." Said Joice.

"So did I." Said Hanson peering an ap. lo. "I repent of it all the time."

"What do you keep on doing it over and over again?" said Angelina.

"Did you not ever keep on doing the same thing over and over again after you repented dear child?"

"Only when it takes my brains and fills me with remorse." Said Violet.

"Well it takes my brain." Said Hanson. "That is just my difficulty."

"But I always resolve I won't do it over again, and break it off." Said Violet again.

"Well I have been resolving I won't do it over again, and on all these months the war raged." Said Hanson more sternly. "But I have not some how succeeded. Have you succeeded in giving up all your miseries and sufferings, and sorrows without wanting revenge on the whole Glandelinian nation, violet, and your sis ers sisters?" "Uncle and general Hanson." Said Violet severely. "I suppose I deserve to say that I never failed on doing anything on that line. All I say is true enough, but it seems after all there is some difference, and a good deal between me, my sisters, and you. Nobody else feels it more than I or they do. It seems to me I would rather have my very innards taken out while alive, than give up a single pain I was suffering, unless it was for God and His Blessed Mother only. And leave out the revenge. But we form our laws. You have seen war too long, so have we, and you have been hardened by it, and so you of course would sooner see all the prisoners who are Glandelinians destroyed or put to the sword, and probably would do so your self now if you was in their country. But what good would it do. It would bring the same thing on ourselves. The Glandelinian authorities would murder a ll our soldiers prisoners in their hands, and would leave no stone turned up whatever in their efforts to secure our capture. We could flee to foreign countries hundreds of thousands of miles away, across the seas, and they would get us there through their spies and agents. So what good would your desire for revenge do for us and the nation. And in particular is if the war turned out as a victory for Glandelinians?"

"Oh now violet." Said Hanson placing his hand on her head hand on her head. "You know what a good for nothing, saucy man I always was. I love to poke you little girls up, that is all just to see you get earnest. I do think you little girls are desperately good, and that you can get the better of any man in an argument."

"But this is a serious matter and subject Uncle." Said Violet laying his head against his shoulder.

"Oh dimmally so." Said he. "And I believe there is a thing now I understand, why the Glandelinians themselves have been so terrible in their advance."

"Oh Uncle tell us why."

"Tell you why? Well I'll suppose I'll have to. Well the course of the enays main assault during this battle already con cluding which I have already witnessed and fought in, was generally straight toward the northeast, without any zigzagging about it."

"I don't see why the enemy did not zigzag in their line of charge at all!" said Violet.

"Well I'm coming on, and you shall hear. The short of the matter little girls." Said he, his handsome face suddenly settling into an earnest and serious expression on this abstract question of Glandelinian onslaughts. "There I think can be but one question. Glandelinian assaults which seem to come from any direction, and other assaults which may threaten to carry all before them may shatter and destroy whole christian divisions and even armies possibly to a degree that would astonish the world at their ferocity if once the christian divisions allow themselves to be surprised.

They during this battle had lashed the christian lines at Conservatory Run into a million furies, and knew nobody knows what else, but after all assaults in battle cannot do so much damage or kill so many, in one particle the more, that the seething fire from their covering batteries."

Violet and her sisters looked in surprise and Hanson apparently enjoying their astonishment went on;

"You seem to wonder but if you will get me f i fairly at it, I'll make a clean breast of it, and sweep all before me. These accursed Glandelinian armies what are they now? What do they do. They are now like gigantic hell storms of battle enraged, half crazed demons of unknown ferocity. Their own shells which used in covering their attacks, will strip the land of all it has, ruin everything to the last, while their biggest cannons hurl shells that can shatter big cities to pieces, and destroy every christian column trying to carry one of these batteries. Then the question is what are they? Why they are explosives of brutal force, and the Glandelinians are men of the most vile, and brutal nature. Because our christian armies at time seem weaker, and because the rebel Devil yell is worse in sound than a screeching typhoon or cyclone, and their rush as wild, they therefore try to destroy all christian armies opposed to them, and spare only such christian child as so much suits their fancy, provin prod provin providing they work in the slave places. What christian army is too strong to attack, or what position is too strong to carry by assault or demonstration, or flanking movements, they shatter into bits with their batteries, and because the Glandelinians don't like our side to win, they wither our lines, set whole forests on fire, to frustrate our advance or retreat, and burn cities and towns away. And because our christian armies give resistance with ten fold fury, the Glandelinian batteries rend and feroce with gaps, splinter the main line of battle, and strip our positions naked of every tree. Their battery fire destroys immense multitudes of human beings per volley, and



"It's a clue alright." Said Baldwin. "You little fairies are as good as detectives. What did you see, anything, peculiar on the other floors?"

"Yes the beds were piled against the walls of the north end of the wards as if they had been stood that way by some men themselves."

"Beds piled against the wall hey! You discovered good clues alright."

"Yes, and also found one of the floors with all the beds intact sagging slantwise toward the west end. At this part the wall was so completely gone. It was all the same with the floor of the kitchen, though it was withdrawn in wreckage."

"On my word," Said Robert vivian excitedly. "I firmly believe it is a freak of the terrible explosion of the gang-gang-balls."

"Maybe you are all right after all girls, I'll dare say," Exclaimed Baldwin. "The explosions may be a natural process and the shells can expand their force. I examined some ruins far north of these buildings on the Treason Lane Ridge District, and discovered almost the same symptoms. I put in the examinations with a zeal as you could have said was quite brain raking. If it was they were not so violent for the scenes I examined was in various degrees of ruins, though the interior of the structures was much like those your little daughters talked about. I also seem to think there was a sudden wither of the Glendelinian common fire from some portion of the assaulting christian line, which was directed upon us when the christian forces took shelter here, and the shell explosions here may have caused the freaks."

"I hope you are right," Said Evans.

"I suppose you are of the same opinion as the King or his daughters," Said Baldwin.

"It had been an abominable attack upon the defences, perfectly horrible," Said Violet, "Why I never saw a shell storm do all this havoc before, and yet it spared these two buildings."

At this moment general Hanson Vivian appeared.

"Pray what iniquity had turned up now?" He asked.

"What now? Why is about the mystery," Said Baldwin, going on with great strength of detail into the story, and enlarging on its most particular clues.

"I thought it would come to this sometime," Said Hanson.

"Thought so. Ain't you going to do anything about it?" Said Baldwin seriously. "Haven't you any body to look into such mysteries?"

"It is certainly supposed that I should have, in these cases. If mysteries cannot be solved, I do not know what is to be done. It seems as if the buildings were unscathed all right but there is no hope to solve the mystery about it."

"It is perfectly strange, a greater mystery than any other one Uncle."

Said Violet. "It will certainly make you a greater man if you succeed in solving it."

"My dear little girl, I can't do it, haven't the time to do it, and I can't get any clever ones to help if I was beheld in my failure. The only one who probably can is general B. R. Parker and he is too badly wounded to even leave his cot. If other men failed to solve the mystery after all their examinations, what am I to do. They generally have absolute control over mysteries, but nevertheless they could not solve this one. There would be no use in getting other men, there are none that amount to anything, practically for such mysteries. The best we can do is to let it alone, and revenge all this unnecessary devastation caused by the foe. It is the only resource."

"How can we revenge such wrongs when we are supposed to be christians?" Asked Violet while her sisters looked frightened. "We are not to revenge, said the Lord."

"My dear child what do you expect," Said Hanson. "Here is a whole city prostrated, prostrated, torn to pieces, by shell fire deliberately aimed to crush all my christian armies in it, ground almost into rubble, scathed, put without any sort of terms and conditions entirely into the end or hands of the Calvinian Authorities, as the majority of these cases are, and declare that only a foolish nation would do so. The Glendelinians have no consideration about christian children, and they have no regard for even them under any circumstances. So what shall we do let it go like fools. I can't allow this go unavenged, and the most all can do who intend to become slackers over this tragedy, can keep out of the way of the various Abbeinnian governments or fir face the firing squads. As you know Violet, and your sisters, and it is your own rules yourselves, that no slackers are allowed to go unpunished whether men women or older children, and will justly be punished by confinement in jail, or death, according to their crimes. So there you are stuck."

Hanson's fine countenance was for a moment overcast, looked angry, but suddenly he called up a gay smile and said:

"One violet and your sisters. Don't stand there looking like seven fates. You have only seen little of the real ruins, a specimen of what had occurred in shape or other. If we are to be prying, and spying over all, the forgiveness of such an enemy we would probably become mits over it. It is like looking too close into the details of a Volcanoes furnace."

"I tell you Uncle I or my sisters cannot give up things so easily if you can," Said Violet. "When we believe we are in the right, I fear to make no laws no matter what Abbeinnian governments they be if they violate the command of god! 'Vengeance is mine' And it is a perfect defect for you to go and revenge this, when you know very well how the enemy would retaliate. That is a good idea of mine."

"What now," Said Hanson sternly. "Are you such a sweet innocent as to suppose no body in the world ever does try to forgive wrongs like these! Don't you, did you not in your younger lives, repoll your enemies, and threaten vengeance, when you found it hard to bear your troubles caused by them?"

"Oh I don't believe we need to," Said Baldwin. "You learn the mystery from the asylum itself."

"Why?" Said Evans. "Don't you believe the hospital building has any clues?"

"Who?" I did not say such a thing. If I were to say anything on this mystery matter I would say out fair and square that it is the asylum and hospital together. We have the clues now and mean to keep them. It is for our convenience and our interest, for that is the long and short of it. That is just the whole of which all this mystery concerns to after all, and I think it will be intelligible to every one else."

"I think Baldwin that you will be all able to solve the mystery anyway," Said Robert vivian. "Anyway the beautiful hospital building is in total ruins."

"Shocking indeed is the truth. All the ruins in the Lucille pinken city is shocking. By the way, why did not the shell storm destroy them all and show its horridness and its reason of its fury tearing cities and forests and land scapes to pieces and various havoc of that sort, blowing away whole forests, and yet sparing these two buildings?"

"Well," Said Evans. "Do you think the mystery is impossible to solve?"

"I'm not going to have anything to say on that subject now my boy," Said Baldwin gayly. "If I answer that question I know you will be at me with a half a dozen others, each one harder than the last, and I'm not going to define my position. I'm one of the sort that lives by throwing stones at other peoples houses, but I never mean to put up one for them to stone."

"That is the way he is always talking," Said violet. "Yet you can't any satisfaction out of the mystery. I believe indeed that it is the shells that has something to do with it."

"The shells," Said Baldwin. "I think that made them all look at him." "The high explosives! In all this wreckage done by the high explosives. In all this sea of rubble spared or damaged by the high explosives. Can a shell which seemed to crash upon every house and country spare, everything in its path. If that was the way the shells leaves buildings and entire, while their great explosions seemed to blind and destroy nature itself! No. When I look at these terrible ruins, I must look for something else than the work of shells, yes for the work of shells, and nothing something round it. I must look for the cause, the situation of the asylum and outhouses, and the surrounding grounds."

"Then you don't believe that the bombs spared the buildings?" Asked violet.

"I absolutely say that the bombs did not do anything of the kind," Answered Baldwin. "And it would have been a serious thing if they had hit the building, which I'm positive only one of them only nearly did. If the shells spared the cities, and towns more than the fire, how could the high explosives do it?"

"I'm all satisfied with these things, and it would make me angry, to think that some one would say it was a phenomenon, for it was not, and in short something else you see." He added suddenly resuming his gay tone. "All I want is that different things be kept in different varieties. Now when any one speaks up like a man and says the high explosives had anything to do with this mystery, where can he get his proof and how, and where he would be beggared if we gave it up, and of course we mean to hold on to it. This is well defined language, it has the respectability of truty truth in it, but nevertheless there is something wrong. We may judge by the fury of the explosives, and the majority of the world would hear us out on it. But when they began to get freakish, and carry all before them in the force of their explosions, I incline that something else had something to do with it, than the shells."

"You seem right at that," Said His Majesty Robert Vivian.

"Well," Said Baldwin. "Supposing that the high explosive shells would descend in thousands upon a town, or city, and make the whole scene a splintered mass of debris. Don't you think that even only one of this High Explosives, could have done the same to these buildings? What a flood of wreckage did pour along with the explosion of shells, and high explosives, and how immediately it would be discovered that every thing out of the tracks or range of the shell storm seemed drawn within their influence."

"Well at any rate," Said violet. "I'm thankful that the asylum was spared at least, though I still believe it was the freak of the high explosives, and indeed I feel it must be and at any rate, I don't see how it could be anything else."

"I say what do you think, Angeline," Asked Baldwin. "Which one of us do you think is right on account of the situations of the places, or the explosions?"

"I don't think either one is right," Answered Angeline.

"Why so?" Asked Baldwin.

"Why the other out houses are still lower down and they have been smashed into mere boards," Said Angeline looking earnestly.

"How that is just like Angeline," Laughed the king. "But maybe she is right."

"Am I right?" Asked Angeline turning to Baldwin.

"Father not," Said Baldwin. "But then no one knows the real truth until we have explored the ruins. But what have you little girls discovered elsewhere in the hospital building?"

"Oh we examined the galleries first, and found that all of it was sound except a part of the south side."

"A part of the south side hey?"

"Oh yes, and we found also that a good portion of the wall had been pushed in like an open door way as I said before."

blowings from many inland. Oh how h howling were the sights of the poor wounded, and of many poor children, all the wounded as quickly as possible, being transported to the hospital trains and taken northeastward toward Abyssinkille. Hundreds of trains that morning had been filled with wounded, passenger and freight alike, and all the hospital buildings in northern Calverinia out of the hands of the enemy, were soon to be filled with the wounded. Women and children taken from the ruins of Lucillie Rickson made a sight more heartrending than could be told. On account of the overwhelming disaster, Abbieanna and her king realizing the situation was sending general aid to Abyssinkille, and Angelina giving away a good extent of her southern forests to be used for the building of shelter. The total loss in soldiers themselves killed in Lucillie Rickson and the loss of the entire force here was considered as five hundred thousand killed and injured, and over six million were prisoners. It was already also believed that the loss from the ruins of Chamberlaine was over sixty five million, nine hundred and ninety nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety nine, in property loss, and a loss of nine hundred thousand soldiers killed and wounded. The property loss of Lucillie Rickson was not yet known, but believed to exceed 75, 77, 388 dollars. The property loss in Gloriana which also suffered severely exceeded \$79,400,789 and a loss of killed and injured soldiers, and those driven crazy by their privations and the horror and dying from amnesia and delirium and those perishing from flames and shells as two million, four hundred thousand. The total loss can be readily guessed in these cities especially in the region entirely swept, and in the city of Angelina. Angelina, a city also severely shaken by the battle concussion the property loss was considered as 4100,000,000 but no loss in lives, while the property loss in the big town of Ophelia was eighty million two hundred and twenty two thousand, four hundred and forty four dollars and 10,000,000 soldiers killed, though here also the greatest loss in injured occurred.

In fact after this terrible calamity was known scores of nations had offered to render aid as far as it was able, as it was realized that three of the stricken regions had been rendered almost helpless.

Would there ever be another such a disaster as this. Lucillie Rickson was described as a city ground up in a machine and the same with her neighbors so complete was the destruction. In fact the entire district all along and Conservatory Run, Aronburgs Run, Mid-Holleston's Run, Gallies Run and Mid-Whirther Run was devastated by the terrific shell fire of both sides and by the storms of bullet, grape and canister, and the distress among the sea of wounded in these regions was indescribable. And it probably would take weeks for hundreds of thousands of soldiers and survivors to rescue all the wounded and others not hurt imprisoned in the debris and terrible ruins, and bring up food and clothing for the survivors, and indeed during the whole battle, and within the battle field itself approximately fifty seven length of miles length of country had been devastated by the concussion and fire of the battle. In the region of Gallies Run near Blankenburg it was reported and believed that more than nine million Angelinian soldiers had been killed, and probably more than sixty million injured and 10,000,000 rendered insane from the din. The disaster of the battle was the most extensive of its kind ever witnessed since the typhoon that destroyed scores of cities along the Abbieannian and Calverinia sea coasts in the Easter Season of 1699 when in the whole storm region alone only seventy million people were rendered homeless and one eight the number killed or injured. The frightful number of killed and injured in the Conservatory Run districts and in the Marie Osborne and Mid-Holleston woods was not estimated though it exceeded two hundred million half of this number of which were either pinned under the branches of fallen trees, or covered by debris of earth by explosions of mines. In many sections of Conservatory Run fire and flood added to the horror of the battle. The Conservatory Run had six levees burst by grape shot explosions and a million of the helpless wounded of both sides were drowned in the flow of waters upon some sections of Conservatory Run. Violet and her sisters indeed felt sad as they surveyed the wreckage on that sultry morning immediately after the catastrophe, Evans having been with them going where ever they went for fear they would run themselves into some danger of some kind. Even after the morning's disaster the wreckage had been swarming with hundreds of thousands of men who were trying under the shell storm to rescue the injured, and extract the dead, and who themselves suffered terrible losses in killed on account of the explosions which continued at intervals. The wreckage wetted by the blood and also water from thousands of burst pipes and water mains made a more dreary sight and also mighty risky for the poor workers of mercy. Every once in a while the thunder roll of a shell exploding and its flash of lightning would make them scatter for dear life.

"Well beauties" Said Baldwin as he and general Hanson Vivian came up to them. "How about about the hospital building you just examined?"

"I believe we found some clues." Said Evans. "It was a most strange clue at that. Though the building was in total ruins, some rooms and the galleries in the parts hardest hit were spared."

"It's all very strange" Said Hanson.

"All the views of the building is strange." Said Violet. "We only found that the southern veranda and that part of the wall veranda was pushed in like a door. The place also resembles the home where Evangelina St. Clara lives in" in the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin", though all the beautiful things are ruined." And I only could wish you had seen the place." Said Jemie.

# CHAPTER SIXTY THREE.

## SERIOUS HAPPENINGS. THE TERRIFIC HURRICANE OF BATTLE. THE BAD RESULTS OF THE BATTLE. THE CHRISTIAN RETREAT.

"THERE must be" Said Evans, "as the ruins are in the strangest positions. Come let us make a thorough examination of the galleries. It might help us to solve the mystery." Violet and her sisters followed Evans to the other side, which strange to say they found wholly intact, not aboard having been ripped off.

"This is a strange sight for the terrible ruins of the building itself." Said Evans. "It is funny the shells damaged the building so badly as this, and spared the galleries. Only the southern galleries has been damaged."

"There is hardly a mystery about this place and Baldwin certainly ought to know it." Said Angelina. "And Evans come here, look at the wall on the south side. It's been forced in like a door."

Evans and the little girls noticed this, the wall indeed being in a strange position, just like that of a half open door. Part of the inner room was exposed, which as they went in appeared to have been the main kitchen. All the kitchen utensils were scattered about the room, tables had been splintered, and even the stoves rent in pieces. All the plastering on the ceiling and walls were down exposing all the laths and two by fours. Where the windows had been there was now wide gaping apertures. Up near the ceiling in the laths of a wall they saw a cleaver which had been driven in by its very handle. Violet found a whole mince pie in a cupboard, which she had opened, and finding it still good, she divided it among her sisters and Evans. "My what a condition the kitchen is in" Said Evans as he gulped down a big piece of mince.

Indeed it was in a bad condition, the floor being strewn with wreckage and tons of plaster and thousands of laths covered the debris or was intermingled with it and even several beams and one of the walls was partly down. There was a little glass roof at the corner of the veranda which resembled the room where little Eva St. Clara and Topsy entered, when Evan Eva begged the colored child to be good. Another room resembled Evans bed room, but was in various conditions. This room also opened onto the veranda. The windows which had been hung with curtains of roses and rose colored and white muslin had been torn and shattered as if with cannon fire, the beautiful curtains being down and covered with dust but unharmed.

A large lattice boarded with the designs of rose buds and leaves with a center piece with full blown roses was also another thing that escaped destruction in the room, though it was now covered with rubble and debris. The bedsteads, chairs and lounge made of bamboo and wrought in peculiarly graceful and fanciful patterns had been shattered to pieces and an alabaster bracket which had been fastened over the bed on which was a beautiful sculptured angel stood with drooping wings had been shattered to bits, and the crown of myrtle leaves which it had been holding was missing. Light curtains of rose colored gauze gauze striped with gold and silver was found lying amid the wreckage of the bed.

A light fanciful bamboo table that had stood in the middle of the room was broken, and a large Abbieannian vase was wrought in the shape of a White Lilly with its buds, stood amid the wreckage unharmed. Books and little trinkets resembling those belonging to little Eva was found near the table by Evans. Lying on the floor was a broken alabaster writing stand, and on the floor beside the wall Violet found a once beautifully wrought statuette of Jesus receiving little children, which was broken into fragments. Five or six exquisite paintings of children in various attitudes lay on the floor with the frame and glass broken. Evans trying the door to the dining room found that it could not be traversed as it was in terrible ruins and the floor slanting sideways toward the street. All the rooms that was only safe they explored, and after they examined the dispensary room, they went out on the veranda, then climbed down and proceeded toward the asylum, in quest of Baldwin. As they entered they heard terrible news. General Hanson and their father Robert Vivian the Emperor Raper ruler were talking about the extent of the disaster.

"It is certainly terrible." Said the Emperor. "It goes even beyond what I thought. The damage along the whole region of battle is more serious than recently reported. Hundreds of thousands of beautiful parkways have been torn to pieces by shell fire. Even it is reported that the town of Topsy is wiped out. A flood of battle storm is going on in that region also as I have heard but fortunately for us the Angelinians are getting some reinforcements."

"Well Angelina is getting some aid." Said Hanson. "The northwestern trains have started on their way to bring workers who are to extract all the remaining bodies and provision trains are also on the way. The trains are to traverse the regions not in the grasp of that raging battle, and they may arrive to night."

This was true. At that Hanson and his brother late that afternoon having been out rescuing those still breathing, and the Vivian girls themselves before, rescuing their three friends had rendered all the aid they could getting

Angeline looked at Violet better and able to be about again with the others. The day was quite hot and sultry, the atmosphere being sultry and close, and now the little girls were again on the outside with Evans, and they felt the heat keenly. It was a very dark day, however, the atmosphere was unusual, a smoky and hazy from the clouds of the distant battle, and fires in the ruined city. Violet noticed this and said:

"How hot it is. I wonder if we'll get a thunder storm. There are signs of it in the air."

"I hope not," said Jennie feeling alarmed. "We have had enough destruction already."

"I don't believe it would strike here any way," said Joyce. "There is sure signs of a severe storm in the air but I believe it will tear over some other region." "Let's go and visit some of the ruins," added Angeline. "I would like to see how the ruins are anyhow."

"It's a dangerous undertaking," said Evans. "I would not venture upon it."

"Why not?" asked Violet. "I can't be dangerous now and the battle has receded."

"I heard General Hanson say that there is danger of the wreckage sliding," said Evans. "The shells have worked havoc among the windows of wreckage and have left some of the piles in a condition to slide."

"What shall we do then?" asked Violet. "Would it be safe to explore the wreckage of the ruins in the morning? There may be things there we have not seen yet!"

"You let's do," said Jennie. "We may make new discoveries."

"All right," said Evans placing an arm round Violet and Joyce. "If we find anything strange we can go and tell General Baldwin."

Off they went to the hospital building which they saw was in the same condition. Looking through a window they saw the room below was full of water so to explore that place was out of question, though where the water came from was a mystery. The steps leading to the main entrance had been blown away by a shell, so Evans and the little girls had to climb to the veranda which was in grotesque wreckage at one portion. They looked at the pillars of the veranda and noticed that they still held to their fastenings, though they were twisted every which way. The roof of the southern portion of the veranda had been splintered, and the wreckage covered the flooring. It could also be seen the hospital was once a magnificent building built in something like that old mixture of Spanish and French style combined of which there are specimens in some parts of New Orleans. The ruined hospital was a square building, enclosing a wrecked paved court house or yard, the arch gateway of which was missing. The court in the inside had evidently been arranged to gratify a picturesque and voluptuous ideal. Wide galleries carried pillars all round the building, the four sides whose rain reign or whose arch pillars and arabesque ornaments carried the mind back as if in a dream to the reign of oriental monarchs in Spain. These now at certain portions were in grotesque wreckage. In the middle of the court could be seen a beautiful but broken fountain whose marble basin once fringed with a deep border of fragrant violet and water once placid as opaline and alive with myriads of gold and silver fishes twinkling and darting through it like so many living jewels, but which was now choked with rubble and plaster. Round the fountain ran a walk paved with a mosaic of pebbles laid in fancy patterns and this again had been surrounded by turf as smooth as green velvet, while a carriage drive enclosed the whole.

Some portions of this was now obscured by tons of debris, boards and utensils of every description. Scores of large orange trees once fragrant with blossoms, which once threw a delicious shade and arrange arranged in a circle around upon the turf amid marble vases of arabesque sculpture lay splintered into thousands of pieces. The vases containing the choicest flowers of the tropics or tropics were all gone unscathed, though huge pomgranate trees with their glossy leaves and flame colored flowers were prostrated, shattered, and some splintered.

The dark green Arabian Jasmynes with their silver satrs, and geraniums had been uprooted and lay withered, while luxuriant roses lay scattered among the heap of abundance of withered flowers. Golden Jasmynes, lemon scented

verbenas all were prostrated among the debris. The galleries that surrounded the court had once been festooned with a curtain of some kind of Abiesman Ivy but now these lay in shreds all over the floor.

"It is strange that the shell explosions did not rip away the galleries," said Evans. "The galleries look weak enough, and any my faries." He suddenly exclaimed. "Have you not noticed that this hospital building shapes like little St. Clare's house seen in the novel of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?"

"It does to me," answered Jennie.

"So it does," said Violet. "But I never noticed it before. Maybe that is why the shells did not batter it into ruins like it did the other buildings around here. I wonder if there is a mystery about this place too."

"It is well," said Violet, answered Baldwin. "That he only got sore." He told her that the pictures an hour before the war started. He told her he admired the pictures very much having left it with other pictures of children in some small book but all the pictures with it disappeared. Then an hour afterwards came the outbreak of the rebellion. Baldwin finished the sentence with a grin.

Hanson laughed.

"A likely story," he said. "I would like to get hold of this man who poses as our great General a general burger. Where is he now do you know? Has he hurt too? I kind of feel after all that his statements show him to be a man of the poorest kind."

"He has escaped unhurt," answered Baldwin. "He was the one who extracted me from the wreckage stream heights, but where he is now I do not know. But nevertheless he is a dangerous man to King, and seems to be as strong as a gorilla. He carried me to this place all by himself with perfect ease, and dressed my wounds."

"Did he say the pictures were lost or stolen?"

"No, he says a Glandolinian general by the name of Raymond Richardson Federal took them while he was away from his home, and burned them in the furnace. He says he has proof proof."

"It may be a positive fact that he lost the pictures but it is all nonsense about their causing the disaster," said Hanson. "There are rumors that the murder of the child is affecting us queerly, but the pictures are nothing."

"The Hanson went on. "There is a strange mystery about this asylum, that I and the others have tried to solve but in vain. How could it stand when the full force of the shock of shell exploded exploded it, I would like to know."

"Maybe those pictures had something to do with it," said Baldwin. "At this answer the room was filled with an uproar of laughter."

"That's what he would say no doubt," declared Hanson. "But without jesting could you have any idea of the cause?"

"I explain your examinations and discoveries," answered Baldwin.

Hanson did so leaving out nothing and the little girls told theirs.

"A freak of the shells had nothing to do with it," said Baldwin. "But the real cause cannot be solved until I make an examination myself."

"This building is quite low down in the valley, and it is my opinion that despite all that is said, that the full force of the shocks caused by big mine explosions did not effect the building," said Hanson. "As I and the others have seen, and from the statement of the Mother Superior, that the greatest damage ever done to the building had been to the roof above the chapel. So at that elevation there is a probability that the main force of some explosion may have passed off without affecting the building and did no damage, but one shell of the high explosive variety did hit the building, and which either tore the roof off or landed in the chapel and blew the wall and roof out combined. Whether my opinion is right, I cannot say until we make an examination of the higher grounds above the building."

"But how about the out houses all round us?" asked Baldwin. "They are as you see on the same grounds as this building, we are in. You said that you discovered something but I tell you correctly and honestly they cannot give you any clue whatever. This asylum is the building, and the only one that must be examined."

"The Mother Superior told me that a most giant shell struck the building, and exploded in the chapel with all its force," said Hanson.

The sister at this moment was standing by Baldwin's side giving him his glass of medicine. She stood perplexed for the moment at Hanson's words, and then she said:

"It seemed to me the din was higher above the chapel, about the distance of sixteen feet above the roof."

"I thought so," said Baldwin, while the others were amazed. "The greatest force therefore did not swoop down low enough to gall the whole building, and it was lucky it was only one shell that that. This building was erected on a good spot all right. I wish I had been here when the shell struck, then I would not be injured like this, and I could have made the examination immediately. And it is a mercy of God that the storm of shells spared the pretty ones here. There are many pretty little children in this asylum and in the whole world, but the beauty of the Vivian girls blot them out. It would cause heartrending sorrow to the world, if they had been killed."

He drew Violet to him and embracing her said:

"I believe you and your sisters are thankful to God for sparing you as he did, by causing you to be outside the city at the time. He knew of all the misery you and your sisters went through, and so from pity had spared the law of the most destructive war storm ever since the struggle began."

"I and my sisters are thankful," said Violet. "But I wish he had at least spared our brothers. They were reported mortally wounded in the battle."

"I know it is sad," answered Baldwin drawing her closer to him. "But it had to be. Battles like these spare no one it seems. And what saved you was your quick witted mind in your hasty departure from this city. Your brothers were reported mortally wounded of course but the report is not confirmed yet."

Violet did not say anything but softly nestled her head against his shoulder. Baldwin of course was able to be around, though he limped a good deal and his arm was in a sling. The distant battle itself had slackened considerably by this time. All reports had hitherto been radiated that for the Christian order was approaching from an unexpected quarter and that the battle was soon have an unexpected turn in events.

"We forgive you," said Violet bitterly. "We forgive you with all our hearts. Only please change your name, get a print and confess your sin before you die."

For minutes later when Violet and her sisters were out in the hall, with H. H. Evans and the doctor, Jennie asked:

"Could Rapera, and King, look on these like a scene of torture and slaughter and ever be a sleep again?"

"They did not look," said General Hanson bitterly. "If they witness such horrors they would realize and aid the stark-stricken nation instead of looting on their dreads of thousands of millions are dying in agonizing torture to day, not millions but probably hundreds of millions. And no nation ever offered to help us."

"I hear that Baldwin is lying here wounded," exclaimed Evans.

"Yes that is true," said Hanson. "I almost forgot him. Come I'll show you where he is."

Evans and the little girls followed Hanson into the other room where a number of child patients were lying in mattresses stretched on the floor. Baldwin was sitting up looking over some map of Angeline. Agatha and the region the battle was raging in. At their approach he looked up and seeing the little girls gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Well if it ain't the dear seven little Princesses of Angeline the vivian girls," he cried as they clustered about him. "I thought the shell storm had blinded you all victims."

He kissed and embraced them all and then missing Angeline said:

"What became of your sister Angeline vivian. Was she killed or injured?"

"No," said Violet hastily. "she had been bitten by some enraged dog and her wrist was torn. She is getting better though. Another little girl was bitten by the same dog and was mangled."

"Too bad," said Baldwin, with a grave look. "How are your brothers?"

This question brought tears to their eyes, and Baldwin seeing the tears understood.

"Too bad," he uttered. "It seemed as if the war's fury killed nearly all of your best friends. I had sustained a sprained hip, and dislocated shoulder."

"Two little girl friends of their had suffered serious injuries," broke in Hanson. "Angeline's sister had her arm in a sling, and her eye had been gouged. The other little girl was so mangled that she looked as if she had run through some machinery with revolving knives. A little girl by the name of Joie St. George received a dislocated knee."

"During the great onslaught I saw the enemy coming but could not get my confused divisions to safety in time after they were crushed to fragments," said Baldwin. "I have seen very mean attacks since this 'reign of war' began, but this one beats them a thousand fold."

"Where was you when you were caught in the storm of high explosives hurled by the foe?" asked Hanson.

"I was on the summit of the Glorienne Heights," said Baldwin. "The first onslaught of the enemy seemed to carry all before it, and an explosion of a shell made me feel like a fly wheel. That is how I sustained my injuries."

Hanson gave a laugh.

"You ought to have seen me," he said. "I was also spun round like a cart wheel by the explosion of a shell, and also learned how to wear a bonnet, but could not learn how to take it off."

"How is that?" asked Baldwin.

"By a chicken coop was blown over my head with such force that strong as I am I was unable to remove it, and had to have it chopped off."

"It is a long time since I have seen any of you," said Baldwin gravely. "I believe it is nearly two years. During the war I had day after day tried to locate the armies you general friends led, but failed, and I had no idea you were near Angeline. Agatha until I got word during the battle. Then as I was preparing to withdraw my shattered lines, and go to find you, I was hurt in the hurt in the storm."

"Was my brothers two sons in the battle with your command?" asked H. H. Hanson.

"Jennings, Luckwick Baldwin and Gannon were with me, but I did not see the brothers of the little girls," said Baldwin. "In our efforts to crush the enemy, we parted hoping it would make a success and help us crush the enemy. Little did I dream that it was a parting for good. Late this morning before the battle began a beggarly day a soldier came to me and told me there was a man who lost a picture of the Arundel child whose name was Andie Arundel. The picture was not exactly lost, but stolen on him with a lot of other pictures of children, or turned or so something. He claims that this battle which extended fifty miles along the Conservatory run will never be won unless it is recovered. So now we are facing disaster and it makes me inclined to think that his surprise is true, for through vivian and others, I know a man who really did lose such a picture, and since he did so we never had luck since."

General Hanson looked surprised.

"He is the man!" he asked.

General Henry Joseph Jarger or something, answered F. I. Baldwin. "He is the man that the loss is responsible for the calamity. He is a general in Wisconsin army."

"Oh boss," said General Hanson dispart disgustedly. "The man that he is not for how could the loss of a picture be responsible for the disaster disaster! Pictures do not cause terrific battles like this. No! Her murder is not responsible for these disasters either."

but the shells explosion had become most terrific. The wreckage at times had been sent flying upwards in clouds and fell in torrents after the eruptions of shell explosions, and still the St. Ann Orphan asylum was endangered for the shells rained the building trouble in an alarming fashion. Then laden with provisions plowed their way through night and rain through the debris strewn streets, at the most terrible risks and probably if it had not been for them many more would have been killed by exposure and even starvation when it started. Angelines had been close to a window and she watched the action of the distant battle with melancholy eyes, and her sisters, and Evans, being by her bed, were also gazing upon the flood of battle clouds in the distance.

"Did the eastern part of Calverin ever be visited by such disasters as this?" asked Evans of Joie.

"Yes," said there had been two disasters there," she answered. "The terrific fury of the battles, and the rawing ferocity of the glandolinians during the horrible storm of massacre."

"To bad," said Evans. "I was thinking it would be better to go east, and be here after out of the way of such disastrous battles, but I see it is of no use for the foe armies are there also."

"They did not suffer but only two disasters," said Violet. "But just now I believe it would be a good deal safer, to stay with papa, or Hanson's christian armies, and not be in a city or town where the glandolinians would come upon it while it is undefended."

"I would not risk to go anywhere from the army now," exclaimed Jennie.

"What is so too," said Evans. "It would be blessing though if the glandolinian batteries would be silenced by the christian batteries so they could not give us any of their old shells, which add to the devastations caused by the concussions."

"The christian batteries would be just as dangerous to us," said Angeline. "Even if their own shells fall here at random, they would do more damage than the glandolinian shells."

"Angeline is an unlucky nation," said Evans. "And now I am believing that we are losing the war."

"This is the first time in the world that a regular war storm of battle, could do all this damage," declared Violet.

"How long will it take for the din of this battle to cease?" asked Evans.

"No one knows yet," answered Catherine. "Probably it will only abate when we or the enemy are crushed, or it will be too dark to see to fight any more."

At this moment General Hanson appeared with the doctor.

"I have received just now the worse case I have ever seen in my entire life," said the doctor whose face was grave and sad. "He is the most frightful case ever seen. It is probable you little girls know him. He fell on that yonder battle field this morning."

Violet and her sisters followed the generals and the doctor into a large room. Evans himself had seen enough misery before, and had on tried to endure them not to go, and failing had to come along. Her room the room was in confusion. On the floor was blood and bloody bandages lay in piles on the floor, and even filled large pails. Violet and her sisters tried not to see. They began to wish they had not come. Five men stood gravely round the bed. Doctor Bly pointed to two bandaged stumps. The little girls could see that one foot was gone at the ankle, the other apparently half way up to the knee.

"This man is in a terrible condition," said the doctor. "For two hours he had lain among the wreckage strewn heights of yonder battle field, and his feet had been so badly mangled by the explosion of a shell that we had to cut them off, and the last blood of the poor fellow is pouring from his open veins. We carried him here and bandaged him up before the city got wrecked, but he cannot live many minutes longer. He has no pulse now. Come look at him."

The little girls obeyed and their souls seemed to shrink from the sight. The doctor took violet by the hand.

"Look at this body," said he.

Violet and her sisters gave a look and shuddered. On the victim was the gray color of death. The ribs seemed to be cutting the skin. Bones, bones were all they could see. The head turned. Great hollow black eyes looked into theirs. These great hollow eyes searched theirs. They tried to question them and seemed to speak could language to soul. The lips parted, a groan, a groan of more than bodily agony came from them. At last he spoke. The little girls could not understand his words. His words were a sound they could never forget. The appeal, the longing, the knowledge.

"What does he say?" Violet cried unable to stand it.

One of the men smoothed his forehead, while another held fast the pale, pale hands.

"He is a glandolinian general, and he is asking you little girls to forgive him for even saying to you," said the man low reply.

At this the hollow eyes turned again to search those of violet and her sisters. She or her sisters could not endure their question.

"Let us go to him," Jennie said to the doctor.

Then the little girls were beside his bed.



"It was some kind of a deadly gas bomb with a poisonous fumes," said the doctor hoarsely. "Where is his Majesty Robert Vivian the king?"

"I don't know," answered Evans who was trying to make Violet's sisters recover from the effects of the strain strange strange gas. "Does their sister Angelina know of the strange occurrence?"

"It would be better not to tell," said the doctor with a laugh. "Or she may be forced to laugh, which would hurt her injuries. But don't worry, none of your fellows were hurt in the sprawl. The little girls will recover for they did not get the full benefit of the gas."

"We all fear that the battle now raging is lost for sure," said Evans in despair. At this moment Robert Vivian and Hanson strode in.

"What is all this racket?" began Robert Vivian, but the doctor interrupted him; "The distant battle seems to be making fast progress," he whispered. "I shall explode a moment ago with strange fumes, probably one of the deadliest gases known but no effects came from it however."

"Is there no hope of those awful shells stopping in landing here?" gasped Robert Vivian hoarsely. "I couldn't see our wives again. They are badly needed here in this serious condition."

"But how can they get here?" asked the doctor. "Look at that wild roaring battle in the distance. It is only worse, and they will surely perish if they risk another trip here, especially as long as this shellstorm continues."

Robert Vivian realized that no one could brave the roaring battle in the distance, and that something else had to be done. He stood mournfully and gloomily by the window watching the roaring battle in the distance with fearful eyes. He remembered the previous sorties of his poor brave little girls, and was now going to meet a terrible downfall by losing seemingly the biggest battle ever raging, because general Francis Mc-Hollister's godfrey was slow in advancing with the rest of the armies as the battle really lost, or was it that general Godfrey had double crossed him or was afraid? If so would he dare act as a traitor or a coward? For was it that the distant battle, or the forest fire, rendered him as helpless as the others, or was it something else, perhaps worse? These were the thoughts that passed through the mind of poor Robert Vivian. It was true also that general Jacob Baldwin was hurt but not so badly as was reported. Then he found himself saying: "It is my opinion she is pining herself in grief for him, and as he is in the room of this building, it is up to me to tell her, and her sisters and then get him."

All that fatal afternoon had now passed, it being near five o'clock and the distant battle was seriously worse, and one of the Vivian girls almost suffered a severe headache that made her writhe and moan from the terrible din, and Evans became more worried than ever.

"It is pretty alarming now," said the general. "Any one and any one can believe that it seems for sure that the war is lost."

At this Robert Vivian broke down. He staggered out of the room with his hands to his eyes.

"So we are losing after all!" He thought to himself his heart coming to leap into his throat. "And now the situation of the distant battle seems critical."

These words stung him like anadder. He had hoped that the battle, if it really was going to be a battle and not a slaughter of the whole old civilization as it now seemed, would have a more merciful turn in events. But no. But no. It was threatening to be a glendolinian victory, and in its most deadliest form. And his dear little girls had borne more misery, than any one for the sake of God and His blessed Mother, and the Cause, what would become of them if the battle and even the war was lost? The thought was maddening. Robert Vivian fell on his knees with hands upraised and cried in a voice of bitter sorrow:

"Oh Dear God, you know despite the disasters, I am still an extremely rich man, and that I will possess that, what no one in this country possesses. I have it hidden in caves, all the banks of this country, in foreign banks, and in strong safes and vaults, and in my houses and palaces in Angelina Agathia and Dorothy Gale. Oh God if it by thy Will spare from me this threatening defeat, and I'll use it all for the benefit of the stricken nation and her propitiation. Oh please Dear God hearken to me. Don't turn a deaf ear to me who have been your humble servant for life. And don't let such a disgrace come to my own daughters after all they went through, for your sake, and the Nations cause. I leave spare me from this calamity."

He lay long on the floor, how long he knew not, but when he rose to his feet he found it was exactly five thirty o'clock. Half hour had passed and the terrible concussion of the distant battle had showed no signs of abatement, and the inhabitants and soldiers defending Lucille Jackson who had survived also had tried various means to give relief to the injured that had been rescued, and other work went on to rescue others, but just now the wreckage could not be passed. And who could describe the horrors of the shell explosions still going on at intervals. Hundreds of men, women, and children could be seen at times sent flying into hundreds of more fragments by the shells bursts, and those who tried to rescue others still pined in the wreckage amid all this destruction, were also caught at the mercy of the terrible explosions.

"If there was a thing that shocked Evans, it was this. Evans was sitting by an open window with her and said: "You a fool about these scenes little girl Princess, and it is enough to fill any one with horror, though I know not why. If your father knows these scenes affects you, why he would have you and your sisters gone out of this city."

Violet did not answer, but laid her aching head against his breast, and at this moment, Robert Vivian came in, and noticing Violet's white face, strode up and said:

"What is the matter with my little girl, Evans? She looks distressed.!"

"She can't stand all those sorrows very well," answered Evans. "She complains that the noise of the battle, and these scenes make her head ache."

"I can't blame her at all," said the ruler. "A sudden gleam a peering in his eyes." Evans you carry her, and lay her on a lounge, while I go and fetch Hanson and the rest. What she needs is a good rest."

"I hope nothing serious will result from the battle going on," said Evans as he carried her, and laid her as gently as an egg, on a couch. "I'm kind of scared the battle will turn out as a glendolinian victory."

"I wish my sisters would come and see me," moaned poor Violet. "Evans dear, would you please find them?"

"I'll do so," answered Evans with emotion.

At this moment Hanson suddenly appeared.

"These scenes are enough to affect all of us," said he bitterly. "I hope by Gods help the battle don't turn out as a glendolinian victory. Besides I'm wondering what our armies in the north is doing and if those from Dorothy Gale or Angelina Agathia are coming. They seem too blamed slow."

The doctor was there also, and he said:

"Your little girls must be kept quiet for a while, as they may know the nation is in a dangerous and a dangerous situation, and no man can get by with them. Evans I advise you to remain by Violet and watch her, and if she feels restless, we will go out, once more to find out the mysteries of this damned place."

"When in the name of common sense do you think the armies will arrive to Frank Manley?" asked Robert Vivian. "What makes their advance so slow?"

"I'm not sure," answered the doctor.

Her sisters at this moment came in and Joice cried in despair:

"Violet dear, we fear the whole nation is going to be ruined."

"How so?" asked Evans as he drew Joice to him.

"It seems that way from all the damage done. Oh why did we have to be so foolish as to go in this city, when we knew it was so dangerous? We are reckless that's what we are."

"Come now, don't weep so over all this," he said soothingly, and caressing her. "Maybe in the end we will win the battle alright."

"I don't believe they will," said poor Angelina sobbing the wildest. "We lost many other battles of the same ferocity, and the same was said about the war then."

Evans felt the same way about it, as they did, but did not care to admit it.

"You must not disturb yourself yourselves over this," he said softly. "The doctor has said that you must keep perfectly quiet;-----"

"Oh God, oh God, such a din," Violet suddenly cried out, and as she did so Evans surely believed the very place was going to rock itself to pieces, while the sky seemed splitting with a prolonged roar. Evans noticed also that Violet's countenance was becoming livid from the effects of the horrible din, and now as each aspiration was attended by prolonged crashes, as if attending a series of outbursts from volcanic eruptions with hills between, Evans rose to his feet;

"Quick girls out of the building before it is too late. I'll go for the rear rest."

The moment Evans was gone, and Violet had reached the last step outside, a violent fit of strokes of thundering crashes broke loose with two fold force, then all of a sudden the air seemed suffocating with smoke, and as the little girls made vehement efforts to jump the last step, they found themselves together bounding into a muddy hole like footballs and all on top of one another at once. A sense of impending danger seized the little girls and as they grasped the column of a half standing ruin for protection there was a shrill shrill characteristic melencholic howl seemingly from the very girls themselves, which filled the air with an uneasy sound and which almost resembled a mad dogs cry, but before the little girls could do anything they were suddenly enveloped in a big rolling cloud of smoke, there was an ear splitting crash, and a minute later a with torn and tattered clothes the little girls found themselves sitting in the room or sliding not in the room of the asylum itself, but right into Hanson and the rest, knocking them all sprawling like ten pins in a bowling alley. It was at this moment that the doctor approached, and as they staggered to their feet they all began to cough and sneeze and sneeze, their voices became hoarse, and red froth appeared on their lips.

"It was a high explosive shell a hundred feet from our column of refuge," gasped Violet. "We were thrown right into the building by the concussion."

Her sisters were coughing, their voices seeming to be almost gone, while for a moment their faces became very pale, as their lungs pained for want of air, their heads being thrown forward, and they seemed to be coughing their very tongues out. They were also seized with convulsive spasms and the men themselves themselves a motionally crept near the window, dreading contact with that terrible strange lurid poison, that had been hurled about by the shell, which was thus found to be a deadly gas, the very cause of their bones.

The shells dominated all the lower streets, and many poor victims who would be saved, were or had been rescued by the guns, before any shells would blow them to nothing. Fragments of houses still standing, could be seen flying into the air, at every explosion, it being a thrilling sight in deed. Violet and her sisters did not pay any attention to it at all, their sole thought being on their sister Angelina and the other little girl, what would be the doctors verdict, as soon as he returned from the asylum laboratory? Would it be that the dog had Hydrophobia, or would it be that it was a fit of infuriated rage, or crazed fear, at the roar of the distant battle? General Hanson, and his brother, and neither Evans or the little girls did not do anything else, but listen to Angelina's moans in alarm, and prayed incessantly that God would at least spare them, even if the dog had rabies.

"Lord afflict us, but spare her." They would say. General Hanson, including the vivian girls, soon met the doctor.

"I cannot account for it," he said. "I have labored for five minutes with my best physicians and best microscopes but cannot find a trace of rabies. My chief believe belief is that the dogs may have been so enraged at sight of her as she was a stranger to them. Wolf hounds will certainly go for strangers they say."

"Maybe you examined the wrong dog then," exclaimed Hanson with a more cheerful look. One of those dogs as the man had told me had really been bitten six weeks ago by a mad dog, and fortunately he had been separated from the rest. I'm sorry now the janitor had shot the good dog. And it was from my fear the informal din that it was my opinion that they all had rabies. Would you mind examining the other dogs, and locate the one having rabies, and if it is still alive I will shoot it." At this the doctor strode toward the room where the dogs were. Hanson lit a lantern he found there.

"Here is the dog sure enough," the doctor exclaimed pointing to the creature in the last dog stall. You can see it by its eyes and mouth."

The doctor was right. There stood the dog with whitened eyes, one being larger than the other. Thick slaty, white, yellow, and brown stuff covered the dogs face, while from its mouth rosy brown mucus exposed itself. Hanson's heart gave a leap of joy. Both little girls were safe. Then a thanks be to God. Only an enraged dog had bitten them both. He hastened out of the room to spread the good news to the others, and meeting his brother Robert, Vivian he gasped:

"Robert, Angelina your daughter and the other girl was bitten by the wrong dog. Only one of them had rabies, and I had just shot him. Come and see for yourself."

"Thank God," Exclaimed Robert, Vivian, as he saw the truth. "We must spread the good news to the others."

In a few minutes they found Violet and her five sisters and Evans, the little girls sobbing by Angelina's bedside. At their approach the little girls stirred. "Come, come, cheer up," cried Robert, Vivian. "Angelina or your friend is in no danger. Only one of those dogs was mad, and the one Hanson shot. The one who bit your sister and the other little girl was only enraged..."

At first the poor little forlorn creatures, would not believe it, and did not until proof was shown to them. Despite all this, and her rescue, and her escape from hydrophobia, both girls were in a serious condition. After a good examination, the doctor hint upon the cause of the dogs fury.

"They were indeed mad after all," he said. "But their madness was from the din of the distant battle, or the crash of shell explosions round here, and the one who attacked Angelina and the other little girl, did it with blood thirsty intent. If the other dogs not having rabies, had been loose and all attacked both little girls, they probably would have been torn to pieces, and perhaps devoured before help could come to them."

All this while the roar of the distant frightful battle, (rattle) had roared at its height, and from the din itself both little girls suffered from their injuries, though the doctors chemicals had now given out, and nothing could be done at all. The shell storm of the gun fire of Ridge Lucille Jackson had done its wicked work too well, destroying substances of every description besides the houses. Sorrow and y yearning was indeed everywhere, and terror also from the ravages of the recent shell explosions.

"If the battle would only subside, probably something could be done," said Violet. But the distant battle did not subside, and hundreds of thousands of more dead were to be added to the list. Fortunately however Lucille Jackson had not been shelled so badly as the other little towns, and the two cities of Chamberlain and Ophelia, and the worse of all afflictions that could threaten, was starvation, many of the poor children in the asylum would soon be crying for bread as and as none could be had they would have to move off with the Christian armies in case they retreated toward Angelina Agathia. And if the battle would last much longer death for all would surely ensue, especially if once more the shells would come their way, and as the rains were too badly blasted down already nothing could be expected that boded good. In the meantime Violet who was with Evans said faintly

"Evans dear, I don't know what the reason is, but I don't know what to say about all these scenes, and the sight of it and the continual noise in the distance makes my head ache. I believe Angelina Agathia or Dorothy Gale is lost."

And spread their wide columns to such an extent and in such a condition, that very few towns were escaping the very Christian shell fire which was maintained upon the Glandelinian forces from Gloriana Heights, and tearing up the Glandelinian wave which was forced to advance between and through the towns on a count of heavier shell fire hurled by other batteries. Ophelia itself was in the grasp of the great storm of explosions, which flooded the city with clouds of smoke and flame, killing thousands of Glandelinian soldiers at every explosion.

"I am wondering what is causing this terrible battle to last so long!" asked Evans. "It will surely add a greater list of dead."

"All the armies are so large, that it seems as if the fiery darts of hell were let loose upon us," said Hanson. "The battlesurge had overflowed all the plains in our locality, and they may have risen into a great flood of dead and mangled already. We are forced to remain here to prevent the troops in case they recoil from retreating into La Lucille Jackson."

"It must be so, but at least I wonder what is that continual howling like dogs?" said Evans. "Is it in the basement?"

At this moment the Mother Superior, came to Hanson and said:

"Your Excellency, the janitor who was killed, kept four wolf hounds in the wrecked hospital building, and seven weeks ago, one of them had been bitten by a rabid dog. Their howls were unearthly, and I believe they had been ill fed. I had spoke to him, but his only answer had been: 'I hope you ain't k getting the mad dog scare.' At this I had said no further words, but was unconsciously had sent a little girl by the name of Angelina, who heard a strange noise in a room next to the childrens playroom to go and open the door. She did so, and met the brute of a dog, who sprang at her with blood shot eyes, and ravinous piercing howls, missing its first spring, the hound covered sullenly, then like a flash it was at her throat, and had borne her to the floor, fang her tender neck with its keen white teeth, and smelt i smelling the blood the other beasts in the same room, tagged and chained at their chains, setting up an infernal din. The janitor and the other hired men hearing the dreadful clamor, and Angelina's screams, had rushed to the spot, but all their proddings, and beatings with a heavy stick could not make the enraged dog let loose. Then the main head of the janitors hearing Angelina's agonized screams, the shouts of the men, and the hell like chorus of the maddened dogs, ran with his sabre, and prodded the brute of the bleeding child, who desperately struggled with the dog, rolling and kicking in the litter and straw. Angelina was hastily dragged out of the room, while the man holding the infuriated dog at bay, banged the door behind him, and on the raving pack. Angelina was hastily put into bed, her throat being cauterized with Armonia, and weak solutions of Carbolic Acid, then bandaged with almost a box of vasoline. The janitor then, his mind clouded with a great fear, which drove him into a frenzy of a prehension, drew his gun, and boldly entered the room and fired shot after shot at the dog. At last it had sank whining and howling. At that moment he had been found by the doctor, who had cut off the dogs head and examined it. If this dog was rapid, then it will be all off with the poor little girl, despite all your trouble." He had said. "It will be too late. The dog is past doing further harm, but the deadly virus, or morbid poison may be in the little girls veins, and no skill of science can check its rapid course." These words had filled us all with alarm. "Oh Oh God please don't let this be," I cried.

It was at that moment that the priest came up. "What has happened to the child?" he gasped. "Was she bitten by one of those wolf hounds?" One of them mangled her throat horribly, and though she may pull through despite her wounds, she is in danger of the dread disease Hydrophobia. "I had told him. 'I would have sooner killed her than let her suffer such a heinous death after war.' The doctor had said. "Oh God how could it be. What will happen next?"

"Don't lose heart just yet," the priest had said. "You have not examined the dogs head yet, and you can all let us know the outcome to morrow. That would be probably this very night now. But now Angelina must not be disturbed, as she is suffering terribly. 'But can't I see her a moment?' asked. "No sister, it is not probably you can just now." The doctor told me. "If you disturb her now you will kill her. She is even in bed to day yet, and now one of your own nieces the vivian girls has been bitten by another dog."

One disaster after another seemed to have come to them all. First the cruel battle still raging, the maddened dogs either suffering from rabies, or crazed from fear by the din of the distant battle. And to add to their misery the battles roar had increased louder and louder, sweeping the skies with fume of bursting shells, and rapidly filling the distant valleys and landscapes with a smoke clouds, and all kinds of wreckage in the distance shot high up into the air. That whole time was a late afternoon of misery. Angelina was fairly writhing in agony, and calling constantly for a cup of water, which the man had been forced to refuse, saying that hot lemonade, or milk would be better. Gladly would she give the poor wounded and bitten vivian girl water, but she feared it would hasten the dread malady. It was indeed a sad sight to see two girls by the same first nurse in all their misery. She continually called for Evans, her father, and her sisters, and even swooned several times, while the bandage round her arm, where the dog had bitten her was crimson with blood. During all this time of sorrow, fear, and excitement, and the fight of the mad dog, the roar of distant battle had become more terrible. Frightful eruptions of wreckage and smoke rose dangerously close to the orphan asylum several times, sending great gusts of smog against or past the building with a roar.

Evans at this moment said to Violet:

"Have you not my dearest friend, noticed the strange positions of the wreckage of the hospital?"

"Yes," said Violet, "what is the matter about it?"

"Nothing serious, but I believe it gives a clue," said Evans. "I'd better tell general Hanson about it, or to your father."

"It would be all right," said Violet sadly, "but why not us seven examine the wreckage first? Don't you think it would be alright?" asked Violet.

Evans smiled.

"If your father the King, or Hanson the general does not make any objections," he said it. "You know it is kind of dangerous in that place, as all the remaining floors in the those rooms are loose, and may cave in."

"But we do not need to go inside," protested Violet. "We can only examine the outer ruins."

"But that would not give us any clues," said Jennie. "We would have to enter the building."

As they coaxed, and pleaded, Evans decided to do it, but he asked the consent of the two rulers, first telling them what was discovered.

"I believe I have seen the same thing," said Hanson.

"You may go," said Robert Vivian. "But be mighty careful of my daughters. Don't let anything happen to them. They may be all I have now. All my property is gone, and if they are gone, all is gone, the cause also. The Angolians will be too discouraged to fight on, if they are dead."

Evans promised heartily that he would guard the little girls as if they were his own daughters. They started off for the building in a moment.

"What dazzling beauty to your daughters have," said general Mic-Hollester.

"I saw that one of them had a small bandage round her head."

"She was hurt slightly, in rescuing one of her friends," said Robert Vivian. "That one is Violet."

In the meantime, Evans the seven little girls made their way carefully into the ruined hospital. First they went into the corridor, whose floor was fortunately firm. Religious Pictures were still hanging on the walls, but were out of shape, or hanging crooked. The floor was littered with rubbish, broken bits of glass, and the wrecked bullistades. Against the walls at the east end, stood a dueting Poldier, which weighed one hundred pounds, and had a long pipe like handle attached to it. The little girls went into the ward, where they found the beds mixed in confused wreckage of plaster, timbers, laths, and window shutters. The sheets, pillows, and mattresses, had been scattered all about, and the religious pictures, statues, and the Crucifixes were missing. The position of the wreckage, of the second floors wards, was peculiar and here the damage was severe. Not a picture, statue, or crucifix however had been touched, to their wonder. The brazen beds were piled against the northern walls, riddled by shell fragments, while the floor had been ripped entirely away, at one point, the northern and southern wall missing, having been torn out probably by one of the great explosions. The door of the ward was found standing against the eastern walls, as if they had been placed in those positions by human hands. On the third floor the wreckage, was still more severe, and here was where the strange sight, mentioned was exposed.

"I believe the explosions had something to do with it," said Violet.

"The position of the wreckage is strange indeed," exclaimed Evans.

"And the western wall has been torn clean out, as if done with a sharp knife. So neat and perfect."

"The floor is firm," said Violet as she went in. "I guess it is safe."

"I would not risk it," said Violet with a warning look. "The floor is too slanty slanty to satisfy me."

Violet, noticing this, also hastily retreated. All of a sudden there was a crashing sound, and a part of the floor gave way, bringing down some of the furniture. Violet saw that the planking lay scattered in one direction, while one of the tables was found attached to the eastern wall, supported by a bed. After this they went out, fearing that more shells may fall, and wreck the building further, and probably cause their injuries or deaths. In the meantime the battle raged in the distance had become tremendous. The noise caused great bewilderment, and fear among the surviving inhabitants, and all the injured still pined on the wreckage. The surge of battle had already appeared within sight of the Orphan Asylum, and every one in the building finding that the city was encompassed in a sea of carnage and desolation, were horrified. Robert Vivian, and his brother, and the Vivian girls and the rest were the only ones, that remained cool, though the building was shaking and swaying once more.

The roar of the terrible battle in the distance could be plainly heard, and far in the distance the eruptions caused by explosions seemed to be full of wreckage on earth and but and human beings shooting high into the air. Nearly every town in the vicinity of the greatest battle of the war was threatened or already destroyed. The wreckage of the smaller villages and towns near Conservatory Run had been blown into the air by great explosions, even the towns themselves. The Glundellian forces had by this time as stated during the main description of the battle been overwhelping the Christian forces on the summit of Gloriana Heights. The whole field of ruin was now a rushing wave of men in hellish fury, and in whirlpools of destruction. It was a wild flood of shell explosions, that were also again threatening the lower districts of Lucille Jackson, but the Glundellian forces

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jeopardized by this calamity. "Maybe we will lose this war entirely."

"Maybe so but something will be done when the enemy attacks on the enemy side proceeds," said Hanson and we could appeal to all the nations to help us."

"But how can we get help from the friendly nations?" protested Joice herself. "They will suffer from the effects of the war or worse."

"That is true," said their father. "But I have foreboding that our nation is not helpless at all though we are helpless with our losses. But we got to win and shall."

At this minute two men appeared who were great generals and greater ones than general Hunter, Johnston or Double Day Federal arrived."

"Two men have been fired of the dim scenes of the wreckage of Chamberlaine and Ophelia." On one of them said. "So we came here." The men in Christian generals knowing these officers since child hood greeted them warmly.

"So the towns of Chamberlaine and Ophelia suffered indescribable destruction also eh?" said Hanson. "I thought these towns were not near enough to be reached by the Glundellian cannon on the Lucille Jackson bridges."

"Neither was not smitten badly, it was the storm of shells that put them low for the battle surged back and forth there also," said general Mic-Hollester."

Having met these generals Hanson and Vivian decided to make their way back to the chapel chapel again, as the mystery must be there somewhere. Reaching the chapel entrance, they met three of the hired men who were carrying the altar, and from them, they learned that the chapel had nothing to do with the mystery. This was indeed surprising, and general Schroeder a tall, brawny looking man said:

"We will make an examination anyhow, stand aside and let us investigate."

The men obeyed. General Mic-Hollester a taller man than Hanson and just as handsome, turned his attention to general Evans.

"This young major general, Evans is as good as a detective," he said. "And I'm very glad I met him." And he shook hands with him.

A full examination of the chapel was made, by everyone, and not a thing in the chapel escaped their sharp eyes, yet the mystery was left unsolved. The ruins of the outhouses were fully examined, and it was found that the hospital which stood south of the asylum but in front of it, was not damaged so much as the other buildings after all, as many of its rooms, and three of its walls were left intact.

"Let's go in here," said Hanson. "Maybe this building will give us a clue."

General Mic-Hollester was the first to enter, and here a sight met their eyes, every picture being shattered, the floors sagging and the furniture smashed to matchwood, all the plaster being down, and the rooms were almost unrecognizable. However it seemed to be a clue as the building had been almost spared as well as the asylum. But however the mystery could not be solved as yet. At this moment Hanson thought of the slip of paper paper he had taken from the door, and drawing it out unfolded, and glanced over it.

"Oh my boys," he cried as he advanced toward his fellow generals, his brother, and Evans. "Read this."

This is what they read:

"Dear general federal;

Won't you please spare my home, and the kind Sisters here. They have not done you any harm, and we all don't want to be killed. Oh please spare the home. Won't you?" A little girl."

The generals and the ruler looked serious, when they read this, and peculiar as it seemed, they did not laugh as supposed.

"Let's find the child who wrote this," said Evans. "That may help us."

"Yes let's do," said Violet.

"I think they all returned to the asylum meeting the Mother superior."

"We would like to see the child who wrote this note," said Hanson. "This note is very important."

The Sister led them all into the childrens playroom, and calling a very pretty little girl to her, said:

"Alice, these soldier soldiers would like to see you."

The little girl came shyly, but Hanson drew her to him and said:

"Alice did you write this note?"

"Yes sir," answered the child. "I wanted the Hills they call general Federal over yonder to read it, so he would spare the home, and he did."

Hanson smiled and drawing the child closer to him, said:

"My dear little girl, don't you know that there is no mercy in such a man as general Federal?"

"I thought the hills could read," said the child innocently. "But they did save the place anyhow. The hills did not shoot at us."

"That is true," said Hanson. "But it was god who saved the house."

"Have you not any idea of the Sanctuary lamp?" asked Hanson. "How about something to do with the mystery, as it is the only thing, besides the Blessed Sacrament unsaved in the whole chapel."

"I don't think so," answered the nun. "It had been down and out with the oil spilled on the floor, and I and two others put it up again after refilling it and relighting it. Did you think it remained hanging there, despite the violence of the great explosion?"

"Yes I did," answered Hanson. "How did you get it up?"

"With the aid of the men. They'll do anything for us."

"That is quite queer then," said Hanson. "Very strange indeed. Did the explosion break anything belonging to the altar?"

"Yes," now red answered the sister. "Everything exactly disappeared. Even the Tabernacle has been robbed mysteriously by the explosion. Even the glass is gone. The staple of this chapel is some where in Carries Square, but where the wreckage is impossible."

"The explosion certainly did this evil work," said Hanson confidently. "How many non-combatants alive besides the soldiers were killed? I and the row rescuers counted about two thousand five hundred and fifty five which were taken from the wreckage of the Treason Lane ridge district. The total loss in injured cannot be estimated and only five thousand could be rescued to day. The greatest number of dead of all parts of soldiers and non-combatants were taken from St. Peters Street, Carries Square and other parts. The whole dead and injured of the non-combatants in the whole city may not be known, never be known, though I estimated the number of dead soldiers on the Treason Lane ridge district as nine hundred and sixty thousand, six hundred and sixty six, with ninety thousand men women and children among them!"

"This is worse than I thought," said Violet, her face grave with horror.

"And I thought the loss was only three thousand, in which the two thousand were wounded," said Violet.

"But that was only immediately after the disaster," said Hanson. "And it was a false report at that. The greatest losses are in soldiers and not in women and children."

"The greater losses among the non-combatants were not in children I hope were they?" asked the Mother Superior.

"In the main loss it is hard to tell," answered Hanson. "But they were the greatest losses on the Treason Lane ridge district. There were many orphan asylums, schools and convents in that district which had been leveled to their foundations while crowded with soldiers. The loss of dead children also is appalling, but whether they make the greatest loss, no one will know until the entire number of dead of all is observed. But they had been found as horribly mangled or more horribly mangled than the adults however. They were in the same condition as children slaughtered by the rebels during the glandelinian massacres, and it is believed that the force of the shell explosions, and the rending crashing avalanches of wreckage sent whirling about by the blasts had something to do with it. And chiefly the shells."

I had found many featherless chicken coops with their intestines protruding the same with the other animals, whose corpses were torn asunder and fairly skinned. I firmly believe that these shells of the glandelinians must have been of the worst variety as it only takes shells with such mighty force to do such horrible things as these did."

"This disaster has been very freakish," said Robert Vivian. "You people ought to see the sights, and end as it is you would have almost laughed. A wagon with its entire team of horses had been found hanging from the trunk of a half shattered tree, which it took two hours for the men to get down. How the shell that vomited this freak did this no one knows, as no shell explosion occurred in that vicinity."

"And another freak," said Robert Vivian "was of a little girl hanging by her chest from a high projecting beam out among the branches of a tree. She of course had been ripped open, her intestines laying at the foot of the shattered tree."

"Gang, gang shells certainly have their freaks," said Jack Evans. "It is my opinion that the force of their explosions that does it. It can't be anything else. There force make perfect eruptions."

"It may be so at that," said Hanson. "The force of these explosions are exceedingly violent and smash you up a city like a tornado or a typhoon would do to whole blocks."

"There had been another freak also, of a schoolhouse, which had been broken in two with one half turned upside down, and the other half crashed in through the floors," said Baldwin. "The loss of life in this building was very serious."

"I have heard about that one to," said the nun. "Two men had been blown into the windows of that building but were not hurt."

"Have you seen the building?" asked Hanson.

"No," said the nun. "I do not wish to see it either as the sight of the bodies, would be unbearable."

"But how can we solve this mystery?" asked Hanson.

"I don't think we could without help," said Evans.

"We could have the best examiners help us," said Robert Vivian. "That we can intend to at least. It is the only way it can be solved. And we would need a priest also or a cop. I don't see how this wreckage can be cleared away and new houses build either," he added. "I fear the entire nation is jeopardized

to discover that none of us were hurt. But we lost our good janitor, he being killed in the out houses. After the shell explosions ceased in this location, we all took the chance of going outside for fear of the building collapsing upon us, as the ground shook so severely then, but as nothing happened and it had to be used for shelter for some of the injured, we returned and so here we are. But all this while up to this time, and still yet, those ridges have been hidden out of sight by that smoke screen screen and still we are sometimes tormented by the shaking of the ground and that awful roaring in the distance."

From this Hanson and the rest had proof that the building sustained the same storm of shells, but how it stood, could not have been solved by reports. The outhouses had been smashed into rubble and lumber piles, and all the animals in the barnyards had been killed. Hanson also learned that an investigation had been made by checkers and detective detectives to find out the strange mystery, but of no avail. Then how was this building spared? Several of the reporters and Christian soldiers declared that the shells missed it, and that the slight damage done to it was the shocks of the near explosions. But Hanson and the others seeing the building roofless declared that at least one or two shells did hit the asylum but that a great miracle had been wrought though some cause. This was the strangest mystery of all, for the building looked so old and weak, that it was believed the mildest typhoon could have blown it off the foundation and killed every one in it. And yet she stood as a barrier against all these fierce explosions.

"A large part of the fear that great gang-gang-shells have inspired is due to an instinctive dread of their tremendous powers of evil," said Hanson to the Mother Superior. "They are bosoms of death and destruction for they can do enormous amounts of damage, and they are capable of putting the high lands, and even the coast lines temporarily out of commission as an inhabitable piece of land. The terror that was aroused in many quarters by this great shell storm had been recalled by the appearance of several new kind of volley storms within a few hours this fatal afternoon, so that it is worth while to consider what an evilly disposed high explosive could do in their eruptions. By their strength, and by affecting the atmosphere in such a way as to form terrible outbursts of noises, is considered as the first of a war inconceivable havoc. Four things have to be taken into account: the velocity of the shells as they soar through the air, and force of the explosion considered as some mighty volcanic eruption tearing up the ground and houses in the city. The second is of their tremendous fury and sulphurous fumes and blasts, are very deceptive in regard to their force. These kind of explosions are very violent, and their blasts carries all before it. A thousand square feet, or a thousand yards would be more or less affected by the terrific shock of the explosions, and the damage of these explosives falling into this city would be more inconceivable than committed by the mightiest earthquake, and as you see the strongest buildings have been blown into total ruins, the gang-gang shells are the most destructive and capricious explosives of all, and the force of their blasts could throw hundreds of tons of wreckage round about to the distant of half a mile."

Hanson and the rest, including Violet and her sisters examined all the rooms in the building and found that they were absolutely intact. They even went to the once magnificent chapel and found that the altar barred the entrance.

"This is a freak of a shell explosion," said Hanson. "The force of the explosion moved or hurled the altar from its right place, and put it here."

"But how are we going to get in?" asked Robert Vivian.

"We will have to see it that is all," said Hanson and the two of them did but with the greatest difficulty as the altar weight thirty tons. The windows on both sides of the chapel had been blown in, the roof was gone, some of the walls displaced, and the pews shattered to match wood. Hanson was bound to solve the mystery but how. It had once been a sort of hotel but at his own law, but he doubted if it was on account of the strong material he used, and it seemed to be the only religious house in the city that had a chapel. Could it have been the mysterious power of the Blessed Sacrament that saved the building? If so why was the chapel so badly damaged? Hanson's truthful answer to this query was "No". The chapel was completely gone or roofless except an immense beam three feet wide from which the sanctuary lamp itself was still hanging before the spot the altar had stood, the little flame still burning to the awe and surprise of Hanson and the others. They all felt queer while in the chapel, a feeling of being in the presence of some supernatural power. Violet and her sisters after leaving the chapel said some prayers, and looked at Jack Evans queerly.

"I believe the building was saved because of the Sanctuary lamp or something," said Violet. "I don't see any other reason."

"A great miracle has been wrought," said Evans. "But I'm positive sure it is some freak of an explosion that landed in the chapel."

"In what district was it where the janitor was killed?" asked Hanson himself of the sister as he and his brother left the chapel.

"They say it was near Carries square, but I'm not sure," said the sister.

"Do you think we could find the spot some day?" asked Robert Vivian.

"No," answered the sister. "Part of that district is being consumed by a raging fire started from the ruined houses. There will be nothing left."



The building was four stories high, consisting of three wings each of which were seven hundred feet long, and one hundred and thirty feet wide. In surveying her general mansion and the others realized that it surely lay in the path of the main shell storm. The out houses had consisted of a laundry, two large school houses, two play houses, hospital building, and five large livery stables, all of which had been fortunately empty at the time. All the outhouses were flattened ruins. The asylum had all its windows out, a good deal of the roof torn off, and the doors shattered, beside the fire escape being down. Hanson also noticed a piece of paper tacked to an unwarmed door, took it down and put it in his pocket, intending to read it after a while (lets smile). Violet and her sisters were the first to enter and knowing where the main entrance was it, Hanson and the three others entered by this. To their evident surprise they were met by a crowd of children, and two sisters, one who appeared to be the Superior. Both had a bunch of religious books in their hands.

"I thought you were never coming," said the sister mildly. "Your daughters the heirs to the country Throne is with you I presume?"

"Yes," said Robert, bowing. "And good little aniles angels you will find of them too."

To learn about the mystery the generals inquired of the Mother superior about her experience during the shell storm. The sister told the story in full detail.

"One of the children a little girl had noticed the approaching fury of the battle, and came running in to me yelling, 'What a forest fire' was sweeping the hills. 'There is a big forest fire for the clouds of smoke is sweeping all over the distant hills,' she shouted to me. 'There is a forest on fire somewhere.' I went outside in a hurry and noticed that in the distant, in the direction of Conservatory garden that clouds shaped like an arch portend the color of white smoke from burning hay or leaves, and it was full of puffy convolutions at the lower extremity. I at once knew from the sound I had heard all the time that the little girl had made a great mistake, the upper portions did not seem to move at all, but the lower which was in the most fantastic convolutions over soon continued and spread with incredible rapidity, the front like lines of the clouds seeming to recoil southward while other clouds of all various shapes and colors, seemed to have a strange retrograde motion, while extending upward and westward at the same time. Though they did not know the nature of the cloud, which seemed on fire in the south and west with so many strange undulating flashes in long lines, the children were nevertheless frightened, and started tremendous screaming and shouting, which they ceased in speechless awe as an ominous sound suddenly came from the direction of the Lucille Jackson hills and some of the houses in the distances seemed to suddenly crumble into ruins.

One of my little girls having known the nature of the clouds, or may have known the nature of the clouds as she pinned a slip of paper on the south or northern entrance of the house asking the 'earthquake' to spare us all."

"Yes," I have that in my pocket now," muttered Hanson.

"Well we listened to the strange sound," continued the Sister. "It soon changed to the sound like billions of carts rumbling over a long road of pebbles. At the same time another sound came that seemed to be a dull booming far off sound, which shook the building to its foundation, and made the windows leap against their casements. To me it sounded like the far off heaviest cannon fire ever imagined, but the booming was mingled with a furious crackling snarl, and in the far distance among the city I saw puffs of smoke issue from windows and smoke, and all at once something like thousands of eruptions, and whole wooded stretches of trees go to pieces or whirl to the ground. A strange supernatural whiteness overspread the Lucille Jackson Hills in the distance, while the roaring noise increased in intensity second, after second, I could see a line of houses disappear along this street twelve blocks from here, and dissolve into smoke clouds and dust, and then the shock came.

It was awful. The previous screaming of the children had been deafening, but to save my life I cannot describe the clamor of the scenes and destruction just past. Series of great crashing explosive sounds more louder than the explosions of tons of dynamite came from outside, and prostrated by the shock as I was, I saw the out houses go into thousands of pieces or wreckage at once in perfect eruptions, other buildings swayed from side to side, and explosions sent tons of wreckage careening right toward the asylum with a greater din. All the windows on all sides were blown in, and the building trembled as if an earth quake had taken place.

I had expected that at any moment the building would have also gone to pieces but the only damage done was to the roof and chapel which were totally destroyed. The children were all scared, many many hiding in the closets, or under the beds, or clinging to the other Sisters, and hired men, and if they screamed, they were not heard for the din or of the explosions which soon tossed us, and every piece of furniture all about the room from their convulsions became ear splitting.

Our greatest loss in the furniture, roof, windows, and chapel. And my but it seemed as if it would never cease. From fright, several of the other sisters fainted, and I felt I was going to swoon also. These forty five minutes seemed like eternity. I could plainly hear the roar of the destruction in the city, which sounded like the earth blowing to pieces, but the explosions gradually changed its course but did not cease elsewhere, and the distant roar continued, and the swaying of the remaining buildings alone, and it took nearly two hours

AN SHE was severely injured however her face and neck covered with blood, having been cut as if by a scythe. The cut though serious was not fatal. Her brother and parents had been killed by the shell blast itself, she herself having laid in the wreckage for two hours. No sooner had the roar of distant battle receded, when it developed into another forward surge, and into a terrific ear splitting clamor accompanied by sporadic clamor or crashes of hundreds of thousands of big guns and millions of musketry which reverberated the ground with the severity of the great Lisbon earthquake.

An authentic account of the awful calamity had been preserved in a report sent by Robert Vivian in an appeal several days later after the battle, which ran as follows:

"Your kind hearts will, we doubt not be touched by the deepest of sorrows at the harrowing spectacle of a splendid city within a days time changed by a terrible and unexampled event into a heap of ruins. The fiercest battle ever known raging two days, each day eighteen hours apiece with inconceivable violence had produced disasters so severe that the force of the assaults overthrew every christian division whatever, and shells upon the city of Lucille Jackson added to all the horror from the gendarmes cannon. The City Law Tribunal every building, nothing has escaped destruction. Thousands of demoralized officers were struggling through the windows of wreckage in dismay seeking if possible from the torrents of shell fragments some place of refuge and safety, with the small number of soldiers escaped like themselves almost by a miracle from this greatest of war disasters. The sight is fearful but there are sights yet more terrible that of the largest proportions of the army of soldiers holding the town dead dying and injured buried beneath the ruins of the dwellings from which they repelled the foe attack, without it being possible for want of laborers to render assistance under such circumstances to withdraw from beneath the rubbish those still breathing. Shrieks, groans, sighs, and moans all the accents of grief are everywhere heard while the impossibility of redeeming from death those wretched creatures, render still more harrowing the voices of despair, that appeal in vain for help and compassion. A new scourge had been added to all these calamities, and augmented their very horror. From amid the ruins of the overthrown or shell-blasted buildings there is all at once seen to rise a raging fire storm.

Shell explosions had struck the remainder of the crumbling houses, and the fires then lighted by the shells had kindled various combustible substances found among the ridges of wreckage, and the fires are slowly devouring the remains of a city once the glory of her sovereigns, and so many simultaneous disasters have to be added a thousand others, beyond description, horrible. Every one of the corn magazines, and grain elevators have been blown down or overthrown, and their debris swept in windrows by the shell explosions. Bread, the most needful of aliments fails and the Angelinian and Abbeoninian governments have been obliged at my demand to detain in harbor the vessels laden with this commodity to lessen and remedy this evil, but no such ships have been found, and as the shops and utensils adopted to this trade are buried under the ruins, while the bakers have either perished or are amy, how could bread be made? The water courses have been turned aside, the public fountains are drained, and the mills can no longer grind corn. This aggravation of disasters have reduced to despair all the remaining survivors of the battle who demand with loud cries, bread for their substance. I entrust the governments of Angelina Agathia and Porothy Gale to send to this city of Lucille Jackson and the others visited by the disasters caused by the battle storm provisions of all sorts for the substance of the many remaining survivors.

His Majesty Robert Vivian, ruler of Abbeonidia.

To the christian generals who witnessed all this it was indeed a sad sight.

It was late in the evening, when Robert Vivian and the others finally reached St Peter's street, and here the ruins was the same as they had seen it before. In the far distance they could see St Anna Orphan asylum really standing as it had been reported.

"That is strange," muttered Hanson. "A miracle had occurred sure." The guide knowing the shortest route led them toward the place, though they all had to climb and stumble over the wreckage and the mangled corpses all the way. At last the building was reached, and indeed it had been the greatest miracle ever known. St Anna orphan asylum had about two thousand two hundred children, all girls, sixty five nuns, and forty hired men besides the priest and other lay men. The building was one of the oldest in Lucille Jackson and stood at the extremity of St Peter's street at the very outskirts of the city.

"My friends the vivian girls, where are they?" he cried pitifully.  
 "They will be here soon." Said General Hanson kindly. "Don't be afraid. They won't dare desert you."  
 She tried to rise but Hanson held her down.  
 "Listen Jennie." He said. "You must not sit up or you will kill yourself. The doctor said it is seriously dangerous."  
 "I would rather die than see the vivian girls not come back." Said Jennie bravely.  
 "I love them too dearly. They have been good to me."  
 "But they will not stay away long." Insisted Hanson. "I know how you feel but then it would break their hearts if they knew you would die. It is still now and don't be reckless. They won't desert you never fear."  
 Jennie laid down as heavier thunder of shells set in, and she felt nervous, for she knew that the glandolinian shells were peculiarly destructive, during a battle of this great violence. The shell storm was continuing continually growing worse again, the rain of shell fragments seeming to pour in torrents, and through an open window Jennie saw a terrific explosion whose thunderous roar almost made her deaf, and also scared her, for she feared the building would be struck at any moment. Robert vivian who had escaped unharmed had learned where Hanson was and so with the rest had made for the telegraph station despite the dashing storm of explosions, and reached it after three hours of exhaustive climbing, and stumbling over the wreckage.  
 "General." He said as Hanson came out. "Any have been buried under the wreckage."  
 "I wish you could send as many of the survivors as you can to help in the rescue work."  
 "All right brother dear." Said Hanson saluting. "But by the way don't you know that your daughters are found here safe and sound without even a scratch."  
 "Good God is that so?" Gaped Robert vivian. "Were they not among the ruins?"  
 "They were not in the city when the catastrophe began." Said Hanson.  
 "But don't be too excited. They will be here shortly again."  
 Robert vivian was inside the room in a moment but Hanson had quickly said:  
 "You may see these two wounded children, but if you value their lives don't disturb them."  
 Robert vivian with a joyful heart strode quietly to their beds. He saw the suffering in their very faces, but as the children seemed to be asleep or senseless, he did not durst disturb them. However he felt heartsick over the sights he had witnessed and staggered out of the room as if he were drunk. Hanson then placing several nurses over the wounded little girls went out to collect the survivors to help in the rescue work. Robert vivian with a number of men, and sad at heart went outside to start the work in general of extracting the many injured. He saw that the streets in some places were impassable with the windrows of wreckage that he had to make wide stretches across the body strewn wreckage. Many men and soldiers were already at the work in freeing the injured, and all that Robert vivian saw was windrows more of wrecked houses, many streets being almost impassable. He certainly did witness the greatest scenes of devastation of his life. Whole streets were choked with windrows of wreckage. All the wooden houses were junk piles. The greatest damage was done to the brick buildings, the very walls having been shattered by the shell explosions and many dead and injured were found here as they lay as thick as on the battle field. Robert vivian and Hanson did not go among the workers for they had their own duty to perform and that was to go west to the region where their expected reinforcements were coming, so he and his brother could take command and avenge all these horrors.

Mrs vivian and the queen of Angolinda came galloping down the pike astride of a wild horse, unsaddled. She stopped at a tavern at Accord Park.  
 "My servants and three children friends are in the ruins and my house is on fire." He sobbed. "Can you get Angolinda Agathia on the phone? I want the fire department. I want the fire department and some men with axes."  
 "Angolinda Agathia cannot be connected as the telephone service is completely completely destroyed, and the fire departments cannot reach us." replied the Inn keeper.  
 Everything at this moment was a turmoil of distant battle, crashing toppling houses and violent shaking of the ground, hail of shells and thunder of greater explosions. Violeta aunt hysterically weeping dragged herself into the tavern a few minutes later and merely pointed through the driven rain of battles hell fire to a smudge of smoke clouds which was spelling ruin for herself and home having lost everything. She could not say how she or the woman companion escaped. The place they took refuge in was close to the great McWhirther Lane and they were literally blown out of it. They had found refuge in the tavern which alone was unscathed being out of range of the enemy's guns, and when the crashing and banging of shells had stopped they had then made their way toward Lucille Jackson where they found their husbands and the children.  
 A party of little happy girls were returning home from a picnic and were caught directly in the path of the two mighty battle surges of glandolinian and christians alike, but managed to save themselves by leaping into the muddy creek bed of the Conservatory run and climbing to the projecting rocks they found there. At another point a slender pretty little girl stripped off her clothes by the blast of a shell eruption, had escaped with her life, though her hair had been blown into bits on top of her.

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The queen and vivian stopped to Angolinda's cot.  
 "How do you feel?" she asked.  
 "I feel better already." Said Angolinda Turner. The doctor says I will soon be able to see out of that eye. My hair and feet are badly scalded and burned, and I may not be able to walk for some months."  
 "I'm happy to hear that you were not killed." Said Violeta's aunt. "We ourselves had a narrow escape as the concussion of the battle in that location shook both Dorothy Gale and Angolinda Agathia with some force."  
 "Did it do any destruction?" Asked her husband. "I heard that some parts of both cities were badly damaged."  
 "The report is false," answered Violeta's aunt, but I see this Lucille Jackson city is almost wiped out. The shells must have torn every building to pieces leaving not even the big biggest building."  
 "How many do you think were killed here?" Gaped Robert vivian.  
 "I can't ascertain." Said his wife. "The shock and concussion came upon Dorothy Gale and Angolinda Agathia without warning, and as the enemy line is so extensive no aid I believe can reach you from those places."  
 "The destruction is really worse here than it seems." Truthfully declared General Hanson. "Angolinda Turner was almost buried in wreckage on the Trechan Lane ridge district, where she and Jennie were found, and several other children near by were found in a waterless ditch half buried by shattered trees. It seems as if hell had changed places with the earth, so fearful was the slaughter. The parts of this city or of the Trechan Lane ridge district and Jennie Gray and Carrie Hill were almost wiped out."  
 "Well I'm glad that Angolinda Turner and Jennie were escaped." Said Violeta's aunt. "But she and Jennie must have suffered terribly, as their injuries were dangerous."  
 "Jennie's wounds were almost mortal." Said General Hanson. "She was badly mangled by the falling debris and may be lying helpless for years. I myself had a narrow escape from serious injury before I reached here."  
 His wife bent over Jennie or Angolinda Turner.  
 "How did you get caught?" she asked. "Was the shell explosions too quick for you?"  
 "The falling wreckage was too quick for me, and the shells had nothing to do with it. I was surprised before I was aware the battle would surge in the city. The house after it was wrecked by the explosions fell on me before I was able to get out. I thought that was the end of me."  
 "Why don't you join the wreckage?"  
 "I don't know." Said Angolinda Turner. "I must have been senseless as a heavy beam gave me an awful knock on the head as it fell. My wounds were at first considered fatal."  
 "It certainly is a battle that is going on, and a fatal one." Said Violeta's aunt. "This battle is a hundred times worse than any I have ever experienced. It had to last already lasted sixteen hours and three quarters."  
 "Did you have much trouble coming here?" Asked King vivian. "I heard Jennie was in room, Dorothy Gale and Angolinda Agathia cannot be approached on account of the smothering battalions between here and the rear, and on account of forest fires between us and them."  
 "I said you have much trouble coming here?" Asked Robert vivian.  
 "No answered his wife. "After seeking refuge in the Park Tavern we made for vivian's, and thence for here."

Jack Evans had been predicted to be seriously injured and to be cut by flying glass while a house was being torn to pieces about his ears, but it had not been so and he was even now with the vivian girls. When Jennie was taken from the blazing ruins all besmeared with blood she had been unconscious. The rescuers had had great difficulty in securing Angolinda Turner who also had been severely mangled, whose leg had been broken. The survivors who had gathered round, thinking then the vivian girls had been greatly perplexed, for all the houses had been badly damaged, and they did not know where to take the injured children. The men however were told by the vivian girls, and then the children were searched in wreckage and placed at a certain street where they would not be exposed to the shells and the falling wreck wreckage. Hanson himself had appeared a few minutes after the two children had been laid under cover, where the crowd was standing, attired in a chicken coop which had been blown over his head in such a way that his arms were pinned to his side, and he was unable to remove his bonnet strong as he was. Several of the men had to cut it away for him before he could get it off.  
 "Take the children to the telegraph station." He said with emotion. "That building though wrecked, is whole enough to put the children into."  
 Two men tenderly lifted the little girls as if they were something precious, and followed Hanson to the telegraph station. Several uninjured beds had been extracted from the ruins and brought into the building, and soon the two little girls were lying in it. Jennie had come to at seven fifteen that evening and found General Hanson leaning over her.  
 "Are you still?" He whispered. "You are all well and must not move if you value your lives."

Jennie was in no mood to answer his words, but nevertheless he took pity on her, for he had seen many beautiful children before, but none like her or the Vivian girls, and now he kind of feared his words annoyed her as he knew her suffering was more intense than his, and he had been under other during the operation also, and she had not been there were thousands of injured soldiers in this vicinity, and another officer was groaning in terrible agony. He had an reputation of two legs and was dying. Jennie ran herself now realized the horror of the war, and the misery and sorrow it caused. She shivered, as she imagined she still heard the deafening explosions of the shell storm, and the ear splitting roar of destruction. A few minutes passed and a soldier entered followed by a Sister. He was also was in a sling.

"I believe you know these most pretty seven children in the world." Said the soldier who was also an Abyssinikilim's officer. "Two of their best girl friends are severely hurt, and they themselves have lost all their friends, and two brothers, and probably their mother and aunt and are sick by it."

The man who was Sister Angelina walked quietly to the white cots, the soldier making a bow as he left.

"Too bad, too bad," said the Sister. "I wish for my sake, and your own that you little girls would not stay in a region of such battles."

Violet tried to answer, but tears came to her eyes and her lips quivered violently.

"Don't try to speak," said the nun kindly. "I know how much you little girls suffer from your loss."

Violet and her sisters felt bad indeed. Violet took the sister's hand, and held it fast. The presence of the sister seemed to cheer her and her sisters, and her pleading look made the sister realize that the little girls wished her to remain. Poor little Jennie, as she lay there like a little injured angel, an angel looked so wistful. Her hair was all in golden curls, and spread over the pillow. Her bare arms were cute to behold, and her delicate little neck was almost as white as porcelain. Angelina Turner was lying on a cot close to Jennie but she was asleep.

"Violet and your sisters are brave little girls." Stroking said the sister stroking Violet's hot little forehead. "And I never thought you had such daring when I first knew you. You and your sisters look as timid as if you knew nothing but fear and dread. You hear all your sorrows, and sighs like these so patiently. Hm! How did you two friends, Angelina Turner and Jennie Van get hurt?"

"I don't know," answered Violet as she looked sadly toward Jennie and Turner. "They may have been caught in the wreckage produced by the shellfire from Lucille Jackson ridge."

Indeed to all of the Vivian girls it seemed as if the world was wounded and also in a raging ramp age of rage and fury. Such moaning, pleading, cries, sighs, and screams and the roaring thundering crash of the distant battle. It seemed to be ever where at once. Sister Angelina indeed felt sorry for poor Jennie Van and Angelina Turner for she realized how bad their injuries were, and she wondered if Jennie would ever be able to walk again. And her friends the Vivian girls had two brothers who were on the point of death and what had really happened to their mother and aunt. Had they come to the region and shared the same fate or worse?

She looked long at Violet and her sisters who resembled beautiful angels with beautiful long hair which had been curled so beautifully the day of the fatal battle. As she was looking at Violet and her sisters another officer entered, who resembled very much the general Rud that Rudolph Rosen. Rudolph Rosen was pictured in the Record Hera herald but who was taller and more heavily built. His name was Harry Thorndale he being a general also.

"Well Mother," said Thorndale. "Do you have some wounded children here, and who are those very beautiful ones? What I know they are Robert Vivian's daughters."

"Yes," said sister Angelina. "Two of their friends are seriously injured, and the Vivian girls are prostrated with sorrow. It is reported their two brothers are dangerously wounded, and no one knows where their mother and aunt are."

The man had a fierce mustache and he strode toward Jennie's cot. "Does their father the Governor know all this?" He asked of sister Angelina.

"Yes," answered the nun. "He intends to have the injured children moved to St. Ann's orphan asylum as soon as possible."

"As much as I know," heard the Mother and Aunt of the Vivian girls were in Accord Court Park, Favour northeast of Lucille Jackson, when the battle started."

And the general said. "And now they are in the ruined city looking for the little girls."

At this moment Violet and her sisters gave a glad cry, for in came general Hanson, Robert Vivian and the Quoon and Hanson's wife, who were soon embracing the little girls.

"How did you escape through the shellstorm?" asked the ruler when the little girls had been released. "We thought you were killed."

"God alone knows," said the Quoon. "We were caught in the flying debris and a shell struck our place of refuge, but we escaped with only slight injuries."

"How are the little girls, Jennie Van and Angelina Turner?" asked Violet's mother.

"They are still in a very bad condition," answered Robert Vivian. "They both had a narrow escape from death. Angelina is laid up as she had her left eye almost gouged out. She will improve slowly but surely."

In a few minutes general Hanson himself himself did come in with Russell, and no sooner had he brought the little girls to their mothers, when in came Robert Vivian and all the others being excited.

"Hanson my brother," he cried. "Do you know what has happened?"

"No I do not," answered Governor general Hanson.

"All of our wires in this battle had been torn down and are beginning in full retreat. I have heard that the loss of life is something fearful. I've tried to get Dorothy Gale or Angelina Agathia, even Jennie Wren - even on the phone to ask for the other armies there to come on, to give us aid before it is too late, but no one can get any communication as all the wires are down, and Dorothy Gale and Angelina Agathia lies between a raging sea of forest fires. Of course the fire will never touch them but the fire cuts us off from aid. Whole forests are blasted like an earthly hell. Oh it is terribly fierce. We will all be lost if anything is not done. We are almost cut off from retreat."

"Good God," gasped Hanson. "Our wives. Can't we try the wireless?"

"I've done that but could get no answer so I believe the enemy had cut down the wireless signal stations. Goodness listen to the roar of cannons. It is horrible."

"Oh I hope none is not killed," shrieked Jennie at this alarming news, and now her sisters broke into a fit of weeping.

"We simply got to find out about them somehow," said Hanson desperately. "Oh God I fear the worse has happened. How did you find out this horrible news?"

"A general with the fragment of his division of one million men just came from there," said Robert Vivian. "Jennie Wren - down out 1 largest and strongest city cannot get any communications with us and the region round here is a morgue of dead soldiers."

For an hour or more the two rulers tried most frantically to get either two cities or Jennie Wren on the phone, but in vain. Three minutes had only passed and though the little girls had come to their senses, they were sinking lower and lower, and the doctor having attended to them at this moment came to Robert Vivian, who was in distress and said:

"Your Majesty you have got to find out about your wife and that of Hanson's or your daughters will die of sorrow, as the shock is killing them. They are sinking lower and lower, and only good news can save them. We got to find out."

"But how can we?" gasped Hanson, turning suddenly upon him, while Robert Vivian remained silent. "All the wires are down, tracks are covered with debris, and Jennie Wren down on account of the battle is impossible to approach."

It was indeed a puzzling to them all.

"Your little girls ought to be taken to St. Ann's orphan asylum for better shelter until the conflict ceases," said the doctor at last. "But then it seems impossible as the wreckage is almost impassable. There is a doctor there who could fix the shattered knee of their little friend Jennie Van."

"We have got to then get them there somehow," said Robert Vivian. "I believe we could climb this wreckage, though it is slow work. We also have to get away from this ruined city to meet our forces coming from Dorothy Gale so that if they arrive we can lead them against Manley's rear. It is our only hope. They are to arrive this afternoon by six o'clock."

Poor little Jennie Van. How she did suffer from her shattered knee, when she was taken from the tangled wreckage. Her whole leg had been found covered with blood, and even her foot her pretty little foot had been found severely mangled. She indeed was a brave little girl but the pain had been intolerable, excruciating, and when she had been picked up she could not help giving a little scream.

"Oh please be careful, my leg is broken," she shrieked.

At this the man had lifted her as gently as possible and carried her to where she lay now. The surgeon had examined her mangled leg and had said it was a serious injury, but that the operation could not be performed without the help of two more doctors, and that if the operation was not performed within two hours amputation would be necessary to prevent death. He pitied her and as she was so unusually brave, he could not help loving her. He had made a full examination of her leg and foot and saw she was going to suffer indescribable pain unless the operation was performed right away. He turned to general Hanson.

"I hear you are a great doctor besides a general," he said. "If you can give me aid I can save her leg. It is probable the women had remained at Angelina Agathia's and are not killed and will be found before another day."

"All right," said Hanson as he threw off his uniform coat.

A sort of table was made out of the best of the wreckage and she was laid on this. The operation though started immediately lasted half an hour, and it was done without ether, and the child suffered horribly, but she tried to be brave and uttered not a sound during the whole operation. The leg was placed in a cast and finally attached. Angelina Turner though severely wounded did not need any operation, her eye having been dressed as soon as she had been brought in. After the operation Jennie Van did not suffer so bad as before, though every noise of any kind made her and her wince. Wounded men brought in from the wreckage was lying near her having his arm in a sling, and both his legs in a cast, and a bandage round his head.

"Pretty bad to have a broken leg oh!" he asked cheerfully. "But I'm in a worse fix than you are. Two crushed legs, a broken arm and a badly skinned forehead, besides a bullet wound. I was taken from the battle field yonder at the front of this city. I was an officer in the Abyssinikilim army. We Abyssinikilims will pay the debt back for this war day."

Hearing that three of his daughters had been found at Mac-Hollister Street and near Alice's Square, Robert Vivian and the others decided to proceed in that direction, and to return to the other points later. After fifteen minutes traversing the ruins of Alice Street hove into sight, and as they surveyed the miserable ruins, the Christian generals felt a great foreboding of evil. It was not worth while to explain how the ruins looked, but in graphic description I might as well say that all towns shaken down by modern or recent earthquakes, did not look as bad. The ruins were so fairly mashed in human bodies mostly dead soldiers, and men women and children that it was a sea of dead, and only partially one wall of a building reared itself above the dismal sea of bricks, boards, timbers, rubble, and sliced up corpses. Though this building was a quarter of a mile away, it could be plainly seen. The guards knowing who the generals were and the ruler also, permitted them to pass, little Aronburg following with awesome steps. As most of these ruins had been leveled as smooth as the slopy lay of ground itself, travel was not very difficult, but they had to watch their steps nevertheless, in case their feet would be caught between boards, or they would walk on the bodies. In about ten minutes Robert Vivian and the Christian generals, and little Aronburg, were as near as the single remaining wall, and here they met a group of men and so, soldiers.

"There are none of your daughters here as reported." But there is a little girl resembling her who is going to die, and you had better come quick if you want to see her before she goes." Said one of them.

In a few minutes the two generals and little Aronburg entered a tent, where three frightfully mangled figures lay on mattresses. One little girl resembled Catherine Vivian but was not quite so beautiful but she was already dead.

When Robert Vivian and the Christian generals with Aronburg reached the next hut, they went inside and saw a little child sitting up, then she lay still. The wounded child tried to rise, but the effort only brought excruciating pain, and sinking down her long golden curls she said rather painfully: "I'm going to die to day."

The same late afternoon while the Vivian girls had seen the hasty rescue of other poor victims, and while the rain of shells was still pouring, met Jack Evans suddenly, whose arm had received severe sprains, and now they were sitting near other poor children, who were suffering terribly. Violet and her sisters were doing their best to comfort these suffering victims, when a Christian general by the name of Russell came in:

"You are the Vivian girls, the Princess's of Abbeismmin?" He asked.

"Yes," answered Violet.

"I have sad news for you. You had two brothers did you not?"

"Yes," answered Violet growing pale. "Has anything happened to them?"

The general hesitated fearing that the news would hurt too much for them, but the little girls seemed to realize what the news was.

"They are killed!" They gasped.

"Not exactly killed," answered the soldier. "At near to it. They are dangerously wounded. Also Cannon, Jennings, and many others. We lost four hundred of our best generals. I was very loathe to tell you but it had better come from one, than from some other person. Baldwin is also severely wounded. All fell on that bloody battle field yonder."

Violet and her sisters burst into tears, for they were shocked at the news.

"Oh tell me they ain't dead," wailed Jennie. "Oh will I never see them again?"

"They are not dead yet," said the officer, and seeing the results of the rumor the men tried to console them. But he nor Evans could check their wild grief, their perfectly wild storm of grief, the news having literally broken their hearts. This indeed had been another blow to the little girls, who really and truly were in danger of being deprived of their two brothers, and then all their dearest friends, and it seemed as if it was more than they could stand, and yet they even had not seen or heard of anything of their father yet. But when their grief had been somewhat spent, the man showed them the bodies of some of the children who had died in the wreckage and sternly advised the girls to be avenged on the enemy.

The man could not bear the sights, and tears came to his eyes, as he had never seen such extremely beautiful children in distress like that before, and not being able to stand it he left the weeping girls to themselves. A few minutes later a nurse who attended to the other wounded children, found the poor little girls unconscious by the other children. She quickly had them carried to some of the mattresses, and sent another nurse to bring somebody. In a few minutes two other generals came, dashing up followed by crowds of men.

"The Vivian girls have swooned," cried one of the officers. "I'll go and fetch Hanson who is trying to locate his brother Robert Vivian and also sending men to help in the rescue."

Another nurse quickly appeared with an alarmed look on her face.

"The little girls have only fainted," said the nurse who first found them. "Gorror over the probable deaths of their brothers, and dearest friends have caused them to swoon. One of the men have gone to summon Hanson if they can find him."

The pale faced nurse bent over Violet, with a glass of water.

"I would do anything untill the great Christian general comes," warned the nurse seriously.

"We will try to dig this away," said one of the men. "I know how bad it is to be smothered, as I was once myself." At this moment almost a wagon load of rubble slid down burying the child deeper.

"Oh please don't let any more fall down," screamed the boy, as Baldwin seized him and pulled him away. "The child is dead."

The pleading look in his face could not be explained. Robert Vivian and his followers helped the men dig away the dirt, but more and more came down. Tears ran down the boys cheeks, and raising his hands he fell on his knees and begged the men to hurry and dig the suffocating child's head free. It was horrible to have known how the child suffered, but the men succeeded again however, and the child gasped for air. It seemed as if she could not regain her breath again and the look in her face told she was done for and she died before anything could be done.

From a dark and lonesome crib office in a pile of wreckage had been dragged a sad and forlorn child blinded for life. As soon as the child had been lifted up he threw himself down in front of Robert Vivian, and burying his hands in his face burst into a piteous fit of weeping. This sight made the great Christian generals feel as if they themselves were utterly forsaken and forlorn. Suddenly a gentle hand was laid on the boys head and Robert Vivian said in a most pitiful and kind voice full of emotion:

"Why little boy what is the matter. Are you hurt or are your parents killed?"

The little boy though he could not see, lifted his tear stained

face to him:

"Yes my dear friend, my father, mother and two brothers have been killed, and God seems to have forsaken me, and I'm blind. Oh why did the enemy kill my parents and brothers, and now I cannot see the beautiful blue sky, the flowers and sunshine any more. What will the angels say when they see me blind?"

"Beautiful blue sky, beautiful sunshine, and lovely beautiful flowers! Bah!" said Baldwin bitterly to himself. "It's a literal hell here, and it is better to be blind than to have to see all these frightful scenes, and I would rather have been blindfolded blindfold myself than be compelled to witness all this." And he looked grimly and fiercely toward the ridges of Lucille Pickens.

The boy James Aronburg, with tears in his eyes, and flowing down his own cheeks, placed his own arm round the weeping child, as he arose, and Robert Vivian said:

"I know that you said God seems to forsake you but it is not so and you must not say it. I also have probably lost my own brothers who were killed in this battle or wounded what ever they be, but it is not a sign God has forsaken me, and I know

it is hard to be blind but try to bear it, and if we can find a doctor of good quality he may be able to make you see again. And this all will be avenged." He added bitterly to himself, God if I could only get my hands on any of the Hanleys. I'd run them through a meat chopper.

"My dear friend who ever you are," the poor boy said. "I believe and I can feel that you may be right. I may be able to see but it is so hard to suffer." And the tears again filled the wistful eyes.

"Here let me carry you little boy," said Baldwin grasping him. "We will take you to a place where you will be taken good care of."

As he just touched him, he uttered an exclamation.

"No wonder he cannot stand, his ribs are broken," he cried.

The child had now lain quite and still. Baldwin bent over the boys form, and the others awaited his report with great anxiety. In a few minutes he arose and sadly shook his head and looked at the child rescuers.

"The boy will not live," he said hoarsely. "If he does it may be only a few minutes and not more."

casting a glance of overwhelming sorrow at the boys still form, James Aronburg wept on in a heart broken way. The poor child's frail little body had not been able to withstand the shock, and he was soon carried off by two men, having died in their arms. Robert Vivian now in the midst of a salvoes of shell explosions, continued on their way and even now were unsuccessful in finding the poor Vivian girls, and sad at heart gave up their search and retraced their steps to where they had left poor Angeline Turner.

In the meantime some of the desolate survivors were already harbored on top of the more flattened wreckage, in thousands of rude shelters which stretched for half a mile, mingled with the most remarkable chain of hospital tents ever produced, and all the while back and forth thousands had surged across the seas of wreckage stream heights, battling with the rubble like armies against armies, before the wounded could be rescued.

Nothing remained now of the Trocjan Lane ridge district to bring back the memory of its splendor three days before, and now could be seen in all the countries outside of Lucille Pickens rows upon rows of grave yards, twenty days after the battle, and newly formed cemeteries of the unknown dead. On account of the horrible scenes, no photographers were allowed to take pictures of the ruins resulted from the cyclone of shot and shell and explosives, and many of them who did slip into the hellstricken regions were arrested. The whole region of the Trocjan Lane ridge district was called later the Ridge of hell.

"The glandelinum," said one of the officers. "Do more damage than a Abbeismmin typhoon along the shore."



The worms had eaten into the skin of many of the injured children, and the way they pined to get to save them, was beyond description as they were also dying from the stench of the decaying bodies, and the great generals filled with greater horror yet were glad to get out of this region, which he discovered scores of men were setting on fire. The suffering of the injured was unbearable, so terribly that they could hardly breathe. One little girl's body was so badly mangled, that from her agonies she died pined. Another little girl with her baby brother several men were trying to rescue but in vain. One man would grab her by the bare arms, while another would try to pry loose the limbs, but with no success, and as they let go of her more timbers came down and killed her also. Many women and men were also taken from the wreckage only to die.

"Oh how could the enemy do all this?" cried little James Aronburg who had accompanied the generals. "Why can't somebody do it something?"

"All the men are trying to do something that is impossible," said the guide. "But they cannot be too hasty, as one false act would make the wreckage crush themselves as well as the victims to death. Very few can be saved here I'm sure and those very men are risking their lives."

"And see the awful look in the faces of many of the slain also the soldiers," said Robert Ivian.

The sight showed how many of them suffered. Many of the poor women and children still living in the town when the battle broke had died by the shells alone. But put fortunately the loss were the non-combatants. Many of the bodies of the officers and soldiers themselves were covered with bruises, cuts and swelling sores, and the suffering of the thousands of wounded already pulled free from the wreckage was terrible. One soldier already extracted from the wreckage with three little girls and four boys was teasing about in mortal agony the rescuers doing their best to relieve him, many of his wounds bleeding continually, and when one of them tried to stop the blood and succeeded, it only increased his agony. The sight of the men in indescribable suffering almost made Robert Ivian and the generals fall on their knees beside the wounded man who had fainted.

Robert Ivian placed his ear on the man's chest and his heart heard his heart still beating.

"He is still alive," whispered Robert Ivian. "But by the way he breathes I believe he is dying."

He died outright and with a moan that was heart rending. Everywhere among the wreckage could still be heard the most piteous screams, while scores of thousands of more badly torn and bleeding bodies, could be seen, the suffering among the injured being worse than you could even think. Also the terror among the injured was indescribable, and heart rending were their piteous screams and pleads. It was almost preternatural, and in reality, the agony of the wounded was so dreadful, that most of the victims made deafening screams, their suffering being so awful, that their wails were like those of lost souls. He looks in their faces only could tell how they suffered, and in their intolerable pain, many of the poor victims piteously begged their rescuers to kill them, and end their misery, and those that were extracted were a pitiful sight. Some children had large cuts on their bodies, and the bodies of men, women and children and the soldiers were mangled beyond description, horrible. Many other victims had died of suffocation in the debris, without being able to move hand or foot. Their intolerable suffering for air men may have been terrible. The children who had died in the rubble tried to breathe through the suffocating material but in vain, and after several minutes of intolerable agony and yearning for air, death came to their relief. Robert Ivian and the others reaching the last district nearest the summit, met a more piteous sight. One little girl suffering terribly begged them and the Christian generals to save her.

"Oh please get me out," she screamed. "The stones are going to crush my heart. Oh please, please, get me out."

"It would be a days work," said Baldwin sadly. "We can't do anything."

"Oh please get me out, please do," pleaded the poor child her face white from the pain, and tears streaming down her cheeks. "Oh please get me out," and the child cried and screamed as if she had lost heaven.

"Oh please can't you do something," pleaded the child as best as she could.

"This is too much for me to stand. Oh please do something."

Robert Ivian only shook his head. The poor child screamed and screamed.

"Oh please get me out. Oh have mercy on me, please, please, please, get me out."

"If we can do at least something to ease her suffering it would be best."

said Baldwin. Robert Ivian only shook his head again, knowing it was utterly hopeless. The child's torture was indeed unbearable, and she moaned and cried as if she wanted to flood all the rubble with her tears. At last tons of the wreckage and rubble above her, hit by a shell gave way with a roar, and the child was completely buried out of sight. Suffocation set in, and no doubt the poor child tried furiously to breathe through the rubble, but could not. In the meantime general Baldwin had managed to secure a good number of men who dug her head free, so she could breathe again, and my how she did gasp. Every moment she took in deep breaths. Baldwin and the others felt and over her plight, the little boy Aronburg observing with indescribable horror how the child suffered. As the men tried to dig her out more rubble came down again burying the child once more.

"Oh please don't let her smother," pleaded little Aronburg to the men. "He can't stand it. Have mercy on her please do."

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General Baldwin and Robert Ivian did their best to comfort him though they themselves felt sad and dreary when the little boy felt better he told them his name was James Aronburg. He beautiful face and body of the little boy looked all the more lovely despite the dried blood smeared on him, and yet plainly visible could be seen a black and blue mark on the front of his tender neck caused by the wreckage. Most of his pain suffering was from hunger and thirst. Many of the other victims were in danger of thirst, and Robert Ivian saw little Aronburg with his tongue almost sticking out and rushed him to a broken fountain, where the sparkling of water could be seen in the basin and good clear water too. Robert Ivian and the rest beside the guide, also took a good drink, and managed to secure some water in large tin cans which they intended to give to many of the other poor victims, feeling sorry indeed for the many non-combatants who were also killed, as the enemy had no mercy on any. Many of the victims were crying out for mercy, but in vain. As they now reached Evangeline Street they saw the wreckage was strewn with thousands upon thousands of horribly mangled bodies, soldiers and men and women and children combined, the sight filling the great generals and Robert Ivian with indescribable horror. The deafening screams, and pleads, and the horrible sufferings of the injured was yet more piteous to behold. As Baldwin was passing a regular hall of smoldering wreckage and mangled forms half churred in the wreckage, he was surprised to find a little injured lad pinning his frail arm tightly about his knee and cry his bitterly for he had been near the conflagration. He escaped only by a miracle. So this strong general battled with the cruel wreckage which defied him every way, despite the help of Robert Ivian and the others, and even the guide. They tried every way to extract the little lad but they may as well have tried to remove the bowels of the oth earth.

It was plain it would take over a days work to get him free, and before their sight he was slowly or sh crushed to death, the wreckage curish on with more and more pressure, until the child's abdomen burst open, and the intestines flowed out. A man was simultaneously seen trying to remove a child who was writing in indecipherable agony, and terror, but she slapped, bit and set scratched at him from sheer fright. It was awful to see such sights. To see so many go through such awful agony was an appalling sight. Another little boy it was seen lying limp on his front his mouth open and his tongue sticking out in a way that showed he had died for want of air. The stench of the slaughtered bodies was horrible and many bodies were even filled with maggots. Millions swarming upon the injured, who could not be reached. Many of the injured non-combatants having been almost stark naked, the very blasts of shells having almost stripped them off their clothes. Indeed to be eaten alive by these worms was appalling, and the generals and the ruler trembled at the sight. Loud and piteous cries and screams, were heard everywhere, many of the injured children whose arms were free trying to beat off those loathsome flesh eating worms. Though they smothered many of them with their hands, the victims were quickly covered.

It was useless for the injured to try to get rid of them, and many of the horrible worms swarmed into their nose and mouths.

"Could not some body fumigate this place it or something?" asked general Baldwin. "It is a horrible thing to be eaten alive by the worms. I myself would rather die any death than this."

"The ore rescuers are afraid to come in this region," said the guide. "And we ourselves cannot pass there as there is a regular sea of them further up. We will have to seek another way."

"Oh I don't want to die with these horrible worms," pleaded an innocent child, near by whose heart was beating loudly with fright and horror. "Oh, oh please do not leave me here. Let me live. Please do save me."

"Can't anything be done at all?" asked Baldwin. "Are these poor creatures really left to this cruel fate?"

"Oh please don't leave me," interrupted the little girl piteously, and with a wail. "I don't want to die or be eaten up alive by these horrible worms. And you oughtn't let me."

Baldwin and Robert Ivian themselves saw that rescue work was impossible, and at this moment the child struggles to get free brought down a pile of rubbish and she was killed instantly. At another point the Christian generals heard a shrill scream and it was so loud and piercing that it filled them all with increased horror. Robert Ivian and the others were startled still more by that horrible scream, which again burst forth, being heart rending. Again and again the screams were repeated, louder and louder, then followed by the sound of crashing timber and a thunderous crash. Robert Ivian and the rest climbed toward where the sound was but before they knew it something like and long shot down toward them landing squarely against Baldwin and sending him flat.

"It's a big piece of wood," said Robert Ivian as he and the guide rushed to B I Baldwin's assistance. "Somebody may have been caught in a wreckage slide."

It was true. A little girl and boy each about eight years old had already been pinioned by wreckage, but she had not made the screams, it had been from a high explosive falling through the air before landing in the wreckage piles beyond.

A big beam had fallen upon the child's body rendering her to death. The child had died when Robert Ivian and the rest reached her and so horror stricken were they that they left the spot at once.

Two other men were seen grabbing a child by the shoulders, while others tried to lift off the debris with crowbar and crowbars, and though she fairly prayed to them to rescue her it was also in vain. They dragged off beams and masses of debris or boards, and tried to lift her but at this moment more timbers would play a prank, and she would be wedged as tightly as ever. Her tender body was sliced frightfully, the blood flowing freely from the awful gashes, and she moaned and moaned, and screamed so severe was her agony. Robert Vivian and the others came forward to try at the task, but strong men as they were, they found it unavailing, and almost got caught in a wreckage slide. She was wedged in the wreckage by a long beam which weighed two hundred pounds.

"Oh please don't let me die," he pleaded. "I have prayed for you generals all the time. Oh please spare me. I don't want to die in such a way."

Robert Vivian shook his head sadly. The poor little girl resembled Eva St. Clare.

"Hang this dog gone wreckage," said Balw Baldwin. "She has to be freed somehow."

"I can't stand such misery," said one of the generals. "See over yonder is another little girl caught by the neck and thumbs and her body is slashed as by snakes. This poor child shared the same fate."

Near the child resembling Eva St. Clare lay a number of men. It was the most awful sight that the great Christian generals and their ruler had ever seen, and to think that this poor child resembling little Eva was among all this. Even beside her lay a little girl with all the soft parts of her muscles all sliced off, her toes cut off and also her hands and ears. One little girl had been found hanging by the neck from the limbs of a shattered tree, hanging limp, swinging slowly from side to side while her tongue was sticking out all the way.

Blood had run from her mouth, nose and ears, the crushing grip of the branch on her tender neck having almost severed her head from her body, and her rescue had been utterly impossible. Several men armed with carving knives now came toward her ready to cut her down as the branch was too strong to break despite her weight. The man with the largest carving knife climbed the tree, and struck at the dangling branch, but the swinging of the main branch caused by his movement and the force of the swing he had made made the branch act like a whip and it struck him and precipitated him sprawling among the wreckage below, injuring himself badly. Another man then climbed the tree, and in a moment managed to cut the branch in two, but the swaying of the tree precipitated both he, the branch and the tree and the child to the ground with a crash both falling into a puddle of mud which splashed in all directions.

It was indeed a horrible death the children in the bombarded city of Lucille. Gickson had come to. Another child also hanging by a series of branches had many cuts on all parts of her body. One child was also found lying on her front against the chest of a dead soldier, her neck being crushed between the walls of a wrecked building. No child could probably have been choked worse than she, and by the expression of her face, her suffering must have been unbearable.

And by the position of her body it could be seen that she had made a valiant struggle in trying to loosen that awful grip before death came down to her. The Christian generals with the Ruler, could not bear to see the sight of the child's awful strangulation, and her bulging eyes and protruding tongue. A score of men were working hard to pry her loose from the wall, but in vain, they had to cover her face with a piece of cloth. Another child pinned among the wreckage was found writhing in mortal agony. Several men were trying to remove him but their attempts brought down a sharp piece of wood which wedged into the middle of his body. The child could not be removed without ripping him open, though one of the men felt tempted to do it, to end the child's misery.

"Can't we let him lay in all this misery?" said the man.

"But we will kill him anyway if we do not remove that sharp plank," said another.

"We will have to remove him as it will any way end his misery."

"Oh please don't," pleaded the child in such a piteous way as to melt a heart of stone. "If you will kill me don't kill me in such a way." At this moment another big piece of timber gave way letting loose a perfect avalanche of rubble and debris and she was suddenly buried under it ten feet deep. Before she could be dug free it she had died of suffocation. Fortunately another child had been rescued by general Baldwin. Robert Vivian slapped the back of the child to cause him his recovery, for he was about to die. As the Ruler was doing his best to prevent the child from dying, Baldwin went toward a prostrated iron door where several men were dying, but could render no aid whatever. Under the urgent treatment the child soon recovered, and when he was able to rise they helped the poor child to his feet.

"How do you feel now?" asked the great general Jacob Baldwin.

"I was choked awful hard," moaned the little boy blind blinded by tears. "My throat feels as if it was between the timbers yet. It would have been better if I had went into the arms of Jesus. My mother and father are dead. Oh what would I give if they were still alive. I love you big men soldiers for saving me," and the poor little boy with a sad moan threw his arms round Baldwin's neck and wept bitterly, while being embraced at the same time. Baldwin wept also and placed his arms round the grateful little boy and thus they remained for some time, it, indeed being a piteous sight, and it brought tears to Robert Vivian's eyes. The little boy who had been ragged, had now or was suffering quite badly from cuts on his body, the pain of which made him cry all the more bitterly.

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Many of the soldiers were found to be fairly mangled, washed in blood, and as the rescuers attempted to lift the wounded, they screamed themselves to madness from the terrible agony, and then all of a sudden threw back their heads and died. Many others were screaming as loudly as they could as their sufferings were intolerable having been mangled more horribly than the others. Reaching St. Peters street Robert Vivian and the rest, observed a more harrowing sight, the wreckage being covered more thickly with the bloody bodies of the dead soldiers, the stench of the gore being terrible, and the great leader could hardly stand it at all. Every corpse seemed drenched in blood, and were a more sight than those seen before.

"Oh those poor little victims of the cruel glandolinian shells, will they never be seen again?" moaned Robert Vivian piteously. "Oh I would have sooner went with them, rather than observe this horrible sight. Oh what will happen to your parents and friends when if they are surviving, they find them in this condition. Oh Dear God I wish you had spared these poor little things from the cruel fury of the glandolinian shells at least, if not the soldiers. You Dear blessed Mother plead to Jesus Your son for our stricken nation, and to free the hundreds of thousands of injured still living, by rescue or a more less painful death. Oh I wish this battle had not come when my armies were so far away. Then I could have avorted this. Oh please Dear God deliver the nation from all this cruel suffering. Graciously hear me Dear Jesus, My friend who blessed little children, send mercy and end the misery of this nation. Amen."

The generals were indeed horrified at the scenes they witnessed.

"Oh this is awful ground," said general Baldwin. "Oh I wish the Eastern cities like Angolinda, Agathia and Dorothy Gale could and would send us rescue. For the enemy will win the battle before to night."

"No cities cannot do it," said the guide. "They are cut off from us by raging forest fires set by other Glandolinian armies to prevent it."

"Well the Glandolinians on Lucille picked a bad place to do short work of this city," said Baldwin bitterly, and with a shiver. "This night is awful."

Indeed the faces of all these Christian generals were white with horror. Not only soldiers were victims but children also. One other child who was being extracted from the wreckage about a shrill shriek mingled with the piercing screams of other children.

"Goodness gracious," Baldwin heard one of the rescuers say. "Fourteen children are among the wreckage with their organs still exposed and still alive."

At this the hearts of the king and the Christian general's beat fast and loud.

"Some of you men come over here and help me extract these opened bodies," they heard the man shout.

"Can't be done without killing them," another man said who advanced. "They are gone."

Several soldiers of the northward off the wreckage and seizing the frightfully mangled forms, lifted them up with the utmost care but the entire frontal parts of their bodies gave way the intestines falling to the ground, the deaths of these children being horrible. At this sight the rescuers almost reeled, and some vomited, and some of them turned and shook their fists in the direction of the ridges shouting:

"For all this Angolinda and Calverina will be avenged."

Everywhere could be heard wails and pleads, mingled with prayers.

One little boy stark naked lay on his front, and Baldwin and Vivian could see his tongue protruding, and blood coming from all parts of his body. The back and front of his neck was wedged between two beams his throat having been crushed under the pressure. The boy had suffered untold agony and by the position of his arms it could be seen he had done his best to get free of the beams, but his struggles had made them wedge all the tighter. His face was fairly purple and his body seemed to have gone through some meat chopper, and a further glance showed that some sharp instrument had been plunged into his abdomen, (probably the fragment of a shell) and forced down in such a way across his body lengthwise as to open it entirely, the intestines of the whole body having fallen out as the inside of his belly was completely empty. The body of a little girl near by was covered with the intestines of a dead dog lying on the wreckage near her. The heart of some dead soldier was also found crushed on her face, and some child's tongue was also found near her. No one could describe the horror of the ruler and general and now they saw a man trying to extract another child a little girl from a pile of bricks and mortar. She was a pretty little girl of eight years, and the man clutching her by the shoulders tried to pull her out.

After pulling most of the wreckage from her, the men tried again but in vain.

"I guess you are as good as dead," the Christian leaders heard one of the men say bitterly.

"I don't want to die," the frightened child screamed. "I won't die. Pull me out."

Robert Vivian knew that the man was right, for she would die before any one could succeed in rescuing her. As the men tried to pull again a large stone from the wreckage above fell down wedging the child's head against a narrow beam. The man tried to remove the stone but the little girl died of the choking she received before he could get any help from Baldwin.

Here the bodies of the dead soldiers lay as thick as straws at an it was.

"It was here on this ridge district yonder, that most of the dead were found." Said the guide. "As there the shellstorm did the most damage."

Robert Vivian and the others surveyed the wreckage and the horrible mangled bodies with their keen eyes noticing that not one building had any walls left intact, and Carries square was indeed a sight.

"How far is it to St Peters street proper?" Asked Robert Vivian as they halted. "This district is almost impassable."

"I know a way through," said a guide. "We will have to cross the main portion of the Trocien Lane ridge district first, which is a veritable sea of wreckage. That is the only way passable to St Peters street, and I hope you will be able to bear the sights you will witness. I don't believe you will."

"It is a long distance to St Peters street," said Robert Vivian bitterly. "I do not see why myself how the shell storm could have done it all this damage, and yet leave so many survivors."

After some time of struggling through the windrows windrows of wreckage, they reached the main part of the Trocien Lane ridge district, and here the scene was worse than on Carries Square. All that was left of the strongest buildings was only big windrows of tangled wreckage, furniture, plaster planks and bodies. Destruction had been completed here as there was not a single wall of any building standing, not nothing but a big intermingled sea of wreckage, unrecognizable and material of everything.

"At this point the way is impassable altogether," said the guide. "We will have to plow west for a quarter of a mile to a part where a slight clearing can be seen. What locality were your poor little girls caught in?"

"On the Trocien Lane districts," answered Robert Vivian. "Do you think we can possibly find them?"

"If they are still there," answered the guide. "We may be able to find them, but do you know that at this point immediately after the shell storm that this whole district had been pelted with the food products and utensils of every description."

"No indeed," said Robert Vivian.

"Well it did," exclaimed the guide. "It literally rained ham, eggs, boxes of raw tomatos, berries, milk cans loaded with milk, bottles, carrots, and vegetables of every description. This region was even pelted with wash tubs, dishes, furniture of all descriptions, clocks and house hold articles. Where it all came from no one knows but it had been a good supply to some of the injured rescued soon afterwards."

After ten minutes of ploughing through the tangled wreckage they soon reached a clearing where the ridge district was a little more passable. Here they started to ascend surveying the wreckage in every direction which was a most terrible sight ever revealed. Strange smells came from the wreckage, smoke from gore and other things. The guide exclaimed however the cause. Many bodies of little children and others uprooted from devastated graves had been rended to pieces by blasting shell explosions and hurled among or into the seething torrents of wreckage and with their intestines torn clean out of them had been buried so deep that they could not be reached, and that the bodies were probably decayed when in the graves. The stench also prevailed from the puddles of blood, and frightful sights of the bodies were exposed. One little girl was seen with broken skull, crushed body and dislocated arms and the look in the little girls face was awful. The body of a little boy was lying across a piece of timber with his body half open a regular bleeding corpse. Many other children both girls and boys were lying among the wreckage so badly mangled that they resembled the corpses of the murdered children at Calambrinia. One little girl was seen whose head and neck was crushed. Robert Vivian and the others were too horrified to say a word but they looked up upward toward heaven, and the guide saw their eyes overflowing with tears. One wounded soldier was overwhelmed with misery and terror, and as pleadingly as he could begged the rescuers to save him. The rescuers were trying to force their way to him with ugly looking knives, pick axes and crowbars being filled with determination, but their efforts were in vain. The wounded soldier was utterly helpless. It was sad and horrible. Many of the dead children had gasps and screams wrapped on them which they had borne to their graves with them. Every where could be heard the shrieks of the wounded crying for help, and if any of the rescuers had witnessed these sights, they would have left because they could not stand it. One little girl was lying across a beam with her head thrown far back. Her eyes were also bulging in a manner as if they were going to come out and her tongue was sticking out, her face being purple and ghastly in hue, and streams of blood came from her nose mouth and ears. A heavy block of stone was lying on her neck edge-wise and her protruding tongue was scratched and mangled.

The bodies of the dead almost sliced up bodies of the very soldiers had ran in streams mingling with the wreckage and the very ground was covered with the life blood of the men. Every where could be seen blood covered corpses. Robert Vivian with a pleading look said piteously:

"Oh God I don't see how the gin delinquents could have killed them in all such a horrible way. I can't bear the sight, and I feel like giving up the search and revenge this. I hope my daughters are not among the wreckage in the same condition."

"Yes they are all gone." He muttered with no change of countenance when co, r. colliding words were spoken to him. "But I'll find them. They are here somewhere. They must be God grant that they must."

At this time the bodies were found on I Olisious grounds. Calceon was first seen wandering aimlessly away across the fields of flattened wreckage in a delirium and saying to every one he met that they killed his wife and children, and that they must say up. He was finally found, and seized, and discovered to be insane over his loss. Robert Vivian and the rest now came upon the ruins of another large wooden mansion whose front part was also turned upside down and the rest in piles of splintered and tangled wreckage. Here they learned that the same concussion of the explosion had committed a number of freaks simultaneously. The building situated on Maple street belonged to Augustine Mic-Holleston one of the Angelinian detect a chiefs. Two members of this Mic-Holleston family had been hurled through a big front window when the blast and concussion wrecked their home, the front side of which had been turned upside down and one of the two landing in a scuffle on top of the ruins. Neither were hurt beyond minor scratches. Their father narrowly escaped with his life when the roof of the house was blown off, as flying bricks hit him making bad scalp wounds. Her mother who escaped unhurt by running out the front door of the house just as it collapsed, and being cut by flying glass, and her hands and arms being severely bruised in the numerous car wheel performances which she made in her wild flight amid the sudden secondary storm of seething wreckage. An aunt of the two little girls had been wedged tightly between two fallen trees so tightly that men and carpenters had to clear away the debris, and chop away tangled wreckage, cut away the remaining branches and saw the trunk in two to liberate her. She was unhurt however except for a bruised leg and arm.

Another peculiar incident of the same ho use was that of a wooden box containing a delicate crucifix. The box was broken to bits, but the crucifix which would not survive the slightest bump was unharmed uninjured. The box was under the bed of one of the little girls rooms and the cross was lying on an opposite side of the room.

The biggest grain elevator in the Angelinian world at Mic-Whirther and Lucille's pickson half a block away from the railroad station had been blown entirely away. The great grain elevator had stood two hundred and eighty feet high and was seven blocks long. This building being in the path of the main, glandelinian batteries on Lucille's pickson ridge, had escaped the main bombardment but had been swept away by the gigantic explosion. Machinery of all kinds and hundreds of tons of grain had been scattered about adjacent territory. Near this building twenty hundred soldiers had been killed by the shell blast itself, and three thousand more injured fatally. This was the greatest freaks known which no doubt showed the mighty power of the glandelinian high explosive shells. Only one shell of this kind had done all this, to the railroad station and blocks of buildings and other places already mentioned. All the grain elevators in the whole city had been destroyed by shellfire. Some of the grain elevators had stood near the Trocien Lane ridge district, and most of them had been reduced to heaps of tangled wreckage. Railroad trains, freight trains and passenger alike torn up bodily from their sidings or the main road and hurled in all directions by this mighty explosion were seen in various stages of total demolition in every section of the vicinity of the city. The railroad loss formed a large part of the property damages. One long train of eleven coaches held belonging to the Mic-Holleston had been raised from the tracks at Thirty eight and Center streets by the concussion and hurled straight into the street below, the engine being thrown across the railroad tracks on the opposite side of Mic-Holleston avenue, and the whole train with its toll of frightfully mangled human beings, was almost buried in the wreckage of the houses shaken down by the concussion near by.

Another wrecked train was seen on set Peters street twenty blocks from the scene of the explosion crushed upside down against a granite wall of a large cemetery. Many were killed or badly injured on this train. Hundreds of freight cars had been piled up like old junk and thousands of the most handsome railroad coaches had been scattered all about the railroad yards near the depot. And a train had been wrecked a few blocks away from where the Vivian girls had seen their three friends rescued. Of the numerous freaks of this explosion one of about the church of the Blessed Margert Mary was considered the most marvelous. It had an altar, a most magnificent one costing about five hundred thousand dollars in material and erection, and standing about two hundred and fifty feet high. This immense church at a standing between the vicinity of the same streets had been fairly reduced to heap of ruins by the concussion and all the scenes of desolate wreckage all round it. The shellblast had also acted strangely as a thief for the contents of the Tabernacle was missing. Another freak in the same vicinity, had occurred in an immense lumber yard two three blocks away from the railroad station, south. This lumber yards being several acres wide was covered with the wreckage of several hundred other houses, and a search for the lumber had been made, but not a trace of it could be found. Some shell blasts had probably blown all the lumber to nothing, and other shells or probably the blast of the gigantic explosion had scattered the wreckage of the railroad station and other houses into the yards to replace the lumber. In this lumber yard was found also the bodies of dead soldiers so closely packed that it was estimated that thousands of dead bodies had been hurled into the lumber yard with the wreckage.

It was reported that the explosion was heard in all its reverberating crash for one hundred and fifty miles and made a perfect eruption of smoke and debris where it had burst sending the column of smoke nearly three thousand feet into the air. The concussion of the explosion hurled down buildings in the vicinity for six blocks distant. Shrieks, and cries and groans came from every direction along this site. From the many wounded that had been resulted from this blast, but rescue work was impossible and it was believed that hysterical men and officers were responsible for much of this awful clamor and seemed unable to tell, what they wished done or to express the greatest desire for aid. The north and west side stations of the Evangeline St. Clara railroad and a large switch, a shanty thirteen blocks distant from the scene of the blast which had been only slightly damaged were turned into emergency relief stations, and were crowded with the injured brought to them. The doctor applied such first aid as he could supply, and an effort was made to secure a relief train from the railroad, but the fact that the entire line had been temporarily crippled, and disabled made this impossible.

Zimmerman Hanson a round house keeper living at Carries square was killed in the wreck of the round house which had been leveled by the concussion and the bodies of many other men were found in the ruins among the damaged engines. Jennie Hellerson the daughter of the killed round house keeper a six year old girl was fatally hurt, while her one months old baby brother, and another sister were taken from the mass of splinters and wreckage unhurt, her father having died of his wounds, before the rescuers could reach her. And this round house was seven blocks from the scene of the eruptive explosion.

Advancing onward Rover Robert Vivian and his followers came upon the ruined walls of a giant prison which by the same concussion had been shattered into grotesque ruins. Here they found an oil engine and tender which had been driven foremost into the walls and where lay the oil engineer who had been killed by the explosion of the boiler. Inquiring about his friend, they learned it had been a long excursion train belonging to the Evangeline and St. Clara railroad, and which being in the same station had been blown off the tracks, landing exactly on the spot and badly damaged. When the fireman saw the huge screaming projectile coming he jumped and ran but the engineer tried to escape the shell by running the train into a cut across the Mic-Hollester and Pandora railroad track. The cars by the terrific concussion of the blast and by the force of the blast itself, were literally torn loose from their couplings and blown tracks and all down into the streets below where they were found badly damaged, but all the passengers, two conductors, all soldiers, and only one child passenger a boy had only been painfully but not seriously hurt by flying glass and splinters or shocked by the frightful crash of the explosion. Charles Orlington 14,699 Carries square was directing the soldiers in the defense of a large wooden orphan asylum when the building suddenly went to pieces about their ears amid a sudden ear splitting uproar and deafening volume of sound. Though no one was killed there, were all taken from the wreckage badly bruised and severely injured many with broken arms or legs. Robert Vivian and the others examined this building which lay as flat as a postage stamp and finding the cause said: "The concussion of the explosion also did this, and it is a marvel that the wreckage did not kill no one."

Robert Myers big mission standing near the army asylum which he really superintended over, had been skinned in front by the same blast which wrecked the asylum by the concussion, and although the walls were left standing the interior from the shock of the concussion had been reduced into ram shackle ruins, and bodies lay among the ruins like pepper spots. At the explosion the shock had caused the interior to cave in, burying the soldiers under great masses of wreckage and rubble. No children were killed however at this spot and neither was the owner though he had been in the place when the explosion at the railroad depot occurred. Over five hundred soldiers were taken from the wreckage of the mission without even a scratch. Robert Vivian came now upon a burning scene with the ruins of a dozen houses burning within fifty feet of the wreckage under which she was imprisoned close to the scene of the blast, a little girl screamed in agony, while tons of timber and cement and bricks were hauled away and wrenched away by hundreds of men rescuers in the frantic efforts of half crazed men and soldiers who toiled with what tools they could, finding in vain their efforts to save the life of the poor child, but by the time Robert Vivian reached the scene, she was removed from the wreckage unconscious, and death came within a few minutes.

Grieved by the loss of his regiment an who perished in the same region Colonel John Malcolm an army traction officer who claimed the Treckan Lane ridge district as his own dwelling point before the storm of shells annihilated it completely disappeared in a fit of insanity, when the house he and his regiment took refuge in was hurled into the sky into splintered wreckage and scattered to the four winds by the recent explosion near the station, the horrible crushed bodies of his men were thrown nearly a thousand yards, and were later found in a group in the devastated grounds of August Olafson. There was not a unbroken bone in any of the bodies. Even his own children were among them and his wife also. That of Catherine his little girl was pinned to the earth by a beam of iron which had passed through her chest slantwise, and out of the back of her neck and shoulder blades. Robert Vivian hearing this scene of tragedy found Mr. Malcolm prodding about in the ruins with a stick.

A soldier whose pretty little girl whose name was Jane, played with him as a child with him life, when the storm of shells burst upon his district, but was taken from the wreckage with a leg so badly crushed that amputation was thought necessary. When one of those terrible shells struck the house, he with the little girl was on his way down stairs, his leg being pinned between a heavy timber and the foundation stone. Robert Vivian and several others had to saw away timber, and haul away tons of debris, and knock out brick and stone of the foundation before they could release him. He was the only survivor beside the child over one else in the place having been killed. All buildings closely adjoining each other in this district were in waste, and all that was left was great heaps of brick and stone. Robert and the rest now arrived at St. Catherine Cemetery where many children who had died on account of the horrors of the war had been buried. This cemetery was swept clean by the storm of shell fire being fairly bared of everything it had.

It had been predicted that the shells had struck only a corner of St. Anne's Cemetery adjoining it further down, but it was discovered that both cemeteries where three thousand children had been buried had been ravaged, being cleaned out of every body, tree and tombstone. Graters were seen in the ground one nearly half a mile wide and three hundred feet deep. A little child's grave had been decorated with flowers by the explosion of a shell, and Robert Vivian believed that at the break may have been done by one of the shells razing a Conservatory near by, but on investigating no flower house could be seen, and so where these flowers came from was a mystery indeed. Every fragrant blossom had been thrown on the grave like various colored snowdrifts. In the Tribunal building a little child's tombstone had been found half buried by Robert Vivian and the rest, who happened to go and visit it indeed.

"The shell which did this must have had great strength and violence in its explosion, to throw this tombstone all this distance." Said Robert Vivian. "I believe that it weighs forty tons as you see it is immense in size, and the inscription on it says that it is worth about thirty three thousand dollars. That cemetery this damage may have come from it don't say. A park part is broken off. This is strange indeed."

Watching Bernard and Treckan upon a Robert Vivian saw a large piece of a great smoke stack standing upside down with piles of machinery on top of it and undamaged. This was a remarkable freak indeed, but there were others that far surpassed this. On Camillias street Robert Vivian saw three houses on top of one another in various degrees of ruins as if they had telescoped each other. Another house torn almost in two was on top of an unscathed tree, with all the rooms and utensils exposed to view, and several men were taken taking three men out of unharmed. This indeed was a strange freak.

Two other soldiers were seen hanging on the leafless branch of a tall tree, and several soldiers were trying to get them down, but in vain as the branches held them fast. In the same street Robert Vivian was examining the ruins of a great power works, when to his evident surprise he saw inside a large merry go round three hundred feet in circumference standing upright in the position of a wheel on a track and unharmed, while lying across on top, was the fly wheel of some large factory engine. How some great explosion accomplished this freak no one with Robert Vivian could ascertain, as the roof and walls of the building on the sight where the wheel stood had held firm, and even where the Merry Go round came from was a more baffling mystery, as no pleasure parks were within sight of this vicinity and none was ever known to be in the city itself.

In this vicinity of freaks the loss of life had been more terrible. Not far from that power house ten thousand had been killed, and sixty five thousand six hundred and forty two had been so badly injured that they would never survive. It seemed impossible that any one went through all this alive, the death list was appalling. Robert Vivian noticed that the rear end of St. Michaels Convent in Logans street, where every building had been mowed down like grass, was turned upside down like Aramburgs School. Every building had been blown out. All the floors were crushed to kindling, furniture shattered to fragments, and three quarters of the soldiers seeking refuge here, killed or injured. Near here was another railroad yard belonging to the Mic-Hollester, Pondo Bowditch and Calverton railroad. Hundreds upon hundreds of long freight cars had been blown away, or whirled down it the tracks, or shattered into kindling wood.

On Mic-Widthers street and Lucille Jackson Avenue were the ruins of an immense railroad depot turned bottom upward was found a conical but tremendous freak of the shell storm. Near here had stood a large church and which was fronted with a statue of Satan tempting Jesus. A large dome of some ruined church had been blown on top of the head of Satans image in the manner of a large bowl shaped bonnet with the spire still attaining to it. One of another freak of the same shell storm was found in connecting with a train of the same yards, but crossing north Carries square which had been wiped out by the battle and shell storm. The train of the Mic-Hollester and Pandora was about to pull out of the station, when a great giant high explosive weighing probably ten thousand pounds fell beside the station, and the structure an immense five story building of brick and concrete was torn from its foundation by the mighty eruption and thrown bottom upward or bottom side up one hundred yards from Mic-Widthers street a half a block from its site. The whole train stood unharmed on the ceiling of the structure, which was shorn of walls and floor in transit, only the concrete beams and pillars remaining. Everyone in the train was killed.



The great Convent of St Mary was horribly damaged by the furious earthquake of the explosion of a mine and shellfire also. Five entire sections of the beautiful building had been razed, and it was possible to see through the interior of the structure from the railroad yards. A chilling number of dead soldiers had been found in the ruins of all the houses a mere later on, but no one was found in the convent. The scenes of misery and horror that Robert Vivian witnessed on the Trechan Lane ridge district exceeded all description, nothing being heard but the sighs, groans, shrieks, moans of the maimed. Thousands who survived the fatal scenes, bewailed the deaths of their best friends and no one could hardly take a step without treading on the dead and mangled bodies and even intestines. On the railroad coaches yards, coaches with their soldier passengers and conductors almost buried in the wreckage of other houses were crushed in pieces. Hundreds of officers were seen among the mangled soldiers with their backs tight and ribs broken. Five colonels were seen with vast blocks of building stone on their breasts and in the same condition, while hundreds of frightfully injured soldiers lay almost buried in tons of debris and crying out in vain for succor, and who had perished in the conflagration before aid came. As Robert Vivian and the rest knew in the addition to the horrors caused by the shell fire, the devoted survivors had been exposed to the ravages of general and terrible fires, which had broken out in places an hour after the disaster, and one third of the Trechan Lane district was still in a blaze which made the scene so fearful, that hell with its sea of fire seemed to have broken loose. The whole city had broken into fire at in hundreds of different places at once. Though it was on fire in a hundred different places at once, the conflagrations burned slow, on account of the thickness of the rubble and mortar debris, and if it had not been for this the fire would have consumed the whole city before any of the living still under the wreckage could have been rescued. The fire had after two days following the battle consumed everything the shellfire had spared, the city for those two following nights appearing in a blaze so bright that any one could read by the glow.

Thousands of those who had survived the great disaster stood by looking on with silent grief which was only interrupted by the shrieks and wails of the injured soldiers calling on the Saints and angels for succor when over the distant battle increased its roar and shaking the ground which was so do not continue and indeed I may say ever since that of the squall of shells did not cease for a quarter of an hour could not be perfectly described. Every wooden house was scattered and destroyed and smashed as flat as a postage stamp, and many injured lay completely buried in the windrows of wreckage crying out piteously but in vain for help, and where over the injured could be found nothing could be heard but the sighs, groans, whimpers and lamentations and wailing. Major General Hamilton Aronburg of Angelina Agatha held mobilization camps was writing a command to Major General Bluntish when he was interrupted by a swiftly gathering prolonged roar and hearing the thundering roar of shells and feeling the ground shaking like an earthquake made a dash for the lower story cellar calling to his wife and children to follow. Suddenly there was a deafening roar that almost blinded him and his whole three story wooden house in St Peters street became a molten mass of timbers and debris and floors that scattered seemingly in a hundred directions at once by a series of shell explosions. A million millions of demons seemed to be shrieking roaring, and howling, above him, while showers of timbers fell all about where he crouched, the whole building having been blown away above his head in a few minutes time, and scattered in all directions. Then all of a sudden amid all this terrible tumult, he saw a bed with a shrieking man in it come flying through the air making many gaps and some scowls, dumping the shrieking man out. It landed in the cellar with a crash and rending of timbers right in front of him. He did not know what to make of it, his narrow escape, his wife and children had been buried in the wreckage of another building, but suffered only slight injury. Robert Vivian and the others examined the cellar well, saw the broken bed and a dead man lying in the wreckage above the cellar. He declared this to be a freak of the shell explosions and a most peculiar one at that.

After this they went to Ophelin parks not far away, which was also shattered or shelled. Here they saw thousands of trees which must have been snapped like stems or uprooted, as there were only holes and stumps to mark their places, and all the trees not blown topless had been laid flat like grass, and stripped of all their verdure. Hundreds of thousands of trees, big hemlocks, pines, and others oaks of all kinds had been pulled from the ground by shells, and swirled into the air like bullets or sky rockets.

Near this park and elsewhere many more trees had been ruined and in some cases trees acted like battering rams, against the houses, the missiles of a terrible invader. Hundreds of big buildings consisting of fire proof structures, being smashed as flat as postage stamps, the loss of life being terrible. Everywhere windows of timbers, bricks and mortars, ten or thirty feet deep, with here and there thousands of buildings, big and small totally wrecked and sprang all away. The shells had poured as if the windows of heaven had opened and let loose its fiery storm, and terrific indeed had been the crashing roar of the salvos of explosions.

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In every story not razed where the walls had been skinned off, all the rooms with its beds and mangled bodies had been exposed to view. All the wooden houses round these buildings were piled upon piles of kindling, and thousands of soldiers fairly stripped to pieces were exposed among this wreckage. All these unfortunate soldiers had been buried under tons of debris and had been so horribly crushed, that they came apart, intestines and all, when extracted from the ruins. Before Robert Vivian and the rest, an awe inspiring conglomeration of wreckage was exposed in the whole of St Catherine's street, every building being crushed, whole blocks of buildings on St Ann's avenue which crossed St Catherine's street at the base were also in total ruin. The twelve room houses on Aronburg's V Boulevard with walls fourty inches thick, had been swept clean off their foundations, and dumped into tangled ruins. The ruins of St Joseph's hospital was remarkable. The entire roof had been blown off, and lay in wreckage two hundred yards away. All the windows on every side had been shattered as if with cannon fire.

All the walls were badly shaken, and great parts of them torn away, and great heaps of ruins dumped alongside. Conception Avenue which could easily been seen where Robert Vivian and the others stood, and which also ascended the Trechan Lane ridge district was in a horrible appearance of ruin and desolation. Three thousand dead soldiers had already been extracted from the wreckage, every house on both sides of the street, no matter what size, having been torn down to their foundations. One whole business block near by had been leveled to the ground in wreckage strewn as flat as a postage stamp. Windrows of wreckage seven or eight feet high, packed the beautiful graceful winding driveway surmounting the ridge districts and on these drive every tree had been broken off short, or uprooted by a storm of shell explosions. Mrs Catherine's four story mansion had also sustained the full fury of the shellstorm and wrecked beyond redemption.

As it was the explosions of the gigantic missiles made it swamy as it was, turn turtle onto the roof of a factory, which adjoined it, both crushing each other, these ruins being covered with great heaps of wreckage. In these Boulevard heavy heavier loss of life had occurred. St Catherine's Convent on Carriou Street was razed into ruins as if it had been torn to pieces by Nitro Glycerine. Every one of the soldiers had been killed in this beautiful building, and from the wreck strewn streets in every direction Robert Vivian and the others could see through it easily. This building was surrounded by debris three stories high, while the bodies of privates and officers alike lay among the tangled wreckage.

As Robert Vivian and the rest reached forty seventh street they saw from the point where they halted to where as far as eye could reach, thousands of buildings closely adjoining each other in completely waste. Heaps upon heaps of wreckage, broken windrows of debris, and thousands of soldiers being torn by shells until their intestines were exposed were only left to mark the site of these places. Ten thousand were killed here, nearest to the spectators, and three hundred and fifty of them were officers. The whole business and residence districts or the whole region for six mil three miles had been fairly blown to pieces or scattered to the four winds, and into a leveled sea of wreckage, by the thousands of shells. On Vivian street, which crossed Cal Canton street, there had stood thirty five six story buildings, being factories & Catholic Goods, and badly damaged were these handsome buildings that they resembled lumber dom shanties of or run down ruins of barns. Fifty five thousand bodies were found among these bodies. Every building in this street also sustained the shell fire, and so terribly mowed down were they that it seemed as if invisible mountains had fallen upon them. Here twenty nine thousand and fifty five soldiers were found dead here.

St Ann's school house was leveled to the ground, and Aronburg's great University known as St Maria which was a seven story brick structure, and five hundred feet long was in remarkable but in the most terrible ruins. At the outbreak of the shell storm two soldiers were thrown through the windows by the concussion of a shell among the terrified inmates, but escaped minor scratches, though every one else perished. The building looked as if it had been shattered by millions of cannon balls, and all the floors being crushed into kindling wood, and all the soldiers buried beneath tons of wreckage. Five generals were killed however, the most being beheading in the portions torn loose.

The front end of the building by the same shell had been turned upside down and practically smashed out of shape, and nine hundred and fifty nine soldiers were dug out of these ruins later, and not a one was found who did not have crushed heads, smashed arms, or legs. Every one even had their very insides torn out of them, and some had their legs so badly lacerated and also their necks that their interiors were exposed also. All the interior of the building was in indescribable wreckage. In the railroad yards of Lucille picked at the eastern base of the Trechan Lane ridge district one thousand freight cars had been whirled about the yards by the concussion of explosions and then shattered into kindling by shells that exploded among them.

On either side of the railroad yards Robert Vivian saw that big five story houses were cut in by immense pieces, with beds exposed in the upper stories and many tons of wreckage dumped into the streets. Not a building on either side of the railroad yards was left intact, whole blocks of buildings on Rose and Ophelin streets being razed by the explosions, and one great house had been turned turtle on the roof of a half shattered house adjoining it to the east.

Canton Street, crossing the middle of the Trocien Lane ridge district was full of wrecked houses, in various degrees of ruin. St Cecilia's school was in total ruin, all the roofs were off, walls almost down, and floors crushed and sagging. As Robert Vivian and the rest learned, ninety two soldiers, and two officers were still found alive, and one thousand two hundred others, were found dead or injured about the wreckage. The wreckage along this street was terrible indeed. St Cecilia's Cathedral was a mass of terrible ruins. No one who defended it in this building against the rebels remained alive, though the loss was not yet known. One thousand wooden houses were also found in piles of various ruins and degrees of tangled wreckage. Hundreds upon hundreds of telephone poles lay across this street also.

At the base of the Trocien Lane ridge, 1st district, at St Peters Street, Robert Vivian and the others noticed that St Catherine's Cathedral was in remarkable ruins. At the sudden outbreak of this thundering shell storm, this great Holy building whose spires stood two hundred and sixty five feet high, had been torn clean from its foundation by the concussion, and its pushed several blocks against a badly massed windrow of wreckage and left standing in a position like the rakish debauchee of a new hat on the head of a drunken man. Every window in the big church was shattered by the cannon fire, the whole roof had been torn away by shells, and the walls were shattered in all shapes of ruins and sagging threateningly. The inside of the Cathedral was a sight, the whole roof having been torn away the interior being filled thirty feet deep with timbers and debris.

The loss of life had been heavy as one thousand soldiers had been killed in the Cathedral. A great number of killed and injured were soldiers. Robert Vivian and the rest advanced to St Catherine's Street, at the base of the Trocien Lane ridge district where they discovered a most horrible sight. There had been left standing on the siding, of the Edinell and Pandora crossing, a long string of freight cars, some being box cars, and others flat cars, loaded with lumber and iron. The rest were coal and furniture cars. On the slopes to the north stood one hundred and sixty four, five story frame and brick structures, shells and solid shot sweeping down these slopes shattered these houses into complete wreckage and on crushed them with great violence against the cars which were derailed, and pushed across every track upon the main line. Every soldier had perished in these houses, hundreds being killed by shells and the wreckage, and thousands by fire, and long streams of fire had been started by the shells, and the fire lighting the wooden cars made a fantastic sight, like some great decorated five corner something. On one side of the iron coal cars not ignited about several yards away, Robert Vivian and the rest could see torn and lacerated bodies of soldiers and officers, many of these bodies being mangled and covered with gore, the sight of these corpses being too horrible to describe, and Robert Vivian was sick at heart.

One soldier was found reclining against the trucks of a flat car loaded with limestone about naked, the sight of his condition being piteous indeed. His arms were half off, and were lacerated beyond description and so were his legs, which were half covered with broken laths, from a wrecked wooden building. His chest and abdomen was lacerated and opened wide and blood had gushed in streams from the whole body, his head being twisted side ways, with a big lath through her skull. His tongue protruding, and all his intestines had entirely disappeared.

Before the fires had started every house held art articles had been exposed to view. In the limestone cars which the men reclined against a two by four piece of board had been driven, and one big splinter torn from the side of a house had been forced into the side of a steel coal car so tightly that it was impossible for Robert Vivian as strong as he was, to remove it.

Hundreds of great buildings and residences on both sides of St Catherine's street, had been leveled or razed as if with three thousand sticks of dynamite. All the floors were merely kindling, the roofs had been entirely torn away, and not a window pane was remaining. Thousands upon thousands of dead were being dug out of these ruins, and the dead lacerated bodies of the soldiers made a piteous sight at the same time terrifying sight. All the soldiers who survived the tremendous disaster lamented the deaths of their comrades, sorrow and weeping being everywhere. A and sight was presented on Canton St a Street which ascended the Trocien Lane ridge district. Every single house was in various degrees of ruin but beyond redemption. Every street in that district was impassable with the windrows of wreckage, where dead soldiers were found by scores of thousands. The ruins of St Anne School was a sight, the building a four story one, being in total ruins. All the school houses were exposed to view but in redemptionless ruins, and twenty two thousand crushed and mangled bodies of soldiers and even officers by scores were seen in these ruins, being so badly mangled that they were unrecognizable, and two hundred of them were found in crushed heaps.

The Sacred Heart Convent one of the strongest buildings in Lucille's Lucille's parish was totally destroyed by one explosion, having been leveled to its foundation into an immense mound of bricks, mortar, rubble and timbers. This explosion had the force of a volcanic eruption. A ruined building near it probably an outhouse was found in the same position at St Catherine's Cathedral but the ravages were more severe. The roof of St-Holles School was all in total ruins, being torn to shreds, and the building had in many parts been razed to its foundation. All the windows were out, some of the walls crushed in and the rest displaced of another school, and the building was surrounded by hundreds of tons of debris.

This officer had taken refuge in the cellar under a house where his men had used to defend themselves against the rebels the building being blown away by a high explosive, and heavy carriage nearly five thousand yards away was hurled through the air by an eruption of an explosion, landing a second later in the cellar within a few feet of the corner where the man was crouching for protection. Robert Vivian and the officers passed on, soon reaching a more dismal scene. Hundreds upon hundreds of telephone poles lay across Gertrude's Street and perfect networks of tangled wires made rescue work in impossible. Every eye before their eyes all the way down the full length of Gertrude Street on both sides house after house had been perfectly razed by shell fire, and bursting into flames there stood to become a general conflagration. The streets in places had perfect shell craters seven hundred yds wide and two hundred feet deep. Reaching the southwestern base of the Trocien Lane ridge district, Robert Vivian and the rest, saw the pitiful sights of the Lucille's Jackson Tribunal in St Peters Street. It was all in ruins, and beyond redemption having been shattered to fragments, and the debris scattered. The great great leader also learned that in the Tribunal building sixteen generals governing the mobilization camps at Ome town were killed, twenty three other generals fatally wounded, and two others hurt. The main Tribunal had escaped with his life and unhurt, but was without shelter. Many of the wooden houses near by by the force of the great shell explosions had been scattered in many directions, and smashed, and shattered into no more boards. Here in this region Robert Vivian learned that great loss of life occurred. In this vicinity of the Tribunal hundreds of strong walled houses, defended by scores of thousands of soldiers had been by the series of explosions hurled completely into tangled heaps of ruins onto the pavements and into the streets, making them completely impassable. The streets were also strewn with shattered trees and resembled also a sea of spider webs above the wreckage, so thick was the broken branches and tangled telephone and other wires. The Tribunal as I said it before, had been blown to fragments by the shell fire, and near by many wooden houses had been hurled up and scattered about a distant territory, smashed and splintered by the great explosions. The street where the Tribunal building stood was also impassable for whole brick stories four stories high had been thrown into tangled windrows of wreckage onto the pavements, while great trees lay across the streets, and wreckage of all sorts made a complete barrier, that prevented the passage of any vehicles and even made the progress of His Majesty Robert Vivian and his followers quite dangerous.

Around the Tribunal building there were three score of five story houses, with walls five feet thick, whose ruins were so complete and the debris so heterogeneously mixed, that it was actually impossible for the great leader to determine, just where any of these structures had lately stood. Among the wreckage of these buildings thousands of mangled bodies of the soldiers killed, were exposed. An electric railroad engine had been blown over on its side and lay jammed against the stone wall of the Tribunal building, part of the wall itself being riven, and the main street itself was seen two blocks away from the Tribunal yards which indeed gave evidence of the extraordinary power of the violence of so many high explosives and gang-gang-shells. St Peters church itself was in flattened ruins, and the loss of life here exceeded sixteen hundred or more.

Robert Vivian and the rest could also see in the distance the ruins of twenty big school houses, which were badly damaged, every one having their upper parts upper parts cut off, and the remainder in crushed ramshackle ruins. Robert Vivian learned that twenty thousand mangled and bleeding bodies were exposed in the midst of this wreckage. Three other school houses within plain sight were seen to be badly shattered with their roofs blown off, two of others having their walls blown away exposing the interior, and the roof of the annex carried away.

St Patrick's Five Story five story school house with twenty seven big rooms, was completely destroyed, and the big house with all its neighboring houses of frame and brick lay as flat as a postage stamp.

A certain general of the ninth corps experienced a harrowing time during the storm of shells. He saved his hundred of his men out of ten thousand which defended one of the wrecked schools from injury by throwing them to the floor and hurling mattresses and other material over them, which he had quickly secured. He also saved his own brother. His face was cut open by flying glass, and his head was severely bruised by flying bricks and timbers. He was a Robert Vivian heard taken from the wreckage three hours later, and the soldiers he had saved were the only ones not injured. Fifteen hundred others were found frightfully mangled.

In the other school houses. The destruction of another big school house, had been so complete as told by survivors that the checkers never found the remains. He said the other windrows of wreckage, when making up the list of demolished houses.

Near the vicinity of these ruined school houses a soldier and two of his comrades running to a cellar for safety, had reached it too late and were sent rolling two blocks by the concussion of an eruption of explosions and forced to make acrobatic and leap frog stunts over each other, and sent spinning heels over head like cartwheels by the concussion before being dashed on their faces.

However strange to say they escaped without injury, though they were as shaken up quite a bit. This occurred on St Mary's street, where Robert Vivian and the rest were standing, and where hundreds of great resident and public buildings had been cut so cleanly in two by secondary shells that a mathematician might apply the calipers in alighting the exact razor edge of the cutting shell. Bunts of the high explosives.

All the soldier passengers brought to attention by the strange and terrible thundering roar and from the sudden gathering of smoke on the summit of these beautiful hills observed the same sight, and believed also that the hills were becoming volcanoes in eruption.

"Stop the train, or we'll be killed," some one shouted.

Every one on the train also suddenly observing a long surge of gray coats approaching the city, and perfect eruptions of smoke coming from every window and house top, and seeing so many graycoats falling down, were apprehensive, and many being terrified and excited began to yell, and make a rush for the exits, but now seemingly our a titting thunder rolls loud enough to seem to split the earth, sounded from the distant hills in hundreds of thousands of salvos, and then the ground started to sway while on all sides came cries of ;

"The earth quake, the earth quake."

"Keep cool everybody," shouted the conductor in each car, and no one will be hurt, for if it is a volcanic eruption the lava cannot reach us here. Lie down in the center of the car."

They set the example by doing so themselves, and every body followed except a score of men, who were sure clanking and yelling at the top of their voices, trying frantically to get out just as we were passing through the heart of Carries square. A strange sound like a little girl or boy having great trouble broke the stillness, which instantly turned to a waiting sound which on changed to a mighty roar like millions of thunderclaps and cannons of heavy calibre the ground swayed and shook under us like the sea in a storm, and in a moment every bit of glass

in all the coaches was shattered into shivers by the force of a line of terrific explosions of something near us which looked like a great fissure eruption. Nearly every car was unroofed by the blast of ten other explosions following in quick succession, and the coaches were also derailed and careened down the high embankment, with a mighty crash, and molten masses of boards and tons of other debris, fell with the most terrific force upon us, and against the sides of the cars left standing, which also turned over and careened down the embankment killing and injuring all their passengers. Hundreds of heavy boards had come through the window, during another storm of explosions, which almost made me deaf with their ear-splitting crashes. The engine, baggage baggage baggage and express cars, were shattered by the explosions occurring from at which which I did not know, and then another blast that made a scene like an eruption and at that moment I saw a heavy board come through a window of a car still standing at one side as it was, and left sticking thru through a window on the opposite side. When the explosions seemed to lull slightly all the cars had been left in a bad condition and the suffering of the injured was terrible. I realized later that the city had been held by millions of Angolani soldiers and saw the rebel infantry were not able to oust them though making charge after charge, the cannons on Lucille's ridge opened upon the city and blew them out."

A hasty appeal had been received early that morning by general Wilhelmshorger Zimmernann just as the battle had broken into full sway and the few surviving Angolians had been driven out of the city of Lucille's ridge.

"Your Excellency;

"Could you not send some aid to the stricken soldiers of Lucille's ridge especially in the vicinity of Carries Square which had been shaken and shells to pieces. The survivors having looked toward the northwest in the direction of Carries Square and Lucille's ridge had seen what they believed to be a strange volcanic eruption which started with a noise like a child having the croup probably the yelling of the gunners. The clouds over the summit of the ridge down the sides looked like snow white avalanches while the distant hills further off, looked like the ridges bordering the "Valley of the shadow of Death."

Every one who were defending the city against the onset of the foe were annihilated. The most tragic occurrence was the wreck of a train load of soldiers. Every one of them at the sudden uproar were scared, and though the conductors shouted;

"Everybody keep cool and lie in the center of the car" and set the example themselves very few were saved. In another moment there had been a volcano of shell explosions and every bit of glass in the eleven coaches was shattered. The cars were derailed and hurled down an embankment, while a mass of flying boards and tons of debris were hurled again at the sides of the cars. Many heavy boards came through windows of cars and were left sticking through windows on the other side. Many had been killed or injured and all the injured will die if aid does not come.

Yours truly, General Grainer.

Many houses had been blown into the sky by the fiery burst of explosions and scattered to the four winds as Robert Vivian learned, and that the horribly crushed bodies of soldiers had been thrown for the distance of one hundred and fifty feet, every bone in their bodies having been broken, and most of their clothes stripped from them. Another little girl who had been a victim of the disaster and who had been bathing at her home at the time of the shell storm was before the sight of Robert Vivian extricated from the ruins with her chest and abdomen almost gone and her intestines could not be found. What explosion caused her to be in such a condition was a mystery. They now reached a ruin where the king learned that a certain Christian officer had a trying experience. When the soldiers began

"It don't think it is hardly safe for you to go back in such a scene of destruction and carnage, but if you insist on doing so, you can."

In a few minutes His Majesty Robert Vivian with twenty officers, went out toward the direction of Mic-Holler Street, but yet without any priest, as none could be found. Oh the horrors of the next few hours, the hopelessness and anxious search among the windrows of timbers, bricks, and rubble amid the thunder of shells and roar of the distant battle. The mass of great wreckage at a standing upright bent and groaned before the continual swaying and trembling of the ground, and before the fury of a most stiff gale that was blowing, breaking laths, blowing down protruding sticks, lashing the searchers face, and almost blinding them with dust and smoke. They at last found a little girl amid a windrow of fiercely smouldering wreckage lying crushed and mangled, and unconscious, several of the men frantically digging at the rubbish, but now with the help and direction of Robert Vivian and the twenty men, the work was soon successful, though he himself and all the men received injuries from the timbers crashing down upon them, and from some shells that exploded treacherously near them. But at last Angeline Turner was free the King not having noticed her condition as yet.

"Don't let His Majesty look at yet," "One of the men said." "Cover her face with clothing. She is still breathing, though horribly mangled."

In a few minutes His Majesty Robert Vivian was stopping beside the huddled bleeding heap of humanity, who had but a short time before been the brilliant and beautiful Angeline Turner.

"It is better for your Majesty not to look," said one of the men to Robert Vivian, as he prepared to uncover the body.

"I'm doing this and have a right to look," said Robert Vivian sternly but harshly; "God grant that she may live."

"Yes," said another man, "there is still a spark of life in the poor little girl's girl, though she is unconscious, and disfigured beyond recognition."

With great care she was carried off His Majesty Robert Vivian intending to place her where he had put the two wounded sons of his who had fallen so gallantly in the battle. A few minutes later a wounded child was lying on a cot all swathed in bandages, and several doctors stood watching her every breath, while the great leader Robert Vivian knelt in the room praying earnestly that she would regain her senses, and then Robert Vivian sent several men out to see if they could locate his daughters, but several other men came in just then the child he was tending was not Angeline Vivian at all, that all of his daughters were safe within the city doing all they could in their own aid of mercy.

Over this news Robert Vivian was elated, with joy, and so despite the earnest entreaties of the others, for his own safety set out in the search for them, in the dashing rain of flying embers, thrown about by the shell explosions, which he braved like a child does a shower of warm water. Several of the men had already reported to him that his beautiful "Palace had been completely leveled to the ground not even a wall having been left standing. In reality they had not found much of a building as the wreckage of other houses covered the place where it had formerly stood, twenty feet high. His Majesty Robert Vivian and the others soon reached a portion of the city of Lucille's ridge known as Carries Square, which they saw was a regular sea of indescribable wreckage. Only one solid wall of the building was seen standing, and that was only the frontal part, which faced the east.

From here they could faintly observe the fatal scenes of the Trece Lane Ridge districts. Bodies of the soldiers slain here during the battle through the city lay among the wreckage as thick as straw or straw.

"It was here, and on that section yonder that the most number of the dead soldiers are reported to have been found," said the guide. "At these two districts the storm of shells during the time the Christian forces defended the city did the worse damage."

His Majesty Robert Vivian surveyed the wreckage, and the horribly mangled bodies with his keen eyes, noticing that not one building had a wall left intact, Carries Square being indeed a terrible sight.

After traveling some distance Robert Vivian and the others came upon the wreckage of a long passenger train half buried in the ruins of houses on either side of the Mic-Holler and Pandora Railroad tracks. His Majesty Robert Vivian, learned from one of the survivors that this passenger train had been caught in the path of the swaying toppling buildings hurled down by some tremendous explosion, and despite the coolness of the conductor, most of the passengers were killed. This train before the outbreak of the second day storm of battle was pulling through Carries Square, and approaching the Mic-Holler and Sendon Crossing on the south west side loaded with soldiers. This train was full of Abyssinian Winkie soldiers, to be transported to an Abyssinian corps with the purpose to reinforce Aronburg's right wing, and the train had eleven coaches, and was traveling at the speed of sixty five miles an hour. The conductor wishing to know the whereabouts, looked outside, as he was entering the city by way of Carries Square, and saw what he declared to be a great wall of white cloud with white convulsed mountains of bulges on top overreaching the long range of the Lucille's ridge. He thought the ridge had been become a volcano. On the outskirts of the cloud, which was of many various colors, and which similar clouds as black as the mouth of hell he saw what appeared to be thousands upon thousands of thundering eruptions appearing simultaneously at a marked time, and in long volleyed salutes all along the summit, and which extended along the summit of Mic-Holler and Carries Square. The crash to him was a perfect inferno of flame and din.

# CHAPTER SIXTY ONE.

## THE TRECIAN LANE RIDGE DISTRICT'S IMPASSABLE FOR RETREATING ARMIES. A TRAGEDY.

### THE PECULIAR FLIGHT THROUGH THE RUINED REGIONS OF THE BIGGEST BATTLE FELD IN THIS WAR.

JUST " as he spoke there was a blinding flash overhead and a terrific crash of thunder, from the explosion of a shell which seemed to shake the very earth and reecho in all the streets with awful inspiring grandeur, and a pile of wreckage was seen to scatter in all directions, and to catch fire, only to go out before the explosion of another shell blast, that made an ear splitting earsplitting eruption four hundred feet high. Robert Vivian hastened toward Mic-Hollester Street followed by the colonel, who confided his anxiety about the Vivian girls.

"You say they are in the midst of this dreadful sea of ruins on the Treccian Lane ridge district. God help them. There is where the worse of the shellstorm could be swooping should the fleeing troops pour that way, and I bet they will be mangled." Said Mic-Hollester.

Had it not been for the anxiety about his daughters, Robert Vivian would have utterly enjoyed with pleasure and thrilling circumstances the herculean thunderstorm of shellfire, and grotesque ruins, for he had never beheld anything like the wild grandeur of the battle. Just in the direction of the Treccian Lane ridge district he and Mic-Hollester saw a mass of purple coats fleeing northward in waves, and then a barrage of large explosions seemed to sear the sky to the horizon, there were hundreds of terrific geysers of smoke and flashes and as many ear splitting detonations that it shook the ground, and a shudder of horror ran through them both.

"Some of those columns were struck by those high explosives." Gasped King Vivian.

Panic stricken survivors came rushing from all directions the rain of wreckage in the distance pouring down in sheet like torrents, peals of more deafening thunder from shell, shaking the ground and in the midst of all this cannonading tumult they heard a wilder shout and swining round Robert Vivian met Barney Dunn who looked pale and his haggard his face drawn as if in pain.

"You are hurt the Emperor" exclaimed anxiously stretching out his hands to him in his excitement.

"I am only slightly." He gasped. "but there has been a frightful, awful disaster a tragedy. I came to tell you. Oh God."

His parched lips seemed hardly able to speak or move his breath came in gasps, the cold sweat stood on his forehead, and his eyes stared as if they had seen the bowels of the infernal regions.

"Come tell us what happened, please!" demanded Robert Vivian as another deafening crash of thunder from a bursting shell filled their ears.

"I saw the storm of shell fire sweeping over the Treccian Lane ridge district with mortal fury, and I did my best to calculate the course of the advance of the victorious enemy and the accuracy of their movements, and turning in the direction where I observed the Vivian Girls to be I saw thousands of houses fairly fly to pieces. There was a flash that blinded me, followed by an earsplitting roar resembling a million pounds of dynamite exploding all at once, and then I saw all the houses within my sight go to the ground in crashing swirl swishing wreckage amid a storm of explosions, while the ground under me rocked and swayed in terrible throes, while far in the distance I heard a terrible noise as if the firing of thousands of cannon, and that many more muskets singly and an eruption of wreckage rose up into the air. I was afraid the Vivian Girls your daughters are killed, as I saw them in one of the houses before this terrible explosion happened. Oh it was horrible.

I shall see the looks on the faces of the countless wounded among the wreckage and of the dead and dying to my own dying dead."

"Here please drink this. The Vivian Girls also buried among the ruins."

"Yes, that is I believe they are. There is a child by the name of Jennie, Angeline and Joie who are frightfully mangled, and who went down with a frightful avalanche of wreckage into the street. All the soldiers there are dead and many survivors working at the ruins, to rescue the one who is probably Angeline, are dead. One of the survivors had sent me to you and for a priest, and where is Governor Hanson Vivian your brother?"

Robert Vivian stood his face as white as death, a look of unutterable horror and anguish on his handsome face.

"Oh God." He murmured. "It had only been someone else but my daughters, though I do not wish it on any one else either. Oh it is horrible. And to make it worse we are actually losing the battle." Then turning suddenly to Barney he exclaimed:

"I will go back with you. If they are still alive, I might help them. Get those soldiers yonder, and look for any prisoners."

The pillar of fire increased rapidly throwing out immense clouds of black smoke. Voices prayed hard, and so did her sisters begging God to save them and the rest of them perished in the horrible flames, which though progressing slowly were making sure work of it, and would reach them before long for now it had become one long wall of flame that stretched across the room, and seethed toward the ceiling, and there was danger of the entire floor of the room caving in. Violet and her sisters could not help but scream for their greatest terror was to see that half of the room was a mass of flame. Suddenly they were soured, and sent sprawling by the force of a stream, coming from the nozzle of a fire hose. The stream swished and washed the burning room sending forth clouds of black smoke and steam. The stream of water had no effect for when it was turned to another point the flames flared up again as if the water was gasoline. "Look out!" screamed Violet. "Another part of the ceiling is going to cave."

But it was too late. With a shocking crash the whole entire ceiling caved in, all the blazing laths and timbers came coming with it and every one was buried and some crushed by the falling timbers. The embers began to blaze like cotton and when the stream hit this it washed right and left scattering the embers and dragging them throughout for the flames reached those imprisoned under the wreckage. Then it again washed the burning room now being directed at the wall of flame.

"If we can't get this blazing room under control than those poor children are lost." Said a voice.

"We will have to use another stream and flood this confounded room until we can reach them." Said another.

In another minute two streams swished in full force washing about the blazing room, and the steam clouds rushing into the hallway was strangling and smothering. The children could hardly see each other, and could not get any air at all as hot fumes filled the room and the steam and smoke only increased until nothing more could be seen and they began gasping for breath. By the tremendous hissing, violet and her sisters knew that the fire in front of them only, was being washed out, for no light could be seen now. A few minutes more passed, when the pounding of the stream ceased and they saw figures coming toward them. They believed they must be some of the men and tried to call or cry out but the smoke increased and only choked them, and when they coughed they swallowed smoke more smoke.

And an increasing heat made them realize that the fire was in fullway, and then all at once on both sides of them, and the approaching firemen a sheet of flame broke loose roaring like artillery, the heat almost blistering them. By the help of Violet and her sisters who alone remained conscious the three wounded children were saved, and then just as the last one was lifted from the bed there was a sudden roar, and a part of the floor of that room, weakened by the fire caved in, and now the firemen seemed to be cut off from escape.

But not for long, for the leader saw the peril, and in two minutes a ladder was run across for a bridge. Then another was quickly put in place to make it wider. This was hard work though, and a few minutes more would have been fatal. In another minute Violet found herself lifted and carried fast out of the burning room, a line of six men followed her hand with the rest of the strangling Vivian Girls, Violet and her sisters being the first ones carried out. The men carried them steadily through a hall yet untouched by the flames, the room now becoming one mass of fire. Every one was nearly senseless for want of air, when the half choked men left the hall which was full of rasping white smoke and steam, but when they reached an exit hewn in the wall the men went out as fast as was safe, one by one. Then the two ladders used as a bridge were withdrawn out of the room.

After he had been set free of the chicken coop thrown over his head by the explosion of a shell Hanson Vivian leaving one of the still roaring and thundering Christian batteries, raced off on his charger to seek means to retrieve the disaster already come. And he sped for Jack Evans but could not find him either. Evans was in search of Violet and her sisters and so was Robert Vivian, and fearing that the girls were in the ruins of Rickson and dreading the dangers of the ridge by that name, they staggered on through the driving smoke clouds of the distant conflagration and arrived at the foot of St. Peters Street while the almost preternatural crashing thunderous reports of the shells was heard echoing among the far distant hills and mingled with the yelling uproar of shells soaring overhead by thousands, and which continually went off in thunderous volleys. He had started to proceed up the rise of the Treccian Lane ridge district when he heard a shout and the sound of a man rushing toward him from behind, and looking saw colonel Mic-Hollester beckoning to him to stop.

"Your armies are in disastrous retreat toward the Glorianna Heights and a portion of it is heading for here." He said. "and you cannot get any force through this sea of wreckage on any retreat in this direction on account of the Lucille Rickson ridge. It is not safe for yourself to try it even alone your Majesty for a perfect chain of shells will be hurled at you and you and the retreating armies are barred by a fierce conflagration. It is not safe to try. Come back and catch your fleeing troops and get them going beyond the Mic-Hollester ridge."



He hastened to the window, climbed onto the ladder and seeing the men connecting the hose to a hydrant which had been found in perfectly good condition and in working order he said:

"You men come up to this burning room with the hose and if flood this apartment room enough so that we can save the rest."

"How in the world did this infernal fire start?" murmured to himself as he waited for the hose. "This house is way far from the path of the advancing conflagration."

Before the hose came, a part of the floor caved with a crash that shook the ceiling and building and caused with a portion of the wall to collapse. The hose was now quickly brought and the stream turned on which swished and pounded on the roaring flames, but brought no effects only to start great clouds of hot scorching steam and blacker clouds of smoke for one thing. The children inside also got a drenching, which cooled them off considerably. The men soon had to get down from their ladder with their hose, for it was in danger of being burned in two, from the outpouring flames from the windows below. The ladder was removed, and placed against another window not yet showing fire, and now they decided to force the fire back, by making an inside attack, as well as an outside one.

Two of the men rushed inside by the entrance, reached the fourth floor, and found the room where the Vivian girls, and the others were bringing on their hose and nozzle. "Switch," he water squirted into the furnace of fire near the door way, striking at the tongues of flame into the burning room rising clouds of steam and smoke. The flames in the room were leaping far out into the hall enveloping the door cases and spreading along the rear wall on the right hand side, and spreading more rapidly despite the water, which was being swirled and thrown on it.

"To Tommy get out there and see if you can find any fire extinguishers left in one of the ruined fire houses in a box." Said the leader to several of the men who was approaching them. He went, and after less than a minute returned through a rear door, with the full box load.

"Here they are, twenty in all." He shouted. The leader grabbed one, and sent it into the middle of the largest tongues of flames, which died down for an instant, and then the one at the hose sent the stream toward the point shown by the bursting of the grenade, and while the second grenade was hurled into the flames, the stream battered against the fire, but they did not seem to have the desired effect. They leaped up, crackled and roared, sending out greater volumes of smoke, while out of every door way flames and smoke began to pour. To realize that the helpless children in the including the dear Vivian girls were in danger of being burned was sickening to the men, and they fought like demons but to no avail.

The flames darted up from the corner of the hall now with an unearthly brightness, that settled back into the same awful glare, this sight making a thrill of horror go through the hearts of the men, such as they never felt before, and hoped to never feel again. With a crash, a part of the hall's ceiling gave way, then the beautiful rear stairway fell down into it into a sea of fire, raising a snowstorm of sparks. This fire held a kind of awful fascination, as the roaring flames leaped and danced, while catching the hall little by little, and fighting this raging demon of smoke and flame was now becoming a terrible danger, and the brave firemen who did it, were on the watch fearing that the walls of the hall would catch. The flames at the south portion of the hall were now leaping high into the air with a roar, then there was a sizzling as the water from a hoisted water pipe poured upon it. Then another portion of the ceiling in the hall fell down sending in every direction a cloud of sparks resembling a heavy snow storm of fire flies. Many times the brave firemen were driven back by the smothering smoke, which covered the ceiling of the hall like a thick veil. Lathes, plaster, and beams began to fall with a deafening crash and as another part of the ceiling above then gave way, the men had to scatter for their lives. The falling debris, buried a part of the hose, and in vain did the men try to get it free.

They could not budge and then they had to run again as nearly half of the ceiling of the hall gave way with a crashing roar like thunder bringing down sheets of blazing lathes, and in about a moment after the whole rear ceiling of the hall collapsed that part of the upper floor also, the whole mass of blazing wreckage coming down with an appalling roar, that made the building tremble. At the same time frightfully heavy beams collapsed bringing down tons of debris, with which buried twenty of these fire fighters, who perished in a furnace of fire before their comrades could reach them.

It could be seen by the survivors that the whole upper region was a fearful furnace, and yet the survivors undaunted by their exceedingly great danger kept on working briskly and sternly, but only continually facing a wall of flame that drove them back step by step. At last the heat became overpowering the men abandoning the fight and seeking for the ladder, leaning against the side still free of fire.

In the meantime the Vivian girls were in greater peril than ever, for between them and the beds was a large pillar of blood red flame, which threw forth tremendous heat, which could be felt all over the room, and at this point no stream was playing, and as for the roar of the flames and crashing timbers they could not hear the other stream, as it pounded the flames furiously.

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The shock was terrific, the wounded children being alarmed by the roar of the falling timbers, and seeing the smoke filling the room, started screaming. The smoke became more thicker and choking every moment, and the little girls could already see the glow of the fire. Poor children, the door leading to that burning room was the only way out of the apartment and the building also, they were cut off from escape. The jump out of the broken windows was impossible for they could not move, and also they were on the fourth floor of the building, which was seven stories high, and yet also they were helpless, as they could not move a hand or foot, every one of them having a broken leg, or arm, or both altogether. Smoke continually poured out of that burning room in cloud after cloud, puffing from that doorway, from between the cracks, and into the room then with a crash that door gave way sending sparks all over the beds. The beds quickly became afire, which caused one after another to catch rapidly. All the inmates were terrified, many becoming terribly weak, from inhaling smoke. A terrible roar told poor Violet and her sisters that the whole floor of the burning room had caved, and frightful tongues of flame now shot through the open door way. The beds were all aflame, and the end wall of the apartment now also caught, which becoming weak from the heat now tottered and fell toward a row of beds, full of helpless wounded with an unsurpassing thunder roar. Violet and her sisters occupied but a large beam fell on top of some of the other wounded soldiers killing them and setting their beds on fire. A soldier lying on a bed opposite Jennie Van received a heavy blow on the head from the end of the beam but it only knocked him senseless.

"Oh Merciful Jesus save us." Moaned voice piteously. The whole of that end of the room now fell bringing down a large portion of the upper floor and the whole apartment began to catch rapidly. Three rooms, one above, and two below had already become a roaring furnace blazing heat being awful. The half shell wrecked hall on the floor of that burning room, was filled with rasping rolling clouds of smoke from burning cotton, and other material the black smoke now being mixed with white. The roaring of the flames and the crashing of heavy beams, and furniture was appalling, and soon the room became illuminated so you could see through it, and in a few minutes the walls of the other burning rooms caved in, and every minute the flames gained most swiftly, and three more room rooms on the fourth floor became enveloped in flames which in a short time had become raging furnaces. Finally the upper stories which had been torn to shreds by the shellstorm, also started aflame, the tongues of flame leaping a hundred feet into the air, and fanned by the high wind hungrily devoured the upper stories, and catching other fatal rooms.

The injured soldiers, and children with Violet and her sisters had confined themselves to watch their three wounded friends and were now terror stricken as both ends of the apartment were blazing fast, and every room was becoming a veritable hell and the only room that was not burning so fast was the one the children were in, and they screamed for aid as the floor itself caught from the fierce heat of the burning rooms below, and from the embers of the burning ceiling above. It was like being shut in in an inferno and doom confronted them. Part of the ceiling also threatened to come down, which frightened them, and at last that part did give way burying ten men under a mass of blazing wreckage. Violet and Jennie escaped by running aside, and though Joyce, Vivian was struck by a piece of timber which was blazing she was not hurt, and managed to prevent her clothing from taking fire. In the meantime one of the rescuers had discovered this fire, and learning that a good many persons including some children were imperiled in it, raised a ladder he found among the wreckage, and climbing to the window, discovered to his horror that many wounded soldiers were badly burned or imperiled, and seeing the children within and the Vivian girls also he prepared for instant action.

He staggered into the room but was forced back by the intense heat though he managed to draw some of the children to an aperture which was one once a window. The floor of the room was on fire in many places already, and the heat of the floor made his feet pain. He remained by the window unseen by the children, and saw that many of the helpless were staggering round, many pointing anxiously toward the burning room. Several more men were now coming up the ladder as fast as they could. Many of the soldiers had already died from lack of air and from the fierce heat the room becoming hot and filled with choking clouds of smoke. The leader seized the first child he had dragged to the window and handed her to the first man coming up the ladder, who passed her down to the one below him.

"Here is another," whispered the leader. "Take her while I get the other before this place becomes a furnace."

He passed a child down to the nearest man and then climbed into the burning room, after tying a wet handkerchief round his mouth and nose, then placed his leather coat round another and lifting her gently strode to the window and handed her to the man who had climbed to the sill. The leader then hurried through the thick smoke, past rows of leaping flames where his flesh felt almost blistered by the heat, but he could see nothing though he heard moans and screams. All but strangled his heart beating at low pressure, the brave man tried to battle through the smoke but he could not reach them because he was barred by a wall of flame.

It cut out was not so very dead, but it was a cross to a main artery and brave little Joice went at the sight.

"Oh please do try to save her," cried Joice. "Oh for mercy's sake try to do something to stop the blood."

"Don't be worried," answered the doctor. "I might stop it in a minute." He wrapped a wet rag round the wound, and after leaving it on for several minutes with a Badge of the Sacred Heart pinned to it, and uttering some prayers he took it off. The blood was not checked but it was not coming so thickly any more and the doctor by his faith was succeeding alright, though it was somewhat slow. Taking another rag, he wet it and wrapped this round her wrist and again pinned the badge of the Sacred Heart to it. Then after five minutes he gently took it off. The blood had stopped to his joy and now he dressed the wound and repinned the Badge of the Sacred Heart to it, and left it there. The doctor remained until she recovered, then left to attend to the other wounded. When little Jennie Van did recover, the continued roar of distant explosions and screeching of shells tormented her with impending fear, and incessantly the explosions raged on with tremendous fury, at times throwing down hundreds of thousands of tons of timbers, and bricks from the ruined buildings, making them bang like many cannons. And every crash of thundering shells in their explosions was shocking, the terrible flashing hissing through the wreckage at every shell burst and looked times like rivers, forks and snakes. At every flash of shells came deafening crashes which made the ground tremble, wreckage seemed to pour down everywhere with a terrible roar like musketry at the battle of Gettysburg. Violet and her sisters themselves suffered terrible suspense from the din, and wished that it would cease. Joice Vivian declared that as long as she lived she would not forget this terrible incident. The din of the shell explosions increased at intervals, and every now and then a red light flickered every now and then, followed by some distant roar that seemed to rend the world in pieces. They listened with awe at the crashing sounds made by the falling fragments, the screaming of the shells sailing through the sky, and the roar of the thousands of the explosions. Sometimes the shell explosions were very threatening, the shells before exploding bellowing and screaming like mad demons and Joice looking through the entrance of the shelter saw a big beam the very one which had fallen on poor Jennie, now sent rolling toward their shelter by a shell blast and with a rending crash it struck splintering the shelter to fragments. At the same time the beam was struck by a shell which exploded on the mark, and violet and her sisters were almost shocked by the concussion. Fearful was the thundering crash of this shell as it burst, and at once a number of men rushed to the spot, and lifting the wounded children carried them to a large house, that was only slightly damaged, and laid them in beds found there. In the meantime on the Trece Lane ridge district of Lucille Jackson city from which thousands upon thousands of men and mangled soldiers had already been taken especially from large sections of wooden houses. The atmosphere was already fiendishly hot and smoke filled, great rolling clouds of smoke belching upward into the sky and forming immense wreaths. Many thousands of brave survivors breasted the suffocating clouds, and fought the roaring walls of flame, but lack of fire materials made them helpless, the fire advancing furiously, and threatening to hem them off from escape to fresh air, and from the flames. The clouds of smoke increased every minute, rising in thicker volumes, while miles of wreckage seemed to be pretty well engulfed in smoldering fires, or roaring walls of flames, and even where they Vivian girls had seen Jennie Van and the others pinned, was now a roaring fire sea. The fire was even creeping up to the spot where Jennie or Angeline Turner had been pinned and from which she had been rescued, while now a newly formed conflagration was throwing its greater tongues against the eastern skies. At the same time new arches of red glows appeared which joined into one, and which increased every moment, while clouds of all colors ascended far above the ridges of wreckage.

The burning of the wreckage was caused as related before. In truth a hundred infernos seemed to have broken out in different parts of the city of Lucille Jackson, but the one advancing down the Trece Lane ridge district of the city was the worse, and the general one at that, and the more consuming.

In the meantime a shell struck the room where the three wounded children had been taken to, and a huge lamp filled with oil was upset and lighted by the flash of the powder of the exploded shell. In this same room were many wounded soldiers also and they too were imperiled. The shock of the shell crash was tremendous and the thundering of the explosion was beyond description, the lamp being shattered to the floor, and in a very few minutes the north side of that room was blazing fast, a roaring wall of fire, which burned fast and furious, the smoke coming into the room where the wounded lay, in clouds.

The shelves and tables of the room instantly caught, the tremendous heat of the fire loosening the plaster of the ceiling, and the walls, igniting the laths, which boiled like tinder. Fire generally known to start between the walls of a building if spread too far before the arrival of fire departments, and so this one was doomed (what sin did it commit). Soon the whole ceiling was a mass of flames, then one side of the wall roared into a furnace opposite the apartment of the injured, burning so furiously now that all four of the walls caught, the whole ceiling now caving in with a deafening crash, burning the upper floor down into a heap of blazing timbers.

It indeed was a destructive battle and so severe had been the shelling of Lucille Jackson from the vivid and Carnation hills during the time the battle surged back and forth through the city, that not a house had been left standing, even the strongest houses had been razed and the streets fairly covered with wreckage, were smashed two feet to twenty feet deep with fragments of stone and twigs of trees, which were still falling mingled at times with fragments of shells. Many wounded were being brought into the place where Violet and her sisters were placed on the floor after having their wounds attended to. Jennie Van, Joice St. Place and the other child were still suffering terribly from their wounds, and it was feared they were really dying, as there seemed to be no hope for their recovery. Violet and her sisters felt as if they were heartbroken broken, when they learned that the doctor had said here there seemed to be no hope for the poor children, and begged God in the most piteous manner, to save them. He did not seem to hear their prayers, but they prayed all the more, and did not give up. A few minutes more passed when all at once there was great consternation outside for another great storm of shells was starting to explode among the wreck wreckage, the air all of a sudden being rained by series upon series of a ear-splitting explosions. The rescuers inside by the blinding glare of the sudden shellburst could already see where the main curtain of shells had exploded or struck the main part of the city to the left, the piles of timbers and windrows of wreckage wreckage being sent into the air amid explosive puffs of smoke like great eruptions.

"The shells are starting here also again," cried one of the men as he rushed in where Violet and her sisters were standing amazed. A fearful flash of something like lightning seemed to sear the sky, followed by a thunderous report, which made their ears ring with the deafening reverberating crash, when all of a sudden there came a loud screaming sound as if thousands of demons suddenly possessed themselves of the air, and in a moment the whole of the half ruined shelter went to pieces amid an ear splitting roar, the falling beams hurling Jennie Vivian to the ground. While her sisters were immediately covered with the wreckage. The rescuers immediately proceeded to dig the girls out of the debris, the first man working hard to remove the beam that lay on top of Jennie Vivian.

"You must hurry up," cried Joice Vivian who lay under a pile of broken timbers. "We are safe but the deepest wreckage is on top of the wounded children, clear it away from them first."

The men realized it and had the wreckage, in a moment, and then by lifting the beams somewhat they managed to free Jennie Vivian, who was not so scratched in the least (got a faint) though her dress was badly torn.

"Oh, I'm afraid the others are killed now. She cried passionately: hurry! Hurry! That beam must have crushed Jennie Van's head and chest for she is covered all over with blood."

After carrying Jennie Van, and tripping over fallen fallen beams, the man carrying her managed to reach a portion of the city called Carries Square, which led to the M. Hollister and Pandora railroad tracks. They slowly and carefully crossed the windrows of wreckage and soon reached a part where a sea of wreckage lay as flat as a postage stamp was exposed to view. Many other men carried the other wounded to the same spot and hastily erecting a shelter out of the wreckage, they placed them in it. Then came a doctor who had happened to be there:

"Oh doctor, burst out Joice sobbing, "I'm afraid poor Jennie Van has been killed. We have been caught in the second shell storm. See her hair and waist is all covered with blood"

The doctor examined her head to see if it was crushed and how the rebel shells were were exploding round more fiercely again, blowing the loose boards about with crashing reports, the timbers being at the mercy of the shells. In the meantime the doctor examined Jennie closely, then turned to poor Joice and said gently:

"Her head is not crushed, nor either is it bruised. It is free from her neck and chest that the blood is flowing from."

He deadasked Joice anxiously:

"I believe her ribs are crushed but I'm not sure," answered the doctor,

"and although her chest and belly is badly skinned, and her throat pained, these wounds may be utterly harmless, but if her ribs are broken then she will die."

The doctor made a careful examination: then shook his head slowly:

"I cannot find anything the matter with her ribs. He said: "are you sure that beam fell on her?"

"Yes," answered Joice.

"Then is a wonderful miracle that it did not crush her whole body. The only thing I will have to do is to wash and redress the terrible wounds. As for the blood on her chest as I discover now it must have come from some other dead body prostrated upon her."

After working on her for sometime he succeeded in stopping the blood from her other wounds, but failed miserably out that she was on her hand.

made others come down by redoubled wreckage, and shook the ground so that she and her sisters could scarcely stand, and which also made the cot dance like a drunken man, and which made the windows as if they threaten to collapse, and other things, such as columns and statues, which had withstood the shelling to now come crashing down with a crash. Violet leaning against a broken telephone pole. "I listened more intently, with tears still streaming down her cheeks. The terrible booming sound grew worse, and what made it, Joice at first could not tell but it was from the distant battle in being a redoubled increase in the cannonading for it was at this time when General Grant's army was repulsing the "landolintian assaults upon the Gloriana heights. Looking toward the little child, she was surprised to see she was trying to get up.

"For goodness sake child, I'm glad to see you aren't all alive." Exclaimed Joice. "But I fear that it may be only till to-morrow."

The child was frightened when she saw the horrified scenes through one of the openings of the rudely made shelter, and was still more horrified at even seeing that in the distance a conflagration was fast approaching, while all the while there was a tremendous far off roaring sound, which shook the ground and made her cot leap and dance. Violet and her sisters realized that soon in the coming night they could not sleep in such a place as so many of the wounded outside kept up such a clamor.

"Oh this is awful." Moaned poor Joice. "I have a mind to leave this horrid place, but we cannot desert those three poor children now under our care." At every increasing sound of distant battle they heard, they thought it was made by a new rain of shells starting from yonder "puellia" Jackson ridge, but there was no such further danger just yet.

"If a shell ever lands here, whether sharpshott, or gang-gang, there will be nothing left of us to be found." Said Violet with a shudder. Jennie van Van recovering her senses felt as if she was choking, and one of the men who guarded the wounded slapped her on the back to rouse her recovery. As the man was doing his best to prevent her from dying, another went out of the rudely made shelter to take a look at the fire. Unearthly far off screams, seemed to come from that direction, and a new sound of hundreds of thousands of dull reverberating explosions, mingled with a terrific din of cannon thunders, prolonged noises, mingled with growling and snarling sounds also came incessantly from the direction of the still raging battle.

Jennie van under the urgent scenes, and treatment of the men soon began to show signs of recovery, and when he was able to be, helped her to lay more comfortably.

"How do you feel now little girl?" Asked Jennie "vian turning to the poor unfortunate child.

"Those boards checked me awful hard." Moaned Jennie her blue eyes blinded by tears. "My throat feels very bad."

Aronburg was the first to save you." said Violet.

"Oh, what I would give to get back to papa and mama." Moaned the child. "I love you, vian girls all the more since you were so kind to me and others." And the poor child with a sad cry buried her face in her pillow and sobbed. It was a piteous sight to see the condition of these poor little children, and it was indeed the first time in their lives that Violet and her sisters had ever seen children in such condition. Jennie van suffered quite badly from the severe gashes on her body, and she also had an injured eye, and her sufferings made her cry bitterly, though she tried ever to be so brave. Violet and her sisters themselves felt bitterly sad over the injuries of so many children and so many millions of soldiers, and did their best to comfort these two little girls. But they were also so sad that they all cried bitterly for a long time, and longed to be back with their own mother and aunt, from which this severe and unusual war had so long separated them. The poor forlorn children who were injured, cried until they could not cry any more. Their beautiful little faces looked all the more lovely as they laid there swathed in bloody bandages. The board marks still remained on their throats and round Jennie's tender graceful neck was still that black and blue mark caused by the beam, and thus they laid there as still as the dead bodies among the wreckage outside. For a while they tried to sleep but were kept awake by the terrible thundering crashes of shells overhead, and they also felt the pangs of hunger and thirst. For all that morning since the very battle began they had had nothing to drink, and the heat of the atmosphere increased their torture.

Jennie who had recovered from her delirium was crying piteously for a drink, the others yearned for heaven and some others kept on praying but without any results. But they did not lose their faith in God and even believed if they did die of thirst, their prayers for heaven would be answered. They tried to go to sleep again so they would forget their hunger, and thirst, but in vain, for the din of the exploding shells, kept them awake. Jennie herself felt almost overcome by the thirst, her tongue sticking out like that of an overworked dog, and Violet and her sisters fearing they would really die of thirst, made a hasty search for water, which they found in one of the ruins and good clear water too. The little girls felt more thirsty than ever when Violet and her sisters returned, with water in a tin pale pail and gave each a drink. Oh how refreshing was that drink that soothed their craving thirst, and that of the others, and now in the vicinity of the vian girls many of the injured and dead soldiers had been extracted....!!

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suddenly a gentle hand was laid on the tumbled golden hair, and Violet said in a piteous tone;

"Why little girl, what is the matter? Are you worse?"

The child, though she could not recognize the voice of the little princess of her Mary nevertheless lifted her tear stained face to hers.

"No little girl, I'm not worse, but the storm of battle has been worse to me, so cruel to me, and God seems to have forsaken me. Oh why did the battle do all this, and how came it that I'm blind? I cannot see the beautiful blue sky, the sunshine, or the flowers, or anyone any more. Oh why did the explosions kill so many of the soldiers in such a cruel manner, and what will I do, my papa, my papa, any when they find me this way, blind, and my sister Jennie insane."

Violet vian had tears brimming her own blue eyes and brushing the tangled curls from the hot forehead, she said;

"Listen to me little girl! know that it seems as if God has forsaken you, but I'm sure he has not. He still loves you, and loves you so much that he has done more for us than we can ever think, and he loves us more than we can ever compare. I know it is hard to be blind my dear little girl, but that makes God love us all the more. Try to bear it. We all have to suffer as long as we are in this miserable region of war. You may be able to see again some day, and if you die of your wounds the first thing you may do, will be to look upon the face of Jesus Christ himself."

The poor little child had grown very still on the cot, when Violet had finished, and now she saw a sweet expression come over the child's fair face.

"I will try to be brave." She said. "But oh, who ever you are it is so hard to suffer when it is only caused by these cruel landolintians. No matter what some one may say I cannot help it when I say I hate them," and the tears again filled the wistful eyes.

"Jesus will help you dear to control yourself." Said Violet. "At times I too hate them as good as I try to be. Let us pray to him to help us overcome ourselves, not to desire revenge but only duty;---"

When they had finished the prayer, which was quite long, the child said earnestly with a beautiful expression on her face;

"Dear friend, when I asked Jesus to let me see the light of forgiveness he seemed to answer me I feel here, (laying her hand upon her breast devoutly) that I will have the strength to forgive the wicked landolintians, though it is so hard. And His Sacred Touch will heal me."

Soon she fell asleep and lay still and white, having suffered badly after the serious operation that evening. Violet sat beside the cot praying silently until the doctor came. He bent over the still white form, Violet awaiting his verdict, with speechless and anxiety. In a few minutes he rose and shook his head sadly.

"Is there no hope at all doctor? Cannot something be done?" Asked Violet despairingly.

The doctor again shook his head.

The end is maybe here. She may and will not live until to-morrow."

Joice who was silent before, heard the verdict and gazed a glance of overpowering sorrow at the still white form and cried in a heart broken way. This poor wounded child had also been like Angeline, never having been overcome from her serious injuries. Her frail little body had not been able to stand it she having been delicious after the prayer, when she had fallen into the death like trance. The end seemed drawing near.

For a while Joice controlled her passionate weeping, and perfect stillness reigned.

Still the motionless form stirred not. Joice remembered with horror, when during massacres she was covered with the bleeding bodies of dead children, and of the child's useless struggles to be free. Her throat felt sore from inhaling so much powder smoke shifted over the region from the far distant battle still raging, and whose concussion was still shaking the ground so severely that she could scarcely stand, and she and her sisters felt languid and ill. She had also been horrified, when she had seen the child's little body fairly drenched in blood. The stench had been horrible, and Joice could have hardly stood it.

Joice after weeping bitterly a long time, saw that the little child had not as yet recovered, and now rending sorrow and fear was tearing at her brave heart, and that of her six sisters, and believing that the child was already dead, they cried as if their heart would break.

"Oh you poor little thing will I never see you again." Violet moaned piteously. "Oh I wish we had gone with you and had not to see all these horrors of war over again. Oh please Dear God spare me and my poor sisters from any such horrible fate, and from the cruel tortures that may come as we fear by and be by. You dear child, who is now in heaven, plead to Jesus to free us from further horrors as these. Oh I wish this storm of carnage had not come, and oh Dear Aunt and Mama, I fear something has happened to you and papa and uncle for they were in this region of battle. Oh please dear God deliver them from anything dangerous I pray. Graciously hear me Dear Jesus my Friend. You who blessed little children, save the me."

Thus she prayed and just as she crossed herself and said;

"In the Name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." She and her sisters gave a sudden start. While she had been finishing the sign of the Holy Cross, there suddenly came a terrible and tremendous reverberating booming sound, that shook the half ruined buildings to their very foundations,

Now to go back to the other two children rescued from the wreckage. The first little girl was suffering terribly from her broken legs, and arms and Joloe St. Glare herself was begging piteously to the men to clear off the debris which was pressing down upon her and Aronburg.

"Oh please hurry up. The wreckage is pressing down upon us," she screamed and it is breaking my legs. Oh please hurry up."

The men who came up to this point by the score were setting to work, clearing away the wreckage on top, as well as the thousands of boards bearing her down, so as to prevent another wreckage sliding.

"Oh please hurry and get me out," she pleaded. Poor Joloe, white her face white with the pain, and tears streaming down her cheeks. "Oh please, please get us out. This is too much."

A board jerked down under her, which increased her suffering, and she cried and screamed as if she had lost heaven. The wreckage was slowly pressing down, and even a large canvas was pressing slowly toward her face, while a board was swiftly pressing down upon her back against another in front.

"Oh please get me out, get me out," she screamed again. "Oh have mercy on me, please, please have mercy on me. If any of you men were caught like this, and asked me to save you I would," said Joloe. "Only please have mercy on me. I always have had mercy on my people."

"Don't be afraid," said a man in front of her. "And don't be shouting so much. We are doing all we can."

My poor Joloe St. Glare suffered. She cried as if she wanted to get rid of all her tears. All the while she lay there, despite the indescribable torture, and now she prayed and pleaded, until the canvas at last was pressed so tightly against her face that she could not breathe, and began to gasp and suffer for want of air.

Aronburg was horrified to see how she suffered, but he could not do anything for he could not withdraw his hands. She had never suffered such pain in her lungs before, and her nostrils felt hot and clogged up. He saw with indescribable horror how she suffered, and tried to get his hands free, but his movements only made the wreckage press down tighter. Violet and her sisters also saw the child's misery. "Oh please one of you men," said Jennie running up to him. "Oh let the little girl smother. She can't stand it without air. Have mercy on her."

The man then saw her peril, and tried frantically to remove the canvas.

"I cannot get it off," he gasped as another man he, ped. The two vehemently tried to pull the canvas away, while Violet screamed:

"Oh please don't let her smother. You don't like to be smothered."

The pleading look in Violet's face could never be explained.

"But we can't pull it away," said one of the men. "I'm afraid we will have to leave her die. We can't help it."

Aronburg's heart was indeed touched. The more the men tried to tear away that smothering canvas, the more tighter it became. It was horrible to realize how Joloe may have suffered, and Violet herself went to Joloe's assistance, with the help of her sisters, the men also struggling like demons, frantically trying to get the canvas loose, but it would not even budge. Violet then looked pleadingly toward heaven and cried piteously:

"Lord make me suffer, only help this little girl if you please."

Again and again the men tried to get the canvas loose, but they might as well have tried to take a piece of plaster out of the wall with one finger. Oh how she did suffer, her lungs paining in an indescribable manner, and her face becoming black and blue. She also had the sense of strangulation, and her head pained while bells seemed ringing in her ears. Then just as the canvas in desperation was wrenched and out away, the boards crushing down on her neck pressed so hard that she got the worse choking of her life. It was however brief for the boards were wrenched loose, and as she recovered it seemed as if she could not cease breathing hard and gasping. Every moment she took deep breaths without pause, breathing like a dying child. And to make her recover faster, one of the men slapped her on the back. At this moment enough wreckage was cleared away to enable Aronburg, who was scratched and bruised to free himself, then Joloe was dragged from the wreckage, and placed alongside the other rescued children. All the while this was going on hundreds of wounded soldiers separated from each other, were lying on the ground all swathed in bandages, and several army doctors standing watching their every breath, while several army priests escaping the disaster, were kneeling, praying earnestly that they may at least gain consciousness long enough to make their confessions, and receive their Holy Eucharist. The atmosphere all this while was as sweltering hot and very strong now with shells bursting in the distance, and how cruelly the poor rescued children suffered, while Violet and her sisters acted like little angels of mercy.

Many soldiers who had been rescued had been placed near them and indeed their moans were heartrending. On one of the cots Violet found the little girl who was rescued first, and who lay like a forlorn child, and as the screams, moans and cries of the other wounded soldiers still outside among the wreckage reached Violet and her sisters, they saw the poor child bury her face into the sheets, and burst into a piteous fit of weeping. For some time she lay there regardless of the time, and feeling utterly forsaken and forlorn, and it seemed as if all the nation had been killed by the battle, the recent sights having been so terrible and the screams of so many of those in death agony was almost unendurable.

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Though held fast he managed to pass his hands round her fair chest and said in a hoarse whisper:

"You will be soon free, for the men will clear this away. If they fail we will die together, you in the happy embrace of my arms, and I in the embrace of the wreckage."

The poor little girl realized that if he had not purposely fallen on her, the wreckage would have pressed her to the timbers below to tightly and hard that she would have died from rapture of the intestines, then trying to lift her a little Aronburg managed to gasp:

"How did you manage to be caught among this wreckage with the others?"

"Along side this wrecked house," he groaned the house. "But I cannot tell you all. You may embrace me if you want to, but if I die and you don't please find my father, will you? He is General Robert Angelle St. Glare in the Abolitionist army."

The soldier gasped;

"Gracious you are one of the children of a great Christian general," he said. "And I had the blessing to rescue you if possible."

And with this he gently kissed her, and held her head up so she could breathe more better. In the meantime the rescuers had stopped working for they were attacked by the same fierce demons who some hours had succeeded in getting free. As soon as he had observed them, he had given a fierce scream, and leaped at one of them like a fierce tiger. The men gave a yell and scattered in confusion, and in all directions, some stumbling over the wreckage, or being caught quickly, or being followed by the one attacked, who in managed to throw the shrieking crazed one to the ground.

He was before him the men ever seen such a crazed person. It could be observed that he was exceedingly dangerous, and he also carried a dagger. He was almost stark naked

and was showing at his arms and shoulders. It was a surprise and disgust to Aronburg, when the men, sprawled, or climbed past him closely followed by the man who came with leaps and springs, screaming and howling like a demon and brandishing the terrible dagger, while fangs fell from his mouth. The men who were working near the advancing fire also scattered for their lives, the crazy man changing his course, and coming directly for them, stopping every now and then, to chew his arm wrist or shoulder, which certainly did frighten the men.

"Somebody kill that screaming being," shouted some one. "Hohoo Hydrophobia or something."

Aronburg himself had a sudden impulse to draw his pistol, and shoot the maniac but he could not move, as to do so, would increase the pressure of the wreckage. Nearer and nearer drew the crazy man, then made a sudden spring at the nearest fellow who had been watching closely, and dashing to one side so that he landed in the back of another man, who after a furious struggle managed to throw him off. He tried to grab him by the throat but he eluded out of his way. With a scream he again came at the man with his dagger, but he managed to elude the spring and struck him such a blow that it laid him on a pile of wreckage, but did not knock him senseless, and it only increased his fury. With a dog like howl he sprang to his feet and grabbing his dagger flung it at the man, springing at the same time as it seemed, landing squarely on the man's back, as he dodged the knife, knocking him down. But now several other men rushed to his assistance, and struck the maniac on the bare back which instead of hurting him only made him as wild and as ferocious as a hungry tiger.

With a howl he bounded from the back of the man, and soon the other others found themselves fighting hard and desperately to prevent the crazed man from running them through with the same dagger he had picked up. They tried to strike him down with planks, but they failed to hit him, though at last one of the men managed to bring him down with a well aimed shot.

In the meantime one of the friends of the Syrian girls had been during the battle trying to locate the Christian armies and in residing for several hours in the city of Lucille Jackson had been caught in the wreckage of the place known as the Most Holy House. The rescuers had suffered from the most exhaustive work for an hour in trying to rescue her. Man after man had tried but could not do the work long, and were overcome. The very wreckage seemed to laugh at Angelina's plight it being Angelina's mother. Angelina however was senseless

her body resembling that of some child. A child undergoing a series upon series of severe scourings from a cat-o-nine-tails. She had indeed received a severe thrashing, and from cruel laths and other timbers that swirled and fell at every explosion of the gigantic shells. She had been struck so hard that her little body was covered with scratches, bruises and swelling sores, and indeed her suffering had been something terrible. Even when coming to she tossed as if in mortal agony, and cried and screamed. And the men who were trying to rescue her, did their best to comfort her, but were unsuccessful. Her suffering was unbearable, and the men dreaded that she would die from the effects of the horrible wounds, which had been bleeding continuously. Several had tried to stop the blood but failed, and their efforts had only increased her agony. The sight of Angelina's indescribable suffering touched them to the quick. She screamed and moaned, and begged the men to have mercy on her, and when they did try to rescue her, more boards fell striking her and then as hard as they could, and killing three of the men. Again Angelina faintly and more men came with the intention to try and free her. Fifteen had already been killed in this rescue work which lasted as many minutes.



and she had never prayed so hard in her life, as she did now, and the woman had already entered into the skin of her coat, and the way she pleaded to God to save her, could never be told.

"Say little girl," said Aronburg as he reached her, and stooped over the poor child. "Give me your arms and I will try to pull you out of this." "But I can't move the poor little girl. My arms are broken. Oh how I suffer."

Again the men started at the work, but when they had only one third done, two dropped utterly exhausted and unable to do any more. Aronburg tried to force up the heavy pieces of wreckage, but only caused some of the heavier material above to fall down on and on top of himself. It indeed was the hardest work that Aronburg had ever seen in his life. The exhaustive labor of the men being almost unbearable, and two more sank utterly overcome, and three others were hurt.

Aronburg however grasped the child by the neck gently, and with some water brought to him by a man washed the maggots away. Then sure the wound was free of them, he gently but tightly wound a handkerchief round it tying it fast (fifty miles an hour). Indeed the suffering of the poor child was unbearable, so terrible that she could hardly breathe, but Aronburg kneeling down washed her wounds and did all he could to ease her suffering, poor child, and the superhuman efforts of the men at last were succeeding and the child's legs were free, though two more men had been killed, and ten badly hurt in this desperate attempt.

Almost crushing her to his heart and kissing and hugging her incessantly; Aronburg said:

"I don't know whose little cherub you are, but you certainly are brave. You of course may die after all this suffering and exposure and torture and probably die as cruel a death as I imagined, but if I could save you by forcing my own heart into your beautiful little chest, I would gladly do so, and with 'and' with this he hugged her in a manner that indeed killed the pain of her wounds.

"I'm not afraid to die," the poor child answered laying her beautiful head on his or against his shoulder and closing her eyes. "I would only go to heaven quickly. I feel so and that if I died it would not scare me a bit." And then she coughed as the smoke of the distant fire choked her.

"Oh you would go to heaven eh?" he said. "all that is just where you are going, and I'm sure it is, because I can tell by your beautiful little body, that there is not a stain of sin on your heart."

And again he hugged her, and soothed her wounds. Then laying the beautiful child down on a mattress that was dragged from the ruins, Aronburg set to work to extract another soldier. He tripped over the child whom he failed to see and struck his hands cruel blow on a board.

"Poor child," he said. "As he laid her at a safer place. Aronburg now dragged a dead soldier away from the ruins and saw that he must be quick for the big fire was spreading, and had already reached to where the injured child formerly had been and the wreckage.

Aronburg then grabbed the soldier by the arms but saw that he was securely fastened into the ruins by his throat, and that he was dead. The instrument had not only choked the man, but crushed his throat. He abandoned this point and went to another and ordering the men to pry the wreckage loose with crowbars, and as they did so he tried to pull out a wounded officer who was a captain but in vain, only hurting him all the more. "Oh how could you be so rude," another little girl near by moaned piteously with an indescribable sorrow. "You cannot free him or me either, and if you try it you may only pull me to pieces. I would sooner you would choke me to death than have it over with."

"I'm sorry if I made you suffer but I did not see you then," said Aronburg greatly surprised, and as to choking you, that I will never do. I'll save you first, and treat you like the other poor little girl. But remember the more you struggle the more you suffer. Try to make yourself limp when I pull, then you won't feel it so much."

The other men were also bound to save this second little girl even at the risk of their lives, as the awful look of pain in her eyes filled them with an awful fear, and the sight of this child's beautiful body was so horrible, that they knew how the little girl suffered, and she could not struggle, as the wreckage held her fast.

One of the other men had also pulled out another little child, whose eyes were staring and its tongue sticking out. Aronburg was forced to rest a moment, and letting the little girl gently down he placed himself beside her, and then seeing a sharp piece of wood protruding toward her throat placed his hands in front of her neck, thus relieving the stab of the stick in his own hands. The little girl was suffering from the effects of the smoke from the fire and coughed violently her protruding tongue coming in contact with Aronburg's left hand. But god at this moment was with her. The men with the crowbars were working like a number of titans, and beams after beams came loose, one falling upon Aronburg but not hurting him. Then with a glad cry Aronburg wrenched away the protruding stick, abandoned the child for a moment who was lying face downward, and grabbed one big pile of sticks after another and hurled them aside. At last the wreckage was lifted high enough, and with a rush Aronburg grabbed the child by the shoulder, and started slowly and carefully to drag her out, but at this moment the wreckage on top being over-balanced came down with a great noise, pinning him on top of her with cruel force and he her belly was pressed so hard that pain like the grip, passed through her bowels...

And it was awful to see what happened to an officer when in the fire roused toward him in long tongues. To see the other soldiers piled among the wreck wreckage suffering was awful, but when he was in danger to endure this same horrible torture it was too much for him, and while he was screaming from fright a large beam released his legs, while the samobara which had almost choked Jennie Vivian to death crushed down upon his throat, and despite the efforts of the men near him they could not lift the beam. Aronburg and others threw themselves against the beam and almost succeeded in prying it loose, but it replaced itself pressing with greater force upon his throat. Under the crushing grip his throat pained in fearfully and though he tried to draw in his protruding tongue, he could not, his face being of ashen hue, while he struggled feebly. But the beam did not hook the man for long, for now fifteen men with crowbars were struggling at it, and just as the man became senseless they managed to pull him out, and lay him out of reach of the approaching flames.

The horrid horrible suffering had driven some of the wounded into insanity, and crippled as they were they struggled to free themselves and spring at Aronburg, but several of the men held them fast, the demented men with foam in their mouths glancing at him with rolling eyes, when in the delirium they died (hied) violet and her sisters were overcome with sorrow, when these poor soldiers died like this, as they would probably rather see them dead long ago, than die in such a state (filinious), though they prayed to god to allow the rescuers to succeed in getting the other wounded before the flames reached them.....

Underneath where Jennie had been thrown by the wreckage slide there had all the while come the stench of burned and decaying bodies that were probably full of maggots, and no doubt millions were swarming over the other dead bodies, and toward many of the other wounded who many of them being stark naked. They were indeed frightened, for to be eaten alive by such horrible worms would make any one tremble with fear. They screamed most loudly and piteously. Violet picked up a half burned rag, and tried her best and so did her sisters to beat away these flesh eating worms, and though they smashed many of them away with the rag or boards some of the wounded were quickly surrounded. It indeed was a horrible sight, the maggots swarming over their bodies, and though they tried to beat them off, or crushed masses of them it was useless to try and get rid of them. Handfuls of the wriggling worms swarmed over a soldier's dead body and many even into her mouth.

Close to an officer lay a dead private and both had their bodies torn open by shells. Not far from these soldiers lay a little boy and close to him a little girl was suspended body face downward. A long piece of sharp timber protruding from the ruins had run through her and the boy together, and some beams from the explosion of a shell had given way lowering the girl child, and as the sharp pointed stick had plunged into her body, a pack of boards had given way also which made her shoot forward in such a manner that both she and the boy were ripped almost apart. This was a horrible freak caused by a shell.

As the rescuers and other men had progressed toward other sections of the ruins to avoid the fires, there was all of a sudden a shrill scream, which was so loud and uneasy, that it filled violet and her sisters with alarm. The men themselves were startled, and their actions were indeed awful. Again that horrible unearthly scream resounding above the mighty roar of the distant battle, burst forth.

"Maybe it's a spirit," gasped Aronburg.

Again and again the scream was repeated more loudly, then followed by a shrill and wild laugh.

"It's a so-so crazy person," said Aronburg. "And maybe it is a soldier driven crazy by his sufferings."

The men decided to investigate but before they knew it a long lithe body shot clear through the air, with a deafening screech, and landed on the shoulders of Aronburg, who fortunately kept a gigantic grip on it, clasping the maniac round the body. In vain the crazy person tried to get loose for Aronburg firmly held him (for it was a man) though he scratched and bit at him.

"It's a maniac all right," gasped one of the men as he and others rushed to Aronburg's aid. Indeed it was a man, and fort unlately he had been grabbed in time. The maniac screamed, and struggled, with Aronburg, but one of the men to over-come his attack, grabbed a rope that was lying on the ground, and tied it so tightly round his neck that he was choked. (poked) the maniac tried to struggle again, but the one with the rope seemed to have the strength of a demon, and the crazy one quickly swooned, with his tongue sticking out (why?) when taking it off from his neck they bound his feet and hands, and laid him on a board.

Overpowering work was done by men all over the ruined city of Gandarion and Lucille. Jicksen but the men who tried to free the many wounded had hardly no success, several of the men even fighting with the worms but did not succeed much. And one of the men had succeeded in extracting the beam which had choked Jennie Vivian, but now they were so tired (fired) that they could hardly move a muscle.

One poor little girl who happened to be a unfortunately victim of the shell horror was also still alive but suffering horribly a fallen piece of glass having cut a gash across a part of her throat, and some of the worms had wriggled in among the blood, the child trying to remove the horrible worms from out of her mouth, and though she succeeded at this, she failed to prevent them from crawling into the bleeding wounds on her neck.

"Oh please hurry up, and save them or something." Jennie screamed and pleaded piteously time and again. "Oh please spare them. We do not want to see them die amid such scenes."

"We will get them soon." Said Aronburg kneeling by Jennie and gently kissing her on the arm. "We will get them out of this, or we'll be sinners. In the meantime an officer who appeared to be a colonel had been withdrawn from the wreckage. He had died a horrible death. He came to be in that condition no one could tell, but the sight was horrible as he laid him out. His toes were gone, his feet torn and crushed, and his body covered with numberless little cuts, all the soft muscles of his arms having been sliced or torn off clear to the bone by something. His ears and fingers were gone, and his hands crushed. By the expression on his face it was seen that his body also had been torn open while he was yet alive. As the man dragged the half skull on from the wreckage, the intestines had fallen out, and his body was half covered with dust and gore. The man lifted his head far back and saw also that his throat was also cut wide open and realized from the form of these wounds that more than a shell caused them. Many other soldiers were found out as if with ugly knives, and intestines and gore lay here more thickly, and as to any most of those who were here and there throughout the ruined town trying to rescue the wounded made no better progress, and one of them said;

"It seems as if we will have to let them lay in this place until we get help."

"It would be better to kill them, than to leave them to be tortured." Said Aronburg.

"We have got to save some of them if possible."

The other men were very willing, but another said;

"I cannot force them out, as they are so badly mangled already that roughly taking them would only tear them apart from their bodies."

Aronburg saw the point of a long stick protruding toward a wounded soldier's abdomen and knowing that the slightest struggle on his part would make the stick rip him open, he hastily tried to withdraw it, but the cause caused it to threaten more. Aronburg became frantic and struggled to hold the ever moving stick back but in vain. The soldiers came to the rescue and Jennie, Vivian saw the man's peril and gave a shrill scream.

"Oh please don't let it do it." she screamed in such a piteous way as to melt a heart of stone.

"Save him please." Said violet to one of the other men. "If you cannot save him, please do not let him be killed in such a horrible way. Oh please I beg of you."

"If we can get this stick out it will be all right." Said Aronburg. "If I cannot get it out, I will place another body on top of him and let it stab him." It was of no use. It kept pressing down more and more and knowing that it was hopeless, Aronburg quickly placed one of the dead bodies across the soldier's abdomen just as the stick gave way plunging into the dead man's body. The man however was still in the greatest peril for the stick kept on pressing through, but in desperation Aronburg managed to split it with his dagger and drew it out. Other men approached at this moment starting at the work holding these wounded men as prisoners. Many scores of the injured were found who even screamed shrilly from fright as the men approached their uniforms being turned seemingly gray from the thickened dust covering it. Trembling with fright and excitement violet and her sisters directed the men every which way possible but they could not remove them because the soldiers were wedged in between tons of wreckage. The men however would risk their lives for any one, and so decided to save these even if they were themselves killed. One of these succeeded in dragging a wounded general from the wreckage but something sharp fell down from a crushed room above and pierced his body.

In the meantime to add to the terrors for the wounded pinned beneath the windrows of wreckage, red hot smudges had broken out toward night fall, filling the air with thick clouds of smoke, the region becoming a regular smoke hell. fiercer and fiercer became the fire. One soldier whose name was Hans Mercy struggled and battled at the boards to add to the strength of his rescuer, but both their efforts were useless. The smudge becoming now a regular sea of flames that seemed to sear the skies ignited hundreds of boards pinning the poor helpless victims, and the deafening death screams that the poor victims made was terribly heartrending. They were in danger of burning slowly to death, and many struggled desperately to get away from the small tongues of flame. Their suffering was unbearable. Many of the wounded who had their arms free tried desperately to get out from under the burning boards, or to get out of reach of the cruel flames, but it was useless. Again and again they vehemently tried to free themselves. The rescuers also tried to do something but could not as a sea of flames was between them.

The Vivian girls were appalled beyond description at this horrible sight, and were at first more horrified as they saw the flames advancing toward the very persons they wished to see rescued the most. The burning victims writhed in indescribable agony, one soldier fainting at the sight of his suffering companions, and when he came to his senses, killed himself in a delirious and violet and her sisters almost screamed, when they learned the flames were threatening those they were trying to rescue, and were filled with indescribable terror, at the hopelessness of the situation. The fire, first being a smudge, was now a perfect roaring wall three hundred feet long, and twenty feet wide, and thousands of victims had already been turned to death by other fires before this one.

It was a frightful sight to see indeed, and still more horrible it was, to see wounded soldiers still alive among them. Some of the intestines lay across the face of one of the soldiers while his body was besmeared with the blood of the dead soldier lying on top of him. When Violet and her sisters saw among the wounded the heaps of bleeding corpses, these poor little girl princesses with pleading looks at the soldiers cried piteously;

"Oh please sir, do not let them perish in such a way. Oh please please don't give up. Oh please save them."

Very sweet, and innocent faces the poor frightened Vivian girls did have which looked all the more lovely in their sorrow and dread of such a sight. One or two of the little girls were crying so bitterly and begging the men so piteously to save the wounded that it would have made a heart hard hearted man or woman faint of pity and sorrow, though they may be enemies of children. One soldier was dragged away from the blood covered corpses and laid to one side. One of the other wounded soldiers was suffering terribly agony in his legs and feet, and screamed and pleaded as loudly as he could, and was delirious, the hearts of the men being touched.

As quickly as bodies were being removed more came, some more horribly mangled than the others. Suddenly the clashing roar of falling planks was heard, and the faces of violet and her sisters became white with fear. Joice could not help letting out a shrill scream. The clashing roar of planks grew louder, which frightened violet and her sisters more than ever, and at the same time piercing screams were heard on top of a wreckage pile near them.

"Goodness." Gasped one of the men dragging a man from the timbers. "Here are a number of men in the wreckage above still alive. Some of you men seize them and drag them out before their struggles precipitate the rubbish down on top of us. I'll see to these here."

Violet and her sisters were so frightened that the wreckage would come down and imprison the soldiers imprisoned below, that the Abbeauxman officer Aronburg could hear their heartbeats beating fast and loud. Aronburg and his men worked hard at the wreckage pinning the wounded soldiers down, while the other growing soldiers in the wreckage above, were brought down, by the score and placed in rows. The leader of the men was one of the soldiers who violet and her sisters had known since their infancy. He looked at violet and her sisters and said;

"Try to quiet your fears for I'll get the wounded out of the wreckage if I have to lie among it myself."

With this he kissed them each on the forehead, and then gave orders to the men to go and find more help. At this moment one of his helpers dragged out of the wreckage to his surprise a naked little boy, having grasped him by the shoulder. The poor child who may have been a boy scout was badly hurt and too frightened to struggle. In the wreckage from which he was taken were scores of dead soldiers with their throats so badly crushed crushed by heavy beams and foundation stones that their tongues were still sticking out. Others were mangled by the beams. Probably the one soldier who had suffered untold agonies agonies. One soldier was lying on his side, and his throat was wedged between two heavy beams. He had been choked terribly for his face was fairly purple. He was lying directly over another soldier. The light had faded out of his bulging eyes bulging eyes long ago. His body was so badly mangled mangled that it looked as if knives had slashed him unmercifully, the blood dripping all over the lumber, his abdomen having been opened, and his intestines had fallen in between the lumber. To get rid of this horrible sight, the men hid him with some wide board boards, after cutting out his protruding tongue. Even a child's heart was found sticking on the point of a stick intestines of all kinds were lying among the lumber, and a lung was taken from a little child's chest by one of the men who knocked it off with a stick. A second soldier was exposed to their view in a worse condition. He had once been a handsome man of thirty eight years and Aronburg clutching him by the shoulder, and lifting him a little said to himself;

"If I could get all the wounded free, I would not bother with these sights. We could almost go insane looking at this."

The soldier was still alive despite his horrible condition and was delirious. He tried to wrench himself loose from the grasp of his rescuer, and tried to bite; scratch and punch him, but he was utterly helpless for such a powerful man and he was drawn forth and placed with the others. Near where Violet was standing stood a high iron snail, where through some freak explosion of a shell three soldiers were left hanging by their thumbs, their bodies having been badly slashed by either fragments of shells or by timbers. The woodwork of its platform had caught as much gore as would come, the sea shell explosions here in their withering rage and fury, had thrown by the concussion the two privates and one officer against the dangling ropes and had been secured their by their thumbs in some mysterious way, but any have died from wreckage or shell fragments. As it appeared, sharp boards, and bricks, and glass may have struck them and sliced their bodies frightfully and therefore they may have died in torture. The clouds of wreckage blown about by shell bursts had continued to lash them until their bodies were ripped open from the top to bottom. It was the most awful sight that violet and her sisters had ever seen outside the massacres of children they experienced, and how glad they would have been if the men would soon succeed in freeing the other wounded men.

One grabbed the man by the foot, and another forcing the wreckage by men's means of a crowbar tried to drag him out, but in vain, and had to let him down despite the bitter pleas of Violet and her sisters. Another officer who was an Abbotinian ordered his companions, "I call of them to comply with all their might with crowbars, and this they did, while two men getting the soldiers arm free, struggled desperately to free him, but these actions only made the soldier feel the effects of his severe wounds, and he screamed and groaned piteously. Shriill screams for no more, was continually heard far and wide, but the men were sorely intent on the soldiers lying among the wreckage here. Some of the wounded soldiers had carried Rosaries and Scapulars and the officers wondered they were not injured by the shells. Rescue the wounded they must. One of the men at his moment extracting an officer who was a sergeant who had died of strangulation said:

"We will have to clear away all these surrounding bodies first, and they seem to keep the pressure of the wreckage on." One of the men at this moment extracted a mortally wounded private, who when released tried to make a struggle but his arms and legs were broken and he hung limp. Two of the men set him down gently. If you my dear readers could have observed the sad faces of Violet and her sisters it could have made you also desire to aid them. The soldiers indeed saw their faces which made them hasten all the more. The Abbotinian now extracted a soldier with long flowing hair, who had also died a horrible death from strangulation, and from his body being rent open on while he was still alive.

To die from just strangulation may not be such a horrible thing but to be randed apart by an explosion of a shell was horrible, and the recent suffering of the man could be seen in his ghastly white face. The look in his face was awful. As they lifted him, he hung limp, with his eyes bulging, and his tongue sticking out, the soldier having died with his tongue still protruding, and Violet and her sisters were horrified when they saw this, and shut their eyes.

The man's belly was split wide open and his intestines were protruding. The Abbotinian carefully laid the dead body somewhere in the middle of the street, but covering it with a canvas found among the wreckage. At this moment one of the men by accident precipitated a score of mangled bodies almost against Violet and her sisters, these bodies being so mangled that they fairly wiped the feet of Violet and her sisters in gore. Poor little girls, they were so much frightened that they were too horrified to cry, but they looked pleadingly toward heaven, and begged god to cause this long battle to be stopped. All of the soldiers both men and officers who had been precipitated down seemed to have been cut like a butcher would a cow, their intestines almost falling out from their opened bodies, and the wreckage they fell from was at least with broken fragments of some shells, which evidently caused this horrible death. So many of the bodies had fallen that the boards nearest Violet and her sisters were thickly covered with blood, and some of it dropped into the mouths of other dead soldiers lying beneath. One dead soldier was lifted off, whose throat was crushed, and his protruding tongue coated an inch thick with blood. Nearly every dead soldier but three were found with their bellies torn open, their bodies badly cut up, and some of their intestines entwined about each other; a sight being revealed which probably

was worse than any massacre committed by the gladiators to innocent children. One of other soldier who had been extracted had been choked to death by a beam which crushed his throat. As they now worked at others, the same beam suddenly sank, collapsed and fell down on some of the rescuers almost killing them. One of the

gave a vivid girl who was Jennie had been caught by the end of this heavy beam and hur hurried to the ground and the beam pressed on her neck in a vice like grip. Bells seemed to be ringing in her ears, and the crushing pressure on her throat caused intense pain. The beam pressed down harder and harder, until her head was thrown back while her bulging eyes seemed to fall out of their sockets.

Her tongue sticking out as far as it could go. Her face became purple and glistened with a little stream of blood came from her nose, mouth, and ears. Jennie, whose hands were free tried to release her throat of that crushing grip, but the more she did this the harder the beam pressed down making her tongue stick all the way down. Her lungs pained for air, and she even struggled and beat at the beam with her lit fists, but she was rendered helpless. At last she managed to make one of the boards fall which attracted some of the Abbotinians. At this moment she became terribly dizzy, her head seemed to swim like top, and growing weak she threw up her arms while her head at last hanging back backwards seemed full of bells ringing with an unearthly sound. When everything became black before her eyes, just at the moment the men had succeeded in lifting up the beam. Being unconscious the soldiers thought she was dead, and almost were in fits of fear and confusion.

But the awful crushing pressure had been released in time, and she had only become senseless, having fainted rather than the brutal marks were on her throat. They managed to bring her to her senses and when she came to she did not show any fear but it kept her distance from the wreckage nevertheless. In the meantime one Abbotinian officer drew a soldier from the wreckage who had suffered terribly before he died. His back was crushed, his neck cut open, and his arms mangled, and his legs crushed into a mass of flesh and bone. As piece after piece of the wreckage was lifted off, more blood dripping corpses slid down this time on the imprisoned wounded in the wreckage below, the blood of these sliced up bodies running in streams, most by hundreds of hours of arms being covered with the gore.

There were also many more scattered from cuts inflicted by showers of glass, violet and her sisters were stricken with horror when they saw so many poor victims scattered along the sea of drowned wreckage and mingled, with thousands of scattered bodies. Close to where the little girls were passing was the frightful ruin of St. Cecilia's School which had once been a large and fine story building made of huge stones and painted gray. The lower first floor windows had been twenty six feet high, and the walls of the building built of large heavy stones, squared like cubes were four feet thick. The strong towers were down, and the walls surrounding the playgrounds were in various ruins. Every building in the large city of Lucille Jackson had been made of very expensive material, and so heavy indeed was the load of property there, the streets had been broader, and longer than these in Chicago, but now no streets could be distinguished in the mass of wreck wreckage left by the shell storm from Lucille Jackson ridge. Violet and her sisters now knew how bad the situation was, and in their hearts begged god as piteously as they could to cause the rescue of those soldiers still breathing. At last in the smoke laden atmosphere and pairing clouds of dust, and fragments of stones they heard some officer talking to another. Then one of them blew a shrill whistle and in a minute a score of men were with him. They approached a windrow of wreckage before which the living girls were standing, and seeing some of the soldiers alive yet, seized them by the feet, while others tried to lift the heavy timbers, but but in vain, the wreckage would not budge.

"Don't get them loose, that is all there is to it," said one of the men nobly. "We would have to take all night, and yet we cannot hardly do anything in this smoke and this laden atmosphere."

The men slowly went away the smoke now being so intense that poor Violet and her sisters could hardly see anything, and they were frightened when they saw by the glare of bursting shells some boards nearest them red with the blood of dead child soldiers. A brighter flash revealed bones of dead bodies, and the poor little girls shuddered, and the more they saw the more frightened frightened and horror stricken they became, and were almost deafened by the din of exploding shells. Jennie felt sad and lonely, and yearned to be back home out of this region of horror and bloody scenes. The whole mass of ruins within their view smelted like a slaughter house, and so sickening was the stench that at times the little girls nearly vomited. All round were the bodies of torn soldiers even half naked. And at the horrid nights revealed by the clearing of the smoke Violet and her sisters were filled with indescribable horror. They had never observed such sights in all their lives. Each soldier had been killed by being beaten over the head by heavy boards flung at him by some great explosion, and another soldier Violet observed had been forced on his knees, with his hands extended above his head and held that way, his arms and chest having been dislocated and his abdomen torn open, his tongue protruding far out altogether. Many of the poor Angelinian soldiers who he had fought so desperately in Lucille Jackson in the face of the Lucille Jackson shell storm had been not killed only by shells, but were beaten to death by hundreds of flying timbers, and many had died with the look of terror in their eyes. Violet and her sisters whose bright and pleasant faces always had spread a vivid light round them, moved as if in a dream, their cheeks pale, and then their eyes red from weeping. Every distant crash of the shells had convulsed them with fright, and drove them to sudden sobbing and tears. In a minute another number of the columns of a lowly retreating men were searching in their vicinity for some of their wounded comrades and came upon several officers who were lieutenants, pinned between two beams. In vain they tried to free these. The beams could not be budged. Very close to where Violet and her sisters passed next, were twenty five Angelinians only one of them privates, and all were naked save two, and their clothes or uniforms were in shreds. And their bodies were covered with such ugly looking wounds, that the rescuers seeing them were horrified.

The rescuers came upon one soldier whose name was Jennings Van, who was pinned on the bleeding bodies. The rescuers even with the frantic help of the vivid girl who also lost a hand, tried to release him the soldier being mangled, but their combined efforts failed, and they had to give it up despite his piteous and screams. One of the rescuers grabbed another by the left arm and tried to free him also, but in vain and one of them said:

"I say boys! It seems as if somebody went out the heart of this soldier lying by a safe, as his body is open open, and his heart is missing. What means this?"

"The shells may have done it," said another. "The soldiers who were trying to prevent this town from being blown up were so helpless in the fury of the shell storm that they were probably struck by many fragments, and pulled open or apart by the fierce straining of their legs and arms, when hurled about so violently by the blasts."

Jennings Van being overwhelmed with sorrow, pain and terror, begged as piteously as he could to the men to help him, and the men touched to the quick, by the pleading of the wounded soldier, again went to the task, taking away board after board, while several others taking out daggers cut away the tons of lathes, that held the bones on top of the wounded soldiers, and with the help of other men they seemed to make better progress than before, but at this moment a pile of wreckage above still down, and increasing the weight below, and now the work was no better done, when first star started. Yet the men but touched by the frantic efforts of the brave vivid girl did not give up and were determined to win at all costs.

"Dear blessed moon, the night," they helped us to pass our way through the tangled wreckage of this wild battle-field." "Ain't in town of the greatest words."

"Dear pretty innocents as you are," said Evans hugging her closer, "that beautiful child like trust in god and his blessed mother: you are the very poor little."

"Never seen anything but a world of woe, and I mean to see that your sorrows will and soon have an end. I do wish they were not your brothers and that there were only a mistake in the reports. Well now precious purple children you stay here, and let us go out and give poor little Violet a surprise."

They readily consented and Evans meeting Violet outside the church said:

"How glad would you be if your sisters would only return?"

"Oh how happy would I be," replied Violet. "And oh Evans you are my guardian, could you not think of some way of finding at least their bodies, and bury them in a country where there are no battles fought?"

And the poor forlorn little girl turned eyes of such appealing wistfulness and reproach upon him that he could not bear it.

"I would sooner have my heart cut out than see you come to further harm and sorrow like this," said general Evans. "But promise me you will not be frightened, and will not cry any more if I take you into the church to see our dear lord Jesus. There are christian visitors who wish to see us in there."

"Oh no indeed I'm not frightened and I will not cry again. I am only crying because I am sad and forlorn and lonesome and then you always comfort me, and yes! how can I be happy again in this world when my sisters and father are gone forever from this world?"

"God bless you and yet do dear little sisters," said Evans softly laying a gentle hand on Violet's head and then taking her in he brought her to the altar railing where she became conscious of that strange sweet odor once more, more fragrant and delicious than any smell of flowers or incense which still filled the sanctuary and appeared as if luminous halos appeared above the heads of the little girls by the altar railing. A feeling of awe overcame Violet, a feeling of an overpowering sense of being in the presence of celestial beings. Violet to her joy however soon discovered who the little girls were, and who can tell of the joy of meeting the ones gone?

"Divinely beautiful," thought Evans to himself as he helped them one by one over the tangled wreckage. "Sure there is none like them at all in this world."

Evans indeed was overawed at the appearance of poor Violet and her sisters, the look of children transfigured or the rapt serenity of heaven saints, who had held communion with the supernatural. Evans was indeed silent for a long time, being still aware of the celestial fragrance, permeating the air in the same ravishing perfume that had sweetened the sanctuary, but distilled from roses, and lilacs of Paradise. That odor lingered in and sweetened all the air about them, an odor not of earth's fading flowers, but those of Heaven.

In the meantime general Hanson, when his men began to do their utmost, but despite it all they were falling, the whole attack on the fort had failed and complete defeat was already at hand and night was drawing in to drive on.

While the retreat was on in general he was to believe the men up and down said and so saidly.

"This is something the rest of this whole war never did. It is going to take four years to repair this disaster, and all the months you can count to clear away this wreckage. In the time of Abraham's biggest storm it took over forty years to repair all the wreckage along the coast."

This disaster was now the lowest to repair the losses and either, and counting that Abraham's disaster. "Said general Hanson in wistfulness, and our whole army is beaten at that poor general's disaster is seriously wounded."

"There is one thing that cannot be repaired for and that is the deaths of six of the poor virgin girls, my nation," said Hanson. "I never get over the effects. It is strange that this loss and bloodiest of wars and all they suffered before and during the war did not cause the disasters sooner and their deaths also. If they succeeded in carrying so much of this war and all its horrors, I don't see why they did not survive this mightiest of Mandelindian attacks. They seemed to have charmed lives, and the full protection of god."

"It is pretty hard to say who could survive battles of this character," said general Hanson bitterly. "The fact of such a disaster, and a disaster with such profound spiritual, physical and moral disaster, it is a tremendous disaster. I and you are still alive, and that Violet and Evans were spared. Four times during the most fiercest stages of this great battle I was sure I was dead. I was, or even Evans would not kill me. I don't understand how they managed to survive so long, during the battle at that."

"I don't see why they did not survive the horrible battle now," said general Hanson himself, sullenly.

One after another of the rest of the christians, from some strange command, was breaking up into fragments, and receding in confusion, the battle field seemed to be a mass of fire, and smoke, many tongues of flame from explosions and conflagrations dark dug up for a moment, with an unusual unearthly brightness, while the different colors of smoke rising in wide columns from greater explosions made the night most appalling. Then there was crash after crash, which was more deafening than those of explosions. Blocks long seemed to turn the fields under, and many of the strange columns of the christians, still standing proudly against the Mandelindians were now beginning to give way. And the enemy seemed to be advancing so rapidly that not even port guns of the whole line seemed to give way, but as yet there was no danger of general Hanson's army being pressed back, as the ammunition of his long chain of artillery still held out, and which was dealing the same terrible destruction among the Mandelindian columns.

"This night makes me think of the infernal places," said Violet.

"I'm sure I would sooner stay here, and die or burn up, than spend any mortal day, or mine of any kind."

"I believe you," said Evans in answer. "It is better to brave or far die than to have hell."

Evans and Violet had now taken refuge in a ruined country and church, then as a stray shell blew up a crashing in the place, they had to go out but as Evans went outside, he was startled by an unusual sound, a sound of children crying. The voices of the little ones seemed strangely near, sounded familiar, and from inside the ruined church. And there was indeed no making a mistake of that soft plaint of woe. The little voices seemed to wait piteously as if in deep distress, and Evans as he thought he recognized the voices, felt a lump rise in his throat. He went in and peering forward into the ruined South Sea Sanctuary, but as yet he could not see anything, though the sound of the weeping voices of the children seemed nearer than before and still more familiar. He went into the sanctuary, the voices of the children sounding nearer, and more piteously plaintive at every step. Then as he neared the altar rail, he saw nothing but the statue of Our Lady, which had been unhurt, six fair little girls seeming to look up toward it.

"My poor little angels," he said approaching them with a smile of deep pity. Then he paused suddenly for from the children came a fragrance, as of the sweetest flowers, a divine strange odor that filled the Sanctuary, and they saw that they seemed to be ethereally beautiful, and were beautifully white dresses, white whiter than whiteness could be dreamed of, while a soft radiance as of moonlight surrounded them, and to his surprise and overwhelming joy he found they were Violet's sisters, and he was overcome with fear and awe.

"Angels now indeed!" he thought looking upon them with a feeling of greater awe. "Probably after being killed, their souls came back to bid Violet good bye before they would fly to heaven."

"Don't cry little girls," he seemed bending over the altar railing. "Don't cry dear little girls, and tell me why you became so ethereally beautiful. Have you become spirits, or were you killed of what?"

They all of a sudden turned and looked at him in evident surprise.

"Oh Evans," cried Jennie. "We felt so bad that we got so far away from you and Violet. No Evans don't we are the same little girls, who were with you before. We are not spirits, or ghosts or celestial beings. We were only caught in the turmoil, and ran for this church which was our only refuge. And oh Evans please keep us company here, for we feel lonesome."

"Poor little things," thought Evans as he fondly drew Jennie into his arms and hugged her. "A pitiable sight indeed."

"How did you find your way here, my darlings?" he asked as poor little Jennie laid her head against his breast. "Violet and I have been almost broken hearted, fearing and thinking you had been killed."

During the evening of the conclusion of the murderous fury of the gigantic storm of battalions, and when the main christian armies were slowly giving way elsewhere, Violet and her sisters following the remnants of soldiers retreating through the ruined city of Melville, Jackson were separated again and even he benton cruelly by the flying bands and leaders thrown about by the explosions of shells, which each second here and there made an ear-splitting roar. Violet herself had a narrow escape from meeting a diabolical steel arm, the result of a wrenching given it, when it going through a narrow arch she was flung several yards by the concussion of some big explosion, and she narrowly escaped having a badly broken and crushed leg. Jennie was stripped almost to complete nakedness by the frank force of some exploding shell, and she had been killed being struck across the arm by a large two before piece of the fort which had been hurled a distance of ten rods by an explosion, and a soldier running from the scene had been severely injured his face being badly scratched and swollen.

Jennie herself had been thrown violently against a big brick wall so roughly that she had been almost as much stunned, but she was not injured, and while she saw many soldiers of Mandelindians lying among the prostrate wreckage, heavy fragments of doors, boards, and beams were hurled at them, while out of a ruined drug store an exploding shell hurled a bottle of poison gas over a soldier lying motionless among a pile of debris.



Manley bowed his head and sobbed out:

"Oh general Hanson, excuse me my heart is broke that's all. To think of such creature with with not only such dawning beauty but souls as well and never to see them again. I never believed they would be killed. And picknell was to come soon. What will he say when he hears this news?"

Picknell at this moment arrived, Hanson greeting him and saying:

"I have lost my brother, and besides except Violet, she is the only one left now. The others are reported to have perished on account of the battle."

"There was a passionate exclamation from the general."

"May be the gods will that I should not see them any more in this world."

and picknell as he saw his face fall fast. But if it is true their loss can be avenged. We will spare no prisoners caught."

There was silence for sometime and all sat wept together, when Hanson with simple pathos told the whole story declaring that Violet was the only one left now. Picknell then turned to his horses that had just arrived and addressed them, saying through a loud trumpet:

"My good friends you all remember the darlings of the Angelinian nation/ whom many of the Angelinian generals have always been brutal too. It is believed from reports that they and their own father have perished in this great struggle, about slaughtered, assassinated, and violet is the only one left now. Violet's sisters and only brothers have also been killed. The whole of the nation will soon know of this and our defeat through my means and land her greatest sympathy and aid for Angelina Agatha and our rulers. But in atonement this must be a vengeance also. I have given up everything in this world I possess to see the living girls and this is what I received. If the report is confirmed you men know what your duty is. Spare no prisoners." Then he gave a long narrative of the experiences and sufferings of the little girls before and during the war, when he added saying:

"It was at this moment that I have resolved before God, and with his help to do all in my power, not only to get relief for the stricken armies so badly wrecked and to do what I can for poor violet, whose sisters may have died so quickly but I will do all I can with the help of other armies to strike the glaudolinian traitors Manley and his father and some a deadly blow. It is your duty boys, when you charge to go into the traitor army hard, give no quarter to the child assassins, and to spare even the wounded. All right boys. Now forward."

With a yell as of one voice the whole surge sprang forward against the advancing glaudolinians and back and forth the lines surged battling anew with colorful fury. In the meantime before picknell came up Evans had noticed that poor violet had seemed to grow thinner, her breath shorter, and how when she walked with him or rode with him she became so languid and tired. And so he feared that her sorrow over the supposed loss of her father and sisters was overwhelming her, and his heart felt a sudden sharp thrust, for he dreaded that she would also go, or become insane, and so he decided to take her away from the scene as soon as possible. He was also afraid to leave her alone a moment, doing all he could to comfort the heart broken child. The way he was thinking he was in a sort of trance for several moments when he was suddenly roused by some one shaking him violently.

"Oh Evans let's get away away from here somehow somehow." Cried violet "There is a big surge of the enemy coming toward us and the scene is becoming like as if the world is going to be destroyed."

He was indeed startled by the ominous roaring in the distance and the sagging gasping at unborn lines seemed outlined in fire.

"This is a worse scene than even a forest fire." Said Evans to violet; "Would you mind warning your uncle that the enemy is trying to make a movement round his rear?"

Violet at once rushed off to find Hanson, Evans following but it was some time before they found general Hanson.

"Oh Violet there is a great column of the enemy." Said violet. "You had better look out as the glaudolinians are advancing round your rear."

General Hanson was at once alarmed. He did not actually see the glaudolinians coming but the smoke of battle covered the whole region, making an awful insidious scene indeed. At this moment the little girl saw another surge of the wicked glaudolinians surging up from the direction of the southeast, and could also observe an extra column of glaudolinians coming forward, the numbers of the foe increasing every minute, and the conflagration of battle began to surge round Hanson like a smoking whirlpool of lava.

At the same time a terrible thunderous roar had broken loose.

"Hurry violet, and you Evans, get on your best horses. I'm afraid we will have to leave as my army is liable to be overtopped by those wicked glaudolinian columns before long. And I'm afraid we are looking for this is a sign sure enough that my brothers arrive, and the others, learning of the loss of their commander is being driven in terrible confusion."

Evans and violet hastened to obey.

"I wonder where we can go now?" Said Evans. "It seems we are placed between two fires."

"I do not know," answered violet. "I do not care as long as we escape the danger."

"Still waters run deepest violet dear." Said Evans. "Why Hanson seems to be getting as reckless as a lion, for I have already heard he is exerting all his power to win this battle, when it is really lost already, and already his thirteen horses have been shot under him. And he is taking no prisoners either. I know violet dear he does not forget your dear sisters or his brother, no body could, the dear little Blessed Creatures." He added wiping his eyes.

At this moment an officer came riding up and said:

"You two people Princess violet and general Evans seem to be in distress."

"Is there any help I can render to you?"

Violet sadly shook her head, and then hid her face in her hands.

"There is nothing you can do for us." Said Evans with emotion and sorrow. "This poor little girl fears as well as I do that she had lost her father, sisters and brothers to day on account of this terrible battle going on. They were my young charges as I am no relative to them, but I feel the loss as if they were my own sisters. Their father King Vivian was very good to me. It is also reported that his friends perished with three others in trying to force the enemy back from Conserva. or Conservatory gun despite the furious resistance of the glaudolinian soldiery."

"Poor violet! said the general piteously. "To bad she had to lose so many at once. But Evans if you cannot locate them what are you going to do? Especially if they are really dead."

"Well," said Evans and his face suddenly took on an ugly look that shocked violet.

"I have in my own lines about several million prisoners. If the report is true they will this very night dig their own graves." And general Hanson also is bound despite the restlessness of his grief to win this struggle though he hardly says a word to any one now. Though he does not show it, I know he feels the loss as deeply as he can feel anything, and he has strong reasons to regret the loss of the little girls whose winning ways and gentle intercessions and their brave deeds for their country's cause has often been a shield to him. He is almost or is completely heart broken and he seems from sorrow, less skillful and alert, to the latter incidents of the battlefield if he ain't careful the way he is acting he may get killed himself, though now I know that he does not care."

"Maybe there is something I can do for you after all." Said the kind general to Evans. "How about letting violet take shelter in my headquarters until the battle is over and you make a close search for her sisters?"

"Can't leave this spot without Hanson's position permission." Said Evans.

"If we do so we may scare him. I have many officers and men looking for them now."

He general slowly shook his head (not off) and rode slowly back to the firing line. Violet stood still as silent as a statue with her hands hidden in her face, and Evans had to speak several times before he could get her to move. She came slowly away and the expression in her face made his heart ache, and burn with hatred for the glaudolinians. He placed his arm gently round her to protect her at any cost. Evans felt indeed that within a few days violet would be pinning her life away and wondered what he could do to overcome her sorrow. Had there ever been children like the Vivian girls. Yes only one. Little Eva St. Clare in Uncle Tom's Cabin. But she alone was no war princess though she in many ways was a heroic heroine in different fashion. Evans felt sure he would never see their sweet smiles again their heavenly eyes and singular ways, and sweetest manners, and the more he thought of this, the stronger and stronger came his temptation to massacre his prisoners.

In the meantime as general Hanson was directing his screaming, cursing, yelling and roaring howling battle lines general Francis Meldonia M. Manley came galloping up to him.

"I offer my apologies to His Majesty Robert Vivian." Said he latter. "Several men have captured three glaudolinians who happened to have this roll of paper about them and I yearn to see them him and give him these before it is too late."

"Nothing doing on that line." answered Hanson bitterly. My brother is not here."

"It took me an hour to get here." Said Manley proudly. "My line your excellency had crushed their assailants to the last atoms and so far we are winning now. If we fully win this battle we can fully reform the other mangled and defeated armies. Could you tell me where his Majesty Robert Vivian is?"

"Yes I'm sure I can." Said Hanson with a gleam of fury in his eyes.

"I'd have given all my fortune to have saved the little girls, their father and brother from the ravages of this horoulean battle. They I believe have to day gone to a better country where God lives."

General Meldonia Manley said nothing but looked serious for several minutes.

Then Manley drew out of his pocket some rolls of paper and he holding it then before Hanson with a trembling hand said:

"I don't want to see or hear of it again. Just as I feared it would be, murdered by them damn glaudolinians. And you fools still don't learn any lesson by it. If I had any say here I would not take a glaudolinian prisoner but cut them all down."

Manley turned his horse and was starting away proudly when Hanson followed him slowly and taking him by the right hand drew him back.

"My poor good friend." Said Hanson. "Let us forget it and do all we can to avenge it by crushing the whole of the foe army. You are the only friend I have now. And if the girls are really slain and my brother also I'll take your advice and put all the glaudolinians to death."

It was certainly a poor thing for poor Violet, for all she suffered before and during the terrible Gladiolus Angelinian war, to even have this cruel affliction. It seemed now as if she had lost everybody, to have the cold world stare at her and mock her in her misery. Near Evans shesat still and quiet, without speaking and when general Hanson vivian galloped up and did succeed in arousing her, she at ood by his side with her eyes staring open open, and her face as white as if she were dead. She did not seem to hear anything that Han Hanson or Baldwin said to her, ad broke down sobbing for an hour, while a search was made in vain. Evans tried to soothe violet by every loving word he could think of but it also was in vain.

"Oh why is it that I should be left alone," she cried piteously; "It would have been better if I had died also."

Despite their heart rending sorrow, Hanson and the three themselves had had a narrow escape from death. Violet decided he needed to be always besides Violet who began to walk away from the region of the extreme battle with a man melancholic melancholic step and when a halt a little further off from the battle line was again made, Evans drew her toward him, and placing his arm round her said;

"Why be so sad. Even if it is true that your dear sisters and your father and brothers died, some day you will see them again in heaven. But why take it so bad when there is no confirmation of all this. No one proves it. And you and your sisters are so good that God may even cause it to come out that at your father may not have died at all, no your sisters either. Keep on praying and God will grant your request. I'm going to organize a strong searching party and have some proof of this."

"I know that," sobbed violet. "If he did not get killed in this ugly battle, then where could he and my sisters have gone. He or they did not desert us. Oh Evans dear I absolutely feel that my sisters and papa were killed in yonder battle field. It seems impossible for any one to survive it. I feel as if I was forsaken by both heaven and earth."

Evans indeed felt sorry for poor violet. Even the apparent loss of her sisters filled him with utmost grief, though he did not show it. But he had his mind that if the girls were slain by the enemy he would massacre all his prisoners. It seemed as if never again would he hear their sweet voices, their sweet laughter, and singing, and see their beautiful forms. It seemed that never again would he see as happy a time as he did before. To himself it seemed as if he had lost everything. Even violet herself would have believed that Evans did not really care a bit if she had not caught him several moments later hiding in a shady nook and crying in heart broken manner and vowing revenge if they were gone. Several times Evans had felt like giving the grin order any how, but the fear and knowledge of the result prevent him from doing it just now. And also the presence of poor violet, her own grief added to his. Violet indeed seemed to him to be an orphan now. Hanson himself was more grief stricken than he showed, and general Baldwin felt affected also and so he had driven his columns head foremost at the enemy, being bound to win at all costs but was hurled back again and again. The whole battle had seemed to end in a terrible tragedy. And violet had indeed wept and sobbed like a grief stricken soul without intermission for half an hour, and though his own heart was heavy with grief, Evans was determined to stay with her but could say nothing more as for her grief he could say nothing. Poor Evans also had a feeling in his own heart that drew him to general Hanson as if he was his only father and he his only son.

And he with sobbing violet as stayed with Hanson who directed the battle, and when H Evans saw Hanson standing so pale and holding before his eyes one of the little girls bibbles though seeing no letter or word of what was in it, there was more sorrow to Hans Evans in that still fixed tearless eye, than all of violet's moans and lamentations. Fifteen minutes had now passed, and Evans with violet on a rocky ledge overlooking the distant battle field, and as Evans watched the storming surge of battle and how it was so sadly resulting he thought of poor violet at his side. Though she did not weep much now, Evans could see that her face was pale and that she was so quiet. He himself felt very dreary as the sudden loss of the little girls was the greatest he had ever so suffered. He himself felt sad and forlorn and longed for another scene to change his thoughts and decided to leave the region as soon as the battle was over. And if no one could locate the vivian girls, or if they were found prisoners in the hands of the enemy then God help Manley. General Hanson himself was going back and forty h among the surging battle line striving to fill up the chasm of his heart, with the confusion of battle and its din, and the officers, a d z and generals who came up to him for orders and reports, knew nothing of the loss, for there he was yelling commands, and giving advices and orders, pointing out points of the line which was wavering, and straightening out regiments threatening to give way, and sending reserves here and there, and who could tell that all the commanding and smiling outside, was but a hollow shell over a heart that was a dark and silent sepulcher. Many of the wounded soldiers looked with pity at poor violet, and several officers shook their heads as they passed.

"My Uncle seems to be a singular man," said violet sadly as she viewed him. "I used to think if there was anything in the world he did love it was his brother, or my dear little brave sisters, but he seems to forget them easily. I cannot even get him to talk about them. If I really mention them he only rushes away."

The atmosphere then became blinded with the flash of explosions from the shell shells hurled by the rebel guns of Lucilla Jackson ridge, the earth and ground heaved in wreckage ascending upward in eruptions hurled up by the high explosive shells which roared and crashed in a mighty volcano of flame and din and the monstrous screaming and yelling of the retreating christian forces. Fifteen minutes later the main force of christian army came up, Hanson hurried reinforcements from his reserves and restored order in his broken line and in half an hour more the struggle increased with redoubled fury, the battle becoming a regular hell of destruction before the very eyes of violet and her sisters. Such an uproar of the battle now could not be described. And so loud became the clamor of the yells of the gladiolusians that again hell with its lost souls and fiends seemed to possess themselves of the earth and air and were once more venting their savage rage and feelings in the most horrible unearthly sounds, even louder than the screaming of a thousand railroad whistles. All the half remaining, demolished christian divisions crashed down in masses of dead and wounded, the air again became clouded with debris thrown up by great explosions and everything went before the rebel shell storm from Lucilla Jackson ridge.

A whole strip of trees growling growing in a group where violet and her sisters were running for shelter were reared to fragments by the blast of a high explosive shell, and bushels of dirt and gravel and grass showered the little girls and the immense cloud of smoke almost suffocated them until they were dazed. The savage fury of the battle continued on the battle raging at its greatest force.

"How but that was a narrow escape," said Evans who was watching the battle from a safer distance when he could find voice to speak. "I thought it would get us."

"It was God who saved us," said Jennie. "It is a terrible battle and even if it had not been for our quickness when the shell screamed toward us and landed among that maze of trees, we would all have been killed."

"You little girls seemed mighty scared when that shell landed," said one of the officers riding up. "You should not have come with us from Dorothy Gale. Your father warned you and you did not take his advance advice."

From along the whole of Hanson's line there still blazed forth the musketry burning the eyes of the beholder like pepper, while still more terrific now was the detonation of the musketry roll and the crash of cannon. All the while there was a queer rushing and roaring sound, the cloud of smoke along the summit seemed on fire, the rolling cannon thunders roared like salvoes, and with surprising rapidity followed the vast columns of gladiolusians precipitating themselves upon Hanson's whole line with seagel sledge hammer force, the pressure of the assault growing harder and harder, the sounds changing becoming metallic, in their deafening ring, then a rattling and a clanking, and a terrific explosive roar that again and again and still again roared and crashed like a trillion cannon.

In consternation the christian officers by hundreds, and scores of generals even rushed back and forth among their men, the earth trembled as if there was an earth quake, there were flashes of lurid lights, and all above this was a most frightful roaring and crashing that reverberated far above the din of the cannon and the musketry. Violet and her sisters beheld the appalling approaching of the battle line, and they could see the gladiolusian columns moving forward everywhere, striking thunderous blows. The whole battle purge came on furious and horrible beyond describing. The shell storm from Lucilla Jackson being added by that of the other ridges in possession of the enemy was gathering fast, their explosions flashed with redoubled fury and numbers, and the thunders of their explosions boomed and bang like the roll of many drums. Even the pressure of the gladiolusian assault had increased its fury, and now the very reverberation of Evans and violet and her sisters was overwhelmed in a mass of carnage. Escape seemed impossible and soon to his horror he found all but violet was mind missing. After the battle surge had gone back the other way again (Hanson having repulsed the foe) Evans looked high and low for them scanning the furthest distance of the raging storm but could not find them.

"Horror! they must have been killed by shells, and swept away to their deaths at last," he gasped.

At this moment the spirit of violet appeared, and Evans saw she was weeping as if her heart would break, crying like a child who never did anything else. She was even crying so wildly that Jack Evans courageous as he was, was at first frightened. And she cried so bitterly that the region of sorrow seemed like a Purgatory to Evans.

"Oh Evans," she sobbed when she succeeded in controlling herself; "Papa and my papa and my sisters have perished in the battle, Hanson and Baldwin who have repulsed the enemy cannot find them."

"I have missed your sisters but I did not know your poor father was gone," said Evans his own heart almost broken by the grief of the little girl. "Oh my dear papa and sisters," he moaned piteously. "To think they have died, and left me alone in this cruel world. Oh what shall I do? Oh what shall I do?"

Jack persuaded violet to quiet down and though she seemed to be to hear she soon overcame herself as best as she could, and now not a sound filled that grief stricken lonely spot after that, even the roar of battle seemed to subside after such a petious and heartrending scene.

This The reason was as stated before King Vivian was reported to have been dangerously wounded, Hanson, Vivian killed, and the two other Vivians mortally wounded. This threw the armies into such confusion that nothing could stop the rout.

"Last night," said Robert Vivian, "before this great battle came on, I myself had a dream of that man who claims he lost the picture of the murdered Aronburg child, sister of Angelina Aronburg, our famous girl spy and scout. I dreamed that he came to me in sorrow and said that the loss was not only causing the enemy great success in many battles but the frightful fury of the war as well, and that there was only one man that could avert the capture of Angelina Agathia and that if a man who suffered the loss would adopt three children by the time two mighty armies would fight the bloodiest battle of the war, there was also one more atonement declared, and that was the picture must be returned. He said thus:

"All I say your Ex Majesty I swear by all the Saints to be true. I'm not when I say this, and will prove it. When I first obtained the picture she was herself a famous child scout and the sister of Angelina Aronburg who calls herself Gertrude Evangeline. She was murdered by a glandelinian War Lord in cold blood. I managed to secure her picture from her pocket, at least to revenge the act as she had been a little saint though strikingly beautiful. The Through some thief who was also a glandelinian or an Angelinian traitor, I lost it, and she appeared to me in a vision, stating it must be recovered by me, that I must do all I can to help in causing the war to bring the children slaves to their liberty, and that only its return or the adoption of two girls and one boy can save the Angelinian armies from total defeat. And its true Your Majesty be cause to morrow you will be finding out the facts by seeing one of the wars worst battles raging, which by its concussion will overthrow many big houses in Lucille Jackson and other towns and cause frightful loss of life. When I awoke," said Robert Vivian, "I was all excited and filled with anxiety. I do not believe in dreams but just the same it impresses me as this battle and its results came true. I'm going to offer a reward to any one who can bring this man who caused the news of my death to be reported, to be brought before me. And when he is before me, God help him I'll say."

"Oh God have Mercy on us. Look at the terrible fury of the battle in the distance," gasped Violet as she pointed it out to Evans that is Jack Evans toward late afternoon. Evans and her sisters indeed looked and at first beheld an appalling canopy of white smoke clouds spreading over the horizon in the direction of the line of battle, and in a moment they saw confused waves of Christian soldiers rushing toward them in a pandemonium of noise and fury. The scene resembled like the beginning of judgement day, and hellish intense jaws a had opened at the same time. The very approaching glandelinian columns roared with yells. At first Violet and her sisters being caught in the path of this onrushing tide thought they were gunners. Trembling in apprehension they huddled round Evans. Indeed the whole sky to them seemed to become a crimson color, and the whole battle field for a moment was hidden in the smoke clouds of our splitting explosions. All the while there was a more terrible noise far to their right resembling the far away howl of many big legions of demons, which gradually increased and came nearer as the surging panic stricken Christian columns surged or passed them. Hanson's line by this time had formed for the last stand on the Glorianna heights as predicted before.

Violet and her sisters saw General Hanson as he rode near enough to survey the enemy's victorious approach. He noticed the fury of the glandelinian attack, and realized he was going to have a hard and most titanic struggle to stop the fools here, if ever he could stop them. He galloped back and forth, and then seeing Violet and her sisters and Evans near by he rode up and said:

"See what you little girls have come up to now. It had been better if you and Evans had taken Robert Vivian's advice and not come here when you should have been safe in Grothy Gale or Angelina Agathia. Now it's too late and its up to Evans to get you out of the hole you dug yourselves into."

All of a sudden at this moment the whole of Hanson's lines seemed to flash blindly with the discharge of musketry. A whole line of rebels in gray just appeared on the summit withered away, and others were torn to fragments, and before they could rally another flash of musketry followed a moment after, seeming to blast and singe the air a thunderous roll came with ten fold vehemence and thousands of the columns of onrushing glandelinians withered away, while the whole surge went receding back in scattered fragments. It had been an awful sight for Violet and her sisters to see, there was a ten minutes lull then the enemy was seen to resume the assault. The roar of firing grew louder and nearer and nearer, while again came a searing river of fire along General Hanson's Vivian's line which seemed to cover the whole summit with millions of streaks, that seemed furiously stabbing the atmosphere and smoke clouds, and the report of the second crash a, along Hanson's massive line sounded dreadful. Again a second time the monstrous monstrous glandelinian wave withered, there was a general recede, and "Forward was the word. All of a sudden there was a cyclopylonic rush of Christian troops toward the rear, and the tremendous onrush of the rallied glandelinians almost carried all before it at the first shock, but notwithstanding the fury of the glandelinian storm many of the Christian columns though dwindling to fragments gave way slowly.

Two of the Vivian girls Mattie and Daisy Vivian had a narrow escape from being killed before seeking refuge in some gully but fortunately none of them had been hurt, and they had seen very little of the battle. But no one had been afflicted than poor Violet when she had as we read further on had thought herself left all alone, with only Hanson and Evans, she herself would have died of sorrow had she not discovered her sisters. The whole world after this battle was in misery misery for many nations had lost people of their own in the havoc or stricken regions, property also, and distant friends and relations went insane of over their withering losses. And all the while during the remainder of the war raging throughout Calverinia before the fall and capture of Vivian Wilkey no communications could be received from the stricken region, and only the few who escaped were able to tell of the almost preternatural preternatural horror they witnessed. frantic appeals had been made, regarding the news, of friends, brothers, and relatives in Abbeinnia, but no news could be secured as all communications had been cut off, and all Calverinian supports had been already for the whole length of the war blockaded, and now on account of the windrows of wrecked wreckage floating in the water from the bombardments of Vivian Wilkey and her fortresses, Lake Angeline and Wilkey Bay could not be navigated and so many glandelinian submarines swarmed the shores of other coasts that no ship of any kind dared to approach the stricken regions to learn of their friends and relatives, and all ships laden with goods from Abbeinnia or any nation, and with men women and children, had been during the war sent to the bottom by thousands of glandelinian torpedo boat destroyers and submarines, a great horror than the present submarine war going on during the war with Germany and the Allies. The stricken nations could not even receive communications among themselves. Eastern Calverinia was doing all in her power for the stricken west, but all they and Abyssinkile could do the following weeks was to refuge the countless injured and wounded from the ruins of ruin and so many of the bloody battle fields. Nearly the entire population of immense Abyssinkile were preparing huge sums of money for the stricken west, and even go hundreds of thousands of red cross workers were preparing to make westward trips to render what aid they could, and to feed the starving. Of all the cities that suffered the most from the mighty sweep of war desolation was Vivian Wilkey and Calverine. Here for real the greatest numbers of women and children were wiped out, and the damage was the greatest. Luc Lucille Jackson and Evangeline St. Clare and Chamberlaine though not suffering any losses in non-combatants were made almost completely nil from the effects of the gigantic battle.

Who could probably atone for the still unknown losses in lives weeks after the mighty Lucille Jackson or Glorianna catastrophe, the misery stricken, or orphans, the suffering wounded, and what next. On account of such a disaster Abbeinnia was preparing to offer as much aid as possible but just now it seemed as if all this would be as useless and as hopeless as to try and save a damned soul, because the battle of Glorianna turned out to be a glandelinian victory. The whole of the beautiful scenery of Calverinia had been almost wiped out by the gigantic battle, which had raged two days. By the concussion of so many shells and their explosions Lucille Jackson was totally destroyed. The entire forest regions of the Conservatory Run in the battle field had been devastated but Conservatory Run and Gallies run seemed the hardest hit by the disaster. Here occurred on both sides the greatest greatest losses in lives and wounded. The correct frightful results of this battle could never be described, not even pictured. In Calverinia, Angelina, Abbeinnia, and Abyssinkile, the greatest misery seen was among the millions of children rendered orphans by the battle. All the orphan asylums of all the Abbeinnian states weeks after the battle were already crowded and yet there was no room. Many were taken by childless couples out of pity but this did not break the vast army of orphans in the least, and the government authorities passed a long that all people able to take care of children had to either adopt children or go in the army. It would have been heart rending to hear the piteous screams of the orphans, for their mothers and fathers. Even brothers and sisters had been separated by death. The misery among the orphans could never be imagined. Even the most hardened witnesses would not have been able to stand it. Hundreds of thousands of orphans had to be sent to the State of Concentina, by the Abbeinnian authorities, where they hoped homes could be provided for them but all were only sent, and then brought back, with the statement that the Concentinian authorities said that all orphan asylums were already overcrowded, and there was not money enough, people enough, or time enough to build homes or adopt them as everything was reduced in the efforts to overthrow the rebellion.

From a safe distance the two great Vivians viewed the terrible conclusion of the terrible destructive battle with tears of rage in their eyes. The two mighty rulers felt the foreboding in their hearts that probably the war was lost. The glandelinians were laying waste everything and many of the better and prouder Christian generals wept like children. The glandelinians were totally winning the great battle of Glorianna and if this was totally lost what would be the fate of Dorothy Gale, Ozma, and Betsy Bobbin. If these were captured all would be open for the glandelinians to move in and seize Angelina Agathia. And what was the reason the Angelinian armies were failing despite all the aid they had been getting, while little aid came to the glandelinians who were even suffering worse than they, in loss of men provisions, and so many officers and generals?

## CHAPTER SIXTY.

### King Vivian Still in TITAN THROES WITH THE ENEMY. THE SAD RESULTS OF THE BATTLE.

#### WHAT THE DIVISIAN GIRLS SAW IN RUINED LUCILLIE RICKSEN AND OTHER TOWNS IN THE BATTLE FIELD.

During and after all the horrible slaughter at all points of this two days bloody slaughter at Aronburgs Run, planket burg or Gloriana as this battle may be called most of the desolated survivors were harbored on top of the ruins of the fiercely defended buildings of Lucillie Rickson and Ophelia and Chamberlaine, or behind their blazing long lines of cannons against all the fierce Glandelinian onslaughts, the hundreds of thousands of cannon stretching in series of lines for many miles the most remarkable chain of christian cannon ever placed upon a single line of the Gloriana heights or in the fields of Conservatory Run and along half of the stretch of the Yellow Brick Road, the whole ridge of Gloriana and the other ridges in possession of the enemy after the frightful battle was called "The Ridges of Carnation" and the fields of Conservatory Run and all points of Mis-Whirt her Run Conservatory Run and Gallillies Run and elsewhere "Sons of the Infernal regions".

As far as can be estimated it was the most fiercest battle of the war and the night fiercest armies had been engaged.

"The Glandelinians of all sects." said Hanson after the battle, "Seem to defy Hell itself."

And perhaps when he said it he had seen and witnessed all the miserable sights of the battle longer than predicted in the story. All through the two days back and forth hundreds of millions in tit titan throes had surged through the wrecked stream heights or back and forth time and again across all sections of the whole fields, and toward big Girl Knoll and over the Yellow Brick Road, and through the Sun flower fields battling with the fury of hell and avalanches of damnation, and at the very conclusion of the first day of the battle, before the wounded could be rescued nothing remained of the regions of Aronburgs Run or Gallillies Run to bring back the men memory of their splendor of nature of a few years before and now which could be seen wreckage of trees, rows upon rows of countless and destruction as of a sweeping typhoon of Abbiannian seas.

For over eighteen hours during the second days conflict, the christian lines had seemed to wave avalanches of hellish fury of their own upon the very Glandelinian columns, attacking the ridges of Mis-Hollester and Carnation and also Lucillie Rickson, and time and again had come awful bursts of destruction accompanied by awful volumes of sound as if the very world and all the legions of the infernal regions were repelling the very hosts of heaven and all the planets at the same time. The worse of the battle had really been in Conservatory Run known later as the battle of the pines and the Forns. This consisted of the center of the opposing armies. The Glandelinian center in titan throes under Mylota and Beppo Evans had surged forward fourteen times and mingled with the christians and the results can be imagined as before stated. Here the Glandelinians won the most tremendous victory of the war. They had drove back the very overwhelming christian armies under Viviananna for the distance of thirty miles and across and over the whole line of the Gloriana heights the victorious enemy had then charged to fight the hottest contested part of the central section of the battle which was a struggle making a greater din than any elemental warfare of the heavens. Here by the dint of courage of general Hanson, Vivians army the enemy failed to go further though they had almost carried the ridge. On account of the horrible scene

Immediately after the battle war correspondents of any kind and photographers were not allowed to take any pictures of the terrible results from the effects of the battle and one of the photographers who had during the height of the conflict slipped into the battle stricken region was seized by an angry looking general who appeared to be Hanson Vivian himself.

"Do you suppose we want pictures of this hell to get to all the nations of the world?" He demanded angrily. "What do you also suppose will become of the recruiting parties?" "If you can't wait until all the sights of ruin and open bodies of men and soldiers alike are not removed then you must think we are hellhounds to let you go by. You are under arrest."

On the Lucillie Rickson ridges and of all portions of the battle field nothing could surpass or parallel the horror. Scores of thousands of officers and generals had been killed by the battle by explosions and also caught in torrents of wreckage and two hundred and twenty five men had lost their lives in trying to rescue general poswell buster Johnston some of the men having died from rupture of the intestines. Over forty men had been killed in trying to rescue general Hanson Johnston. It could probably therefore be seen that no warfare of the elements no matter how terrific could cause such noise or such horrible destruction as this final battle of Gloriana.

But the battle however ferocious as it was had really spared the two Vivian generals or their father and Uncle too for the Vivian girls and their father had not even fallen and the reason why he had been missing and which caused the blunderous report which overthrew the army was that he went far in advance of his onrushing army before he had been really driven back. If the fake report had not been made it was doubtless that the enemy would never have won the conflict.

horsesmen that general Evans was appalled. He did not know what to do, and so great was the disorder and so thick the smoke that he found it impossible to get in any point where he could rally the disordered cavarly divisions. Gertrude Angelina and her two companions withessed the terrible scene, at a very dangerous location almost disobeying the advise of general Evans, and they were so mortified that they could not hardly resist the temptation to rush in and join the war of the hells themselves. Like demons sprung out of the infernal regions the cavarly resisted the wildly attacking Glandelinians, using lance and sabre against their bayonets, and striving with superhuman effort to drive back the Glandelinians who were so fury stricken that they were worse than any Glandelinian ever been known to be before.

The faces of the Glandelinian assailants were awfully rugged, and their eyes flashed and shown with their fury of desperation. The foe were attacking like demons as they sent home their bayonet thrusts and so fierce was their assault that it was evident to Evans that the cavarly could not hold out against the counter assault of the foe. He felt it a disgrace to order a retreat, but he did not wish to have the cavarly face annihilation. He believed now that probably the cavarly assault had not been as precipitate as it should have been and that this was the cause of the repulse he was suffering. And the worse of it was, that the cavarly were facing the Mx-Hollatinians, Zimmermannians and all the sects of Omarians, and Turnerannians combined the most desperate Glandelinians of the them all, Glandelinians who were seldom or may maybe never licked before, and who had been the victors of all the battles which were Glandelinian successes. And now he also understood the situation. The generals in command were also Turnerannians and Zimmermannians, and had rallied the troops by hurle hurling forward a section of the Omarian reserves against his cavarly, and he realized that surely he was beaten. So did Hanson whose lines were storming with fire against the remaining Glandelinian attackers. At last horrified at his horrible losses Evans had to order a retreat and the cavarly fairly fled from the zone beaten in the worse manner and with such terrible loss that it did not seem probable that the cavarly men would have the nerve to make a second attempt.

Fortunately however it delayed the apparent success of the enemy, for it had given time for the immense christian lines under Zimmermann and Hanson to reform and resist the foe more stubbornly. The town of Gloriana was already captured by the foe, all the positions the foe had lost earlier in the battle, they had regained, and once more large forces were pushing on toward Chamberlaine Ophelia, and Gertrude.

It was now fully evident that the battle was lost, and general Hanson decided it best to advise a retreat, and prepared to do so. He sent the order by telegraph as quickly as possible, deciding to withdraw from the scene, and toward the approach of darkness the most shameful and most disastrous defeat of the war was started.

Most of the christian defeat after battles which were lost were made in order but this was one of the most swift and most panicky retreats the christian armies ever had made. We can recall to mind the retreat of the foe at the battles of Evangelina St Clare, Evangelina Grania, Jennie Urner and other such great battles like Osmondsonson, and also Randall, but these have nothing on the retreat of the christian armies who beaten by a really inferior force of the enemy suffered the most shameful and disastrous defeats of the whole war.

The first portion of the christian army to begin the retreat was the divisions under Viviananna at Lucillie Rickson or Gandandon. At the beginning of the retreat a portion of this force was destroyed by the enemy, and the rest forced to a most disgraceful rout being compelled to flee as if a were a large flock of cowardly sheep. The panic spread then to the other forces centered around Gandandon, and thence to Chamberlaine and Ophelia, and also the Vivian and Catherine hills until a

nearly a whole quarter of the christian army was pouring in the utmost indescribable haste through all the wooded country like scattered sheep driven by raving wolves. The enemy pursued wildly despite the darkness progressing with the slaughter and capturing many prisoners. From thence the panic spread still further until by twelve o'clock at night the whole christian army except that under Williamsburger Zimmermann was starting on a general retreat. To force Zimmermanns line however was impossible and the foe had swept past and around his divisions after the other retreating christian forces. Woods extending for scores of miles, large plains, and glens, lanes, hundreds of bridges, mountain passes, mountain roads, were filled or covered with the retreating troops, and when they passed over streams and fords, quick sounds hampered the retreating forces, artillery had to be abandoned, artillery caissons blew up, and in the terrible conglomeration of confusion, violet and her sisters broken hearted over the outcome of the whole incident and probably the war swp swept on with the rest.



over him. He knew and realized that it was the Glandelinians who had caused all these days misery to Violet and her sisters and as he thought of this, and then of the Brigano affair, and other scenes, an uncontrollable fury rose within him. He then remembered his fierce vow at Brigano when the little girls had been so frightfully mangled by the foe under Gertrude Angeline, Vivian who had been killed when he made his escape from the Christian lines. And now he saw an opportunity to carry it out. The more he thought of their plight, and of their sorrow when they hear of their fathers probable death even, and how they had already carried on in their sorrow all that afternoon, the more the fury that rose within him. He made up his mind that he would do it no matter what the cost. He'll see to it that the battle is a Christian victory if he had to carry all hell before him to do so. He felt himself more desperate than the foe. Fortunately for him the majority, or the whole of the entire Christian cavalry of all the various forces engaged now or which had been engaged earlier in the battle, and being without a main leader on account of the Gertrude Angeline tragedy had not as yet been engaged in the battle and were very impatient to fight, and were on the verge of rebellion because they were left out of the battle. The majority of the foe cavalry had met completely annihilation in attacking the Christian line stationed at Lucille Jackson, and though his own scouts Evans had discovered this. He decided to say nothing to Hanson about his plans, but to take personal command of the cavalry which he did. As he sent his officers to get the cavalry forces ready as quick as possible he drew up his own cavalry also, and then bringing up the seven still weeping Vivian girls, he through the other officers appointed, addressed the cavalry telling the horsemen or as many as possible what the little girls suffered. This was then spread by the comrades to all the other men like the roar of the sea waves and probably unfortunate for the enemy all these cavalry men had lost their own wives and children, or fathers and mothers, had seen their own homes, or property devastated by the ferocious foe, and the sight of the weeping beauties before them brought to their own minds the same sad occurrences and soon Evans had a cavalry force of sixty million strong in his command that were getting even beyond his control, so worked up in fury they already were.

At first Evans had believed that it would be best to make a desperate assault upon the rear of the attacking Glandelinian forces, but then from what his scouts told him it would take an hour to get around to the enemy's rear and that would be a delay of time, which would enable the enemy to win a complete victory. Evans then felt sure that his cavalry assault would be a disaster. The only means he saw then was to assault the foe in front, and this would make it possible that his cavalry would have to ride upon the Christian rear and would they believe him a new foe if they saw his troops coming.

Never nevertheless it must be made now. He had worked the cavalry in a fit of frenzy and they were too impatient to start the tremendous onslaught. Evans wired to Hanson then that he intended to rush the Glandelinian assailants with the cavalry of the combined armies, and that if possible to warn the Angelinians so they would not think it was the foe coming to assault them in the rear. Then after making sure that Hanson had received the report he gave orders to his officers to take command of the cavalry and at the signal given to rush forward to the assault. The generals obeyed, having great confidence in him. As Evans rode up to the part he was to command in general he came upon three little girls who had rode up on horseback. They were Gertrude Angeline, Jennie Turner, and Angeline Jackson.

"We have heard of the great battle and have come to see your charge you are preparing for." Said Jennie Turner. "If you wish we would like to follow you a little ways."

"You may follow if you wish." Said Evans politely. "But do not get too near the firing lines as the enemy are fearful in their ferocity now." The big forces of cavalry soon started off and within a few minutes they were roaring at a thunderous gallop of sixty million horses toward the Christian rear. Hanson knowing what was coming had prepared the fighters for the emergency making ample room for the cavalry to pass through the ranks. The Angelinians seeing the purple masses approaching like avalanches toward them gave rousing cheers and resisted the enemy now with might and main. At last the cavalry struck, and for a moment all was confusion, and the cavalry fairly carried all before them. The Glandelinians were demoralized by the sudden appearance of such a large force of Christian horsemen and fell back in panic, and disorder, but the foe artillery let go with frightful volleys of grape and canister and tore down the waves of purple coated horsemen. Amid the tremendous tumult, the cavalry undaunted by the dreadful loss still pressed on with the same speed fairly riding through the ranks of the disordered enemy, slashing right and left, firing point blank with pistols and carbines and creating abominable havoc among the gray lines. The gray lines however had recovered from the terror caused by the sudden appearance of the troopers and were soon rallied by their comrades and the cavalry met a tremendous tumult of bayonets and musket shots face to face. It was now a tremendous death struggle with the Glandelinian infantry and Christian cavalry. To make the scene more strange the infantry forces of the foe were making progress against the cavalry forcing the squadrons back step by step and killing and wounded so many of the

While General Hanson and the other general with him were in the conversation about the fate of Violet and her sisters extraordinary things were happening which were really paralyzing to the whole Christian cause. General Robert Vivian Hanson's brother being most dangerously wounded, being shot in the leg, leg, and neck, and his whole side lacerated by the fragment of a shell, his divisions which had captured the Indian Hills had failed to retain them.

Along this point the enemy had gathered in overwhelming numbers, and had concentrated against the Christians holding the crest, and had swept to the assault with the utmost desperation while at the same time all of general Vivian's big divisions were swept through and through by a most annihilating fire and torn to pieces by the remaining Glandelinian batteries on the hills possessed still by the foe and as Christian general generals now fell by the three score, and other officers by the thousand the survivors became panic stricken and recoil recoiled from the ridges, the enemy pressing on with irresistible force from all sides, capturing nearly three quarters of their remaining number, cutting the rest down with the withering rifle fire and driving the remaining troops all cut to pieces completely from the battle field in the greatest disorder.

At times the whole army had been completely annihilated at the very same time and all the other generals had been wounded and their own divisions were retiring to the rear in panic and confusion, and there were no officers of any rank left to rally them now.

Only the armies under general Williamsburger Zimmermann and general Hanson were still holding, but Zimmermann was also dangerously wounded and there was no telling what time his own forces would be swept back in the same awful confusion.

Even while general Hanson had been noting the dreadful outcome of the struggle with forboding fears and apprehension and remorse, and the progress of the fearful conflict along his own lines the Christian forces under general Zimmermann were already disordered on account of the wounding of their commander, and because they would not yield, they were compressed by the Glandelinian forces and threatened with annihilation.

To make matters worse the Glandelinian commanders who had survived the greatest contest of the whole war so far had steadily received reinforcements from other points besides those sent by general Ambrose Muller. The torn and paralyzed Christian line was now being heavily overwhelmed at the point of the enemy's main counter attack and now it was apparently impossible for the Angelinians to stand their ground very long. It was now not even half an hour.

When general Hanson literally saw the outcome of the general situation he was determined to exact all his utmost to win the battle, or go down one or the other. The attack of the Glandelinians had grown to all its extreme force again and the firing was so exceedingly heavy that the noise it made could have resembled the similar noise of men beating with sledge hammers on a hundred million boilers at once in a boiler factory and the results was so dreadful that no one could see how the extremities were on account of the thickness of the smoke.

The tumult was indeed wilder than any other part of the battle before. General Hanson was however more worried about Violet's sisters than the outcome of the battle, and he wondered how general Jack Evans felt over the loss of Violet's sisters and wondered if Evans would risk striking a last blow for revenge of their lost before before the last of the Christian line would have to make the general retreat.

Evans' army was still fresh but he could not be found until ten minutes later, when he appeared of his own account, and the news he brought general Hanson cheered him more than a man could be cheered and he fairly hugged Evans.

"Thank God that they are really safe." He exclaimed with great joy. "Now it makes me feel like fighting with greater strength and has taken that feeling of discouragement out of me." Then Hanson told general Jack Evans of his plan but Evans taking in the situation at a glance said: "My army could not do the work I'm afraid almost to try it for fear it will meet demolition. As you can see there general the Glandelinians have never before been so desperate in the vehemence of their onslaught and it is considered a miracle by me that you and Zimmermann are still holding out. I have tried my bit already with half of my army, and that big division was put hors-de-combat already, and the nearest new Christian army of any size is over forty five miles away and who could make that distance on foot, even at double time in only four hours. And we only have half an hour more to resist the foe. The battle is surely lost and no mistake at that. I can say with evident positive truth. With this battle, lost so will the cause be demolished."

Indeed the situation for the whole Christian army was even more dangerous than it looked. Evans actually had done as he told Hanson throw his forces upon the enemy but it did no good for all efforts were in vain and the enemy were fairly roaring with exultant yells over their coming sweeping success. Evans who was mournfully watching the successful assault of the foe thought of the ruined church where he had believed that he had seen Violet's sisters dead, and where he had found them alive and well, and though it had seemed evident before he met them that they had really been dead, having perished miserably, he only felt a miserable sorrow over their condition, and the wounding of their father, which they did not know as yet. He dreaded to tell them the sad news. Now as he sadly watched the attack of the foe now driven to desperation by the near approach of success, a new feeling came

clear of Christian soldiers except those who had fallen and a few minutes after

all the nearest parts of the wooded plains was also cleared of every christian soldier, they now flooding across the grassy plains toward the Conservatory Run river, where groups and knots of men stopped over and anon to deliver some withering volley. On looking toward the smoky forests from his elevations and from his observation point general Hanson who was no more wounded than I am now myself, saw that the clouds of smoke hovered over the skies like thun' thunderheads and were spreading out very rapidly. As he saw other multitudes of christians soughting to escape now appear, but they were in greater panic, the scene being appalling. What with the wall of glandelinians advancing in their rear, and the red storm of death seemingly everywhere the multitudes faring to go either way, trod up on one another trampling each other under foot and rushing onward like waves of stampeding steers. On over the plains to the southwest monstrous surges of victorious glandelinians sprang forward within sight of Hansons gaze from which their advancing musketry fire galling the retreating christians tore and swept all before it. Hanson then locking in the far distance with his field glasses saw an awful sight suddenly appear on all the grounds of above Conservatory Run.

A monstrous wall or wave of glandelinians a moving surge that crowded the plains was advancing forward to strike his own line a terrible blow. It was at this moment when Violet and her sisters were at the other part of the war battle and had swooned when they heard of the fall of their father. The great wave of glandelinians came on like an avalanche before which the panic stricken Angolians still flooding tried to escape. Then at certain points he saw the flaming crest of his line at the right give way into a sea or line of flame and smoke and the glandelinians sweeping on with irresistible force, and terrible was the now thrillion cannon like roar of the battle. 'The fire wall' of these rebels as these waves of glandelinians was afterwards called, driving on by the inspiration of their officers, was so large and extensive that it fairly could not be stopped, though all of the captured batteries on the Jivian Hills let loose which effect enough to sweep all before it and crowd the ground with the fallen rebels. Yet these monstrous surges poured across the works, but were asl also shot and torn to pieces the christian fire nowing down thirty brigades, ten thousand regiments and smashing the whole line in fourteen discharges and making the battle line initiate a hell sea of slaughter or thirty miles in extent.

The front wave of the glandelinians had entirely disappeared being destroyed by the terrific wave of christian shell and musketry fire. The sun could not have been able to penetrate the thick smoke pall and all Angolian officers and soldiers watched the great on onslaught, talked of it and wondered.

The great out scene they witnessed was the rebel cannon shelling the retreating christian columns, sometimes the huge shells striking each other blow everything into countless fragments as they exploded. Hence and monstrous columns of the glandelinians, landed across the plains after the fleeing christians the shell fire of their own batteries seeming again to shake the atmosphere far and wide while all along their advancing lines there came a tremendous booming and rattling roar mingled with a furious snarling and howling like millions of maddogs which grew worse and more intense every second. And along all the summits of the ridges recaptured by the enemy there sprang cragged and most stupendous arches of flashes as if from the source of the sudden Phlegeston and through the air was heard the roar of the wilder spread of destruction, and a simultaneous crashing of shell explosions reoun resounding through all the mountain valleys in a countless echoes and many of the retreating christian columns went to pieces and everywhere upon the retreating waves of christians careened the awful storm of shells their roar of explosions echoing again far and wide, and drowning out the shrieks of the mangled.

When suddenly there was a sheeted torrent of undulating flame on the summit of the holloster ridge, while now there came a sound like a world of cannon in action and greater avalanches of shells severed and mangled whole lines in purple the roar of this destruction being more appalling and men by the hundred thousand were blown to pieces. Heavy showers of debris swirled and fell among those still trying to stand their ground, and scores of thousands of men in purple were buried under the wreckage or suffocated to death by the sudden clouds of thickening smoke, while the roar of cannons and musketry musketry and the yelling of the enemy grew louder as if to mock mock them in their agony. The air was full of flying sprays of wreckage thrown by bursting high explosives, the air being stifled by the clouds of dust, and filled with flying rocks and stones that were thrown up by greater and more fierce explosions. The shell storm had now broke with all its fury and whole columns of retreating christians miles long suddenly disappeared, while all the while a new tremendous million cannon like roar sounded once more everywhere, then a sudden redoubled uproar burst upon the air, and this gave evident truth that the glandelinians unchecked were already swarming in monstrous waves upon Hansons last line of positions and that nothing could be done to stop the enemy now. The whole battle field became now a terrible sea of butchery. Columns of forests were shattered by the shell storm the wreckage seemd to be blown in all directions the surface of the ground was cut in deep ruts and it seemed as if the smoke was about to blot the universe out. The whole rebel column moving forward struck the christian line every where and stormed with such fury that no thing could withstand them, and the whole rebel surge in coming full speed

Miles upon miles of rolling surface of ground after the battle had rolled away was without hardly a speck of green to cause the melancholy sea of wreckage, smoldering tree trunks and bodies in purple and gray. The whole battle field resembled some vast volcanic crater of the infernal regions, steaming with fumes and glowing lava.

Nearly all of the army of general Mareccello perished and only forty thousand escaped from being killed, but this line being heavily reinforced by Manley managed to crush back their assailants and sent them flying into scattered divisions. The very atmosphere was filled with a sulphurous smoke mantle and it seemed as if the battle was never ending. In the meantime the enemy were striving to retake the Jivian Hills and as general Hanson Jivians and Robert Jivians armies were prepaing during the short lull to meet the oncoming waves in gray, the other christian forces which failed to force the rebel positions on the Yellow Brick road were falling back in pandemonium of panic and confusion the sun showing as red as hot iron under the smiths hammer far down near the edge of the world, and nothing on the shattered trees stirred or moved.

Horses of officers and generals strained at their halters, lloking looking upon their masters with strange eyes, and carcases could not comfort them, and even the birds of the trees had deserted their nests seeking refuge somewhere out of this region of dominating horror. Devillers in the thick woods saw the creatures of the forest in one general direction, as if pursued by a foe that struck greater terror than man or beast. They indeed seemed to fear no man or beast. Indeed even the air was changed to a warning that no man could see or understand. As general Hanson himself was making obser vations there arose in the far distant smoke covered woods of the ridge below a loud irregular strange outcries of millions of voices pitched to the highest excitement. Voices in another direction responded by a universal shout, and then crowds of panicstricken christians appeared running up toward the summit of the ridge in the most amazing confusion, while to increase the confusion a score of blazing trees uprooted by an explosion toppled over killing several of the crowded lines of men while out of the smoke filled woods below the terrible swarm of refuge refugees poured again like living and tempest tossed seas before which the head of the advancing columns in gray appeared, and in the mixup suddenly p occurring many were overwhelmed, captured or shot down.

Before the advancing conflagration of battle Hansons main line had drawn back further but as soon as the surge of panic stricken men had passed by his whole line suddenly blazed forth in the mightiest uproar ever heard in any actual warfare and after three of the most destructive volleys had been dai deliv delivered all along the line, the glandelinian wave which was torn, mangled, and then shattered began to fall back again irresistibly widening the space between the christian lines, but only to rally and start forward again in a simultaneous rush. Then suddenly the furious million cannon like roar had subsided, and even the loud queer roaring of the greater firing still furt her off in the vicinity of the Bonbon and other hills stopped as if a supernatural awe had seized the brutal battle, and only the soft yelling of far distant glandelinians and the clash of steel on steel stirred the vast death like stillness of the atmosphere, which but a moment before was a storm of shouts from the panic stricken soldiers running to and fro, amid the scream of so many shells and sudden roaring of battle along Robert Jivians line and also those of Hansons.

'This silence is dreadful' said Baldwin who was by general Hanson. 'I wonder why they ain't firing. I cannot stand it. It seems to stop the very beating of my heart.'

Hanson had fastened his eyes on the vast multitude of soldiers fighting silently hand to hand in exped tancy of some dread event to come. Suddenly the silence which had had been so oppressively broken was broken by another surge of men moving forward who gave vent to their feelings to a series of piercing shrieking yells of rage and defiance. There was a general thrill of horror. Yet after the yell subsided there was the same awful stillness which succeeded this frightful interruption. The intense shrieking yells had spoken to them, giving expression and outlet to what they all felt. Suddenly a horrible roar of prolonged detonations sounding like the exploding of a million giant mines shot the very ground and up in the air among the woods there shot thousands upon thousands of immense smoke eruptions followed simultaneously by a glare of flames, while clouds of dust and debris descended like a falling cloud with a hissing roar.

It was the explosions of thousands of glandelinian batteries from White Rose ridge and now great columns of glandelinians were surging back upon the christian line pressing them back once more and the overwhelmed christian columns were retreating with such haste that hundreds of thousands of them left all their weapons behind in the hands of the onrushing foe, seeking only their own personal safety. The greatest scene of confusion and flight of the whole battle now was witnessed as the yelling glandelinians came threateningly near, the whole surge of christians being in panic, and even the officers trying to rally them were borne along in its human currents. It was not from the explosions of shell shells before which they fled, and neither was it from the counter advancing sea of glandelinians which now moved forward with the irresistible force of some mighty tidal wave. It was because they heard reports that both Robert Jivian and Hanson Jivian were dangerously wounded even unto death. The millions of men ran down the sides of the ridge like chaff. In half an hour all the sides of the ridges were clear of christian soldiers except those who had fallen and a few minutes after

Masses of the glandelinians which had fled panic stricken were covered by the fire of their own batteries. Indeed the whole glandelinian army standing its ground on the summit of White Rose Ridge was in a blaze of fire which tore many a christian column to fragments, every portion of the christian line receiving the furious shower of shells, grape and rifle balls. At last however the christian onslaught struck after this awful lull of firing, and during the fighting at close quarters hundreds of thousands of glandelinians were slain, their main line was smashed to fragments by the pressure of the assault, and the survivors were compelled to fall back. As the rebel fell back it seemed as if thrillions of demons were prod producing the atmosphere into titanic convulsions of yell, and both sides made terrible battle cries, and which became universally terrific.

Through all the narrow wooded region on the summit of this ridge the wave of christians seemed now to be cramed two hundred and sixty deep all along the line rolled forward with the most reckless energy mingling in titan throes with their foes and finally carrying all before them.

Gormaine Lyman himself met more resistance when he attempted to carry Hic-Holleston Ridge. As his troops advanced up the side of the ridge he met a more terrible fire. Tons of debris was scattered about him among his advancing men by the terrific explosions, and blocks of stone or boulders probably from thirty to forty pounds in weight were blasted into fragments by gang-gang-shells, and which swept whole divisions of purple coats away and such a roaring wall of musketry as never seen before in the battle yet or after along the whole summit of the ridge accumulated all along the whole glandelinian front. But Gormaine Lyman's troops moved on and up with a speed that was beyond anything known in charges before.

Imagine a great wall of soldiers sweeping forward at the speed of r racers on foot when they reached the summit and you will be able to conceive in some measure the speed of the christian advance now sweeping upon Leo Costelloes. Lives in gray, the christians crashed through this shattered gray line with frightful violence and the musketry fire on both sides blazed forth with murderous effect at point blank for two moments, then the mingling combatants formed stupendous multitudes of human demons in gray and purple as to say, causing crashing among each other indescribable slaughter, and yelling like a thrillion hurricane.

When the entire roar of glandelinians Angolinians I mean engulfed these glandelinians the rebels only wiped out many regiments of christians, but the latter attacked the glandelinians with more ungovernable fury pressing on with incredible speed and by this immense christian line of advance which probably even no multitudes of dragons could have stood against and fight, and from which they could not fly and live many glandelinian columns still stood their ground and just then Gormaine Lyman fell dangerously wounded and was borne off the field of carnage. This drove his troops into confusion and the Glandelinians rallying at all points drove the christians back down the ridges and opened a heavier fire upon them as they recoiled.

Along the Yellow Brick road the battle also surged back and forth. The storming christian assault here was so terrific along this tract stretch of road roadway which was heavily boarded with timber that this region was fairly cleaned out by the glandelinian cannon and musketry fire. The yellow bricks were in many places literally blown out and everything was swept clean and general. Aurodoceallio of the christians who attacked the enemy here was killed. In resisting this onslaught for more than an hour three hundred thousand of the glandelinians perished, when the hurricane wave of christians seethed through. In one regiment of ten thousand men, sixty men were the only survivors, all the bridges crossing Conservatory and Aconlurge gulch were blown up or burned away, the christians having poured across the stream in this huge tide of men, the river however being mingled with multitudes of the dead and wounded victims picked off by the rebel bullets and canister.

In Aurodoceallio's command no one survived the christian assault, all being shot down by the glandelinian cannon. General Marcoceallio's line of gray coats was struck simultaneously not far from the big gun flower field on the Yellow Brick and his line being situated further back. While the christian waves were pressing down upon Marcoceallio's blazing line the roar of Manly Manley long line of cannon could be heard, but the glandelinians of Marcoceallio's army had little time to fix bayonets, and during the disastrous fight with hand pikes, sabres, daggers, bayonets, and clubbed musket muskets thousands lost their lives in a moments time. The wide extensive forest all along the Yellow Brick road were swept by a shell fire of the glandelinian cannon so fierce that nothing there whatever could survive the air being full of explosions, smoke, flames dust, and clouds of smoke from burning shrubbery.

Heart rending was the destruction of Marcoceallio's army of Zimmereandians. Where a beautiful sun flower field was stretching for a mile or more there was now a scene of desolation and horribly crushed and mangled remains of hundreds of thousands of glandelinian soldiers, or men blown to pieces, or bodies of men of both sides with intestines exposed in the sport of the destructive glandelinian shell storm, while the fallen sunflowers cut down by shots lay as yellow as hay over the slain corpses. The trees around the field and along the yellow Brick road on both sides stood stripped of limb and bark, gaunt skeletons in a picture of death.

the flaming hedges of musketry and cannon along the rebel lines mingling with wit the storm of explosions and making a more outline din. That awful seething avalanche of men in purple came rolling on toward all points of the Yellow Brick road and reaching the main line of an insurgent stretched near the road, drove all before them but they reckoned without their host. The glandelinian engines had placed long lines of mines and so as their own comrades recoiled the Angolinians reached the main line of mines in the plains, which were blown up without warning and tore wide gaps in their line of advance. Still on pressed the rest and the guns from Luc Carnation Ridge roared with the crash of a tit thousand titanic furies, tearing hundreds of christian columns asunder, burying thousands of men under tons of debris and suffocating many others with the clouds of smoke and debris and hurling multitudes of stones and other material among the surging christian lines and yet they press on.

The whole battle line became a sheet of smoke and flame. Onward the christians progressed but a new line of glandelinian cannon broke into action and two long lines of christians in the twinkling of an eye were rended to pieces, and three hundred thousand men perished while again avalanches of wreckage flew everywhere.

The first assault of the christians on Gordon Hills had been repulsed with the greatest loss of the battle yet, but amid it all the christian onslaught upon that ridge was renewed with redoubled fury, and the whole of this line of attack seemed to dissolve itself in fire and smoke, the surrounding hills and wooded plains seemed to counter roar the battle and the roar of the battle was so great now that the ground trembled so that the men could scarcely stand, all the wooded hills were like forest fires, and the whole ocean of carnage seemed to be all of smoke and slaughter and nature herself seemed to be committing suicide so fearful was the destruction caused by the battle.

Amid all these scenes could be heard the horrid cries of fresh victims and the at all more horrid battle cries of the enemy. Along the battle line fought between the other Manley and Robert Lyman himself the battle was now raging so fiercely that it appeared as if all the world was destroying itself. The cannons of both sides were roaring with titan fury and Robert Lyman's armies of troops were pouring in a very strong wave of men and they had carried every point now except the Carnation and Lyman Ridges. The christian lines poured across and through the wooded glens despite all the efforts of the glandelinians to stop them. Through the wooded country whole surges of christians also swept onward sweeping through the Trechan Plains. By the severity of the glandelinian fire thousands upon thousands of acres of trees were stripped of their verdant trunks hurled contemptuously to the ground or into the air by the tempest of shells which galled the wild wave of troops. Never before now did a battle make a more appalling sight. Never before during a battle did the scene be so heinous and it seemed as if the very atmosphere was filled with a roaring which could have done credit to a thousand of other battles going on simultaneously.

And no sea of death could be compared with such destruction as this, yet the indescribable was the fury of the christian attack. The glandelinians therefore retreating down the other side of the ridge were compelled to close with the other under Robert Lyman and were thrown into panic. Hundreds of officers and generals who had strove with might and main and by all means to rally their commands to stop the progress of the advancing christians on either side were struck down by a withering fire of the greatest intensity. The glandelinians within an hours time were completely cleared from the ridge and after this terrible sweep of disaster many bodies were literally roasted to ashes by flames among the foliage started by shell fire, the flames leaving nothing but their bones. It was horrible to imagine the horrible red death which overwhelmed the brave glandelinian soldiers. The injury to the living was more serious than the suffering of the dying ones. Before in battle had the glandelinians or Angolinians combined lived and died through the tortures which millions endured in this raging hellstorm of battle. Hundreds of thousands were intrenched in ravines, the battle roaring from hill top to hill top in its thunders, the carnage rolling on and on and many had stood their ground through hours and hours of terrific slaughter and destruction, maimed, floyed, blinded, contorted.

For hours during the terrible increase in the battle the destruction of the charging columns became more terrible. The christian columns pouring up the sides of White Rose Ridge increased the pressure of their onslaught in a most frightful manner. Up the sides of the ridge, and through glens and over hilly meadows the christian columns pressed on, and the whole ridge by the fury of the glandelinian fire seemed to turn again into a hell pit of fire and smoke. More trees by the thousand were uprooted by the fierce explosions and went crashing to the ground in every direction, the shells fairly screamed, and the seething torrents of grape and canister tore whole christian waves to pieces. The attack here seemed to turn out to be a veritable sea of death but up the broken mountain sides stormed the still unbroken surge of advancing christian soldiers. Now then nothing could be heard but the dreadful roar of destruction, the heavens seemed to be sheeted with fire and the smoke of the battle now became so thick that it seemed to come from extensive groundsmudge fires instead of from the mouths of so many cannons and so many myriads of glandelinian machine guns and rifles. Indeed this battle started here a scene of the wildest destruction.

General Henderson Blomfield Aronburg had directed his men of general John Manley left to stand firm against the advancing christian forces, and his men tried every means imaginable to check the christian progress, had mined the trees to earth by the thousands made wide ditches mined the ground for miles, fought the Angolians with all their might, and harassed them, and though horrible losses were inflicted by both the terrific gun fire and mine explosions the rebels were unsuccessful. Hundreds of his best men had perished from being trapped in a curtain of christian artillery fire, or dropped dead from the explosion of their own guns. Indeed it could be seen that Aronburg's forces of glandelinians would be reduced to a mere handful of men and that nothing could be done to stay the ruin. If they only could get reinforcements something could be done to stay the christian advance of Concentinian Aronburg's armies but they were exposed terribly to the ravaging christian fire, even to the advancing path of hellish destruction.

All of the survivors who had remained in the front trenches now fled when the sea of rebels began to overtop them.

In the meantime while other christian forces were still making a desperate stand again the foe, general Hanson Vivian moved all his forces covered by artillery to assault the north branch of the Lucille Jackson ridge known as the Bondon and Vivian Hills. This christian advance first moving across the Big girl Knoll road had after a most sanguinary struggle wiped out the glandelinian forces defending the wooded regions near these low ridges and which resulted in frightful scenes of carnage and wholesale destruction of officers. Then the course of the battle surge was changed and moved northward and turned the whole stretch of woods extending for six miles into a roaring inferno of musketry. This christian advance when discovered by the great glandelinian general John Manley had been in three distinct columns, each thirty miles long and each three hundred feet apart, and it came on for the ridges in amazing splendor.

The swarms of lines moved up the ridge and went on at the glandelinians here hammer and tongs. Indeed the battle of Gloriana along this point became critically cruel. The whole summit of the Vivian and Bondon Hills seemed to have turned also into infernos of fire, a fire smoke and explosions. The christian waves moving across the road came at first at a much slower rate, but they came on more surely and surged upon the opposite side of the ridge and in a quarter of an hour these ridges were like thundering volcanoes in eruption. Awful was the grader.

The christian columns as they advanced up the two sides of these ridges spread out in the shape of two huge moving rivers with a huge wedge of musketry blaze as a token of threatening destruction. The two Vivian Princes who were wounded yet led the charges of two of the three waves. These two wedges of columns poured up the sides of Vivian Hills and reaching the front the left wing of Jimmie Vivian's armies cut their way through the glandelinian front on the right of the Vivian hills turning this whole region of battle also into a blasting sea of death and destruction. The fury of the christian musketry fire spared nothing and thousands of glandelinians perished at the point of the bayonet. The right wing progressed upon the glandelinians also the scene here for a time being like white hot furnaces and the uproar of firing at close quarters was terrific. Thousands of glandelinian officers of all rank gave up their lives in trying to maintain their lines against the christian attack but in vain. Many of the christian columns under Hanson Vivian hindered by the tangled mass of wreckage of trees caused by their own blasting shell explosions could not at first pass through and were moved down by the withering fire of glandelinian sharpshooters. It was a most horrible scene indeed especially when the whole of Hanson Vivian's line was advancing, and already over one million three hundred thousand more glandelinians perished at the point of the bayonet. Through various and vigorous means and various maneuvers the Glandelinians in possession of Vivian Hills though almost surrounded managed to escape and fall back but many guns and ammunition wagons and provisions were abandoned.

No thunder of thousands of strange explosions sounded now, the ground trembled, then there came a terrible crash of burning explosions which made the sea of retreating glandelinians recoil in panic and many trees were blasted to earth by glandelinian engineers in a frantic effort to stop the christian progress. A sea of the christian advance. All the while amid the great thunders of the explosions there came a loud irregular uproar like hundreds of thousands of cannon at once, while deafening shrieks of the unfortunate victims responded in a universal clamor, then even the Trocjan and parabeck lanes seemed to burst into eruption.

The Angolians who had succeeded in capturing the ridges poured forward like living tempest tossed rivers, the rest of the enemy's line still standing firm becoming again like a long line of furnaces from their firing. Elsewhere the uproar of the great battle continued on and such a scene of destruction and confusion never was witnessed. The whole battle line seemed churned into a hell of the great and most destruction. The very plains were blasted with mines by the retreating Glandelinians in their still further desperate efforts to stop the progress of the christian advance, but now it seemed that nothing could stop them and they rushed on attacking the Glandelinians in a terrifying manner.

Away to the west an awful sight was revealed. Hanson Vivian's other divisions were making desperate efforts to retake the grounds of Conservatory Runo a murderous death hall of battle, so stupendous that seemed impossible to be real, a moving storm of battle that seemed to extend for forty miles came pouring on

On the center of his line amid all the blinding deafening roar the main stupendous columns of gunlays army came on the roar of their yells and shouts seeming to rend the heavens, yet more appalling was the cry that came from millions of mangled forms that rolled and writhed on the fields and among the wreckage in mortal agony. The christian division under general Jimmie Vivian on the Concentinian Aronburg coast or was struck by a fearful glandelinian wave of gunlayers which was horribly torn and mangled, and by their fearful losses sustained by their desperate stand against their assailants fled. But the glandelinians pressed on and before the advancing fire of the enemy the retreating columns seemed to dissolve in a roaring sea of destruction, the glandelinians in their onslaught sweeping everything away before them. In a few minutes the glandelinians had swarmed over Jimmie Vivian's whole line of trenches, and the wailing pitiable cry of countless thousands of mangled forms was heartrending, the maddest scene of fierce conflict crashing and roaring above them, the shells and

grape shot of the advancing glandelinian batteries shattering and shivering every thing in their mad and frenzied fury.

Concentinian Aronburg however sent six strong divisions of Abyssinkillians to stop these victorious insurgents whose terrible withering fire tore the first rebel surge to fragments, and then pressing on to the two ends together and turned into a vortex of seething smoke hidden combatant human fiends that seemed to writhe and bend in two directions and to and fro and back and forth, the whole line being a wave of slaughter and carnage, and this section of the christian line which had been engulfed in the destruction in a wave of the rebel columns was now being rescued. The battle along Concentinian Aronburg's line was at its worst. All the other sections of Williamsberger Zimmermann line still remained at daylight although engulfed in the same vortex. Then the glandelinians along the center gave way, recoiling in small fragments where the main line of assault had been.

Along Concentinian Aronburg's right the struggle was equally as fierce. The christian division under general Jennings which had been all the time during the roar of the battle been started by a peculiar snarling sound and then their officers beheld with appalling dismay a vast glandelinian column shifting and wavering in the smoke clouds with every movement turning fearfully destructive at times with the glare of their own musketry fire. The monstrous columns here rolled forward like a tidal wave approaching to swamp the whole world. The assault here launched forward upon the positions situated on the Aronburg and Kauffmann hills the whole christian line was struck and the very onset of the storm of glands in glandelinians came without the very first warning, and several christian divisions torn to fragments were driven into confusion, and the glandelinians mingling with them annihilated every solid and striking the main divisions behind mingled also with them and both surged back and forth in tidal throes. The whole battle line here became a whole sea of butchery. The glandelinians here at all under Beppo Evans and Tinner Myletze made fierce onslaughts to push over the christian works but in vain. Such christian forces were concentrated against them that they were hurled back with all losses beyond comprehension. So it gives forth so far that Concentinian Aronburg and Hanson Vivian's armies alone were partially holding out against the desperate assault of the foe.

They were not really holding out however against the foe as I just mentioned. That is a mistake. Hanson's armies, Concentinian Jimmie Vivian's army having been surprised at the brave successful stand of the arkies under Concentinian Aronburg were going forward in an immense line and despite all their most energetic efforts the whole woods became a blasting sea of destruction and flames and smoke, and hundreds of generals and other glandelinian officers madly gave up their lives in trying to stay the red baths of destruction from the advancing christian lines. General Hanson Vivian's whole army itself by four o'clock was beginning to advance successfully, Manley's left flank being seriously harassed by general Jimmie Vivian's advancing armies. The whole christian line which had not a firm foothold on the entire length of the edge of the Burning woods of Mic-Hollister and Marie Osborne, and which had earlier in the battle been driven from the Aronburg gun galleries and the Mic-Whither gun regions began to move forward successfully and drove fir forward like a sea of waves before the blasts of the hurricane. The thundering roar of the glandelinian artillery made it sound as if the heavens were coming to an end but the Angolians threatened to carry all before them now.

Notwithstanding that Conservatory Run had been last swept by the great surges of battle they were now the quickest to be utterly crossed by the advancing christian lines though legions of glandelinians fought more desperately than before with all kinds of weapons, bayonets and piles and with machine and gatling guns against the roaring tide of christian soldiers. They fairly dropped by hun dred per second all along the line. It was a hotter and more dangerous work to stand even against the ocean of christian artillery fire itself than it would have been to meet the fierce onset of the devils themselves, the sky from the guns of Lucille Jackson ridge and others seemed to be filled with flames of burning shell and indeed the christians now in their new great charge were advancing as fast as they could walk or run.



Yete considering the terrible havoc caused by the tremendous shell storm and confusion of this great battle, which overthrew the whole of the beautiful beautiful city of Lucille pickson to the ground with a great loss of life among the soldiers fighting among its ruins, fire soon had yet to complete the destruction. The whole battle itself especially from the cannonading had produced something like a severe earthquake, the whole region for the distance of one hundred miles being shaken by the vibration. The shell storm from the ridges of Lucille pickson and others rent and tore all the woods within range. A section of a ravine had been caved in by the force of the battle's concussion.

Indeed the whole Angelinian world would soon have its late attention awakened by the violence of this great battle. Large quantities of mud and dead animals had been swept down into the big Mic-Hollister Run by the Conservatory run river, and innumerable numbers of dead fishes was soon floating on the surface of the Mic-Hollister run river mingled thickly with soldiers bodies and wreckage. The fishes had been killed in the streams of Conservatory run by the battles concussion. And also in the other rivers.

The site of Lucille pickson was covered with the wreckage of the Marie Osborne forest presented a desolate state. It is happy the case, that battles attended with such force and with such fearful effects may never come true in this world, and let us hope of not frequent occurrence in the Angelinian or galverinian Countries, otherwise possibly it will render both nations horrible as combat.

The concussion of this battle had been so terrific that not only were the worlds destroyed that man raise to render his life life comfortable, and Lucille pickson leveled to the ground, but the face of the country within the whole battle field had been changed. The neighboring woodlands of Marie Osborne which suffered the worse presented a singular scene of confusion, the few surviving trees standing inclined in every direction, many without barks, or branches, and others having their trunks shattered. At all points the ground from the force of mind explosions was in many strange undulations, the ground on both sides of Mic-Hollister Run, Aronburgs run and Son Conservatory Run having the appearance of the waves of the sea, so much windrows of earth having been piled up by high explosives, and all about these waves were soon multitudes of dead of both sides.

Hundreds of wooden houses in Lucille pickson had been raised from the ground, and thrown into kindling wood by powerful explosions, others had been removed from their site, and thrown to places higher than those on which they had been built. The foundations of many buildings had been blown from beneath the ground by the shell blasts with such violence that the biggest stones were broken to pieces and scattered about, and the hard cement which had united them was crushed into dust.

Corpses of many dead soldiers were found on top of hill sides miles away from the city, these soldiers having fled at the first indication of the battle being lost, only to be killed by the hail of random random shells. The explosions of thousands of shells had put most of the ground in the battle field of C conservatory run into a confusioned form resembling that of the sea when agitated by irregular waves crossing and repulsing each other in many directions. In the city of Lucille pickson many statues had been turned round by the force of exploding shells and a large piece of rock had its position from a mountain changed to that of a small mound of gravel a mile from its former place.

Little at first could have been comprehended of the real violence of the battle which had rolled on for thirty five miles against the recoiling christian lines amid all the withering roar of frenzied cannons that covered all the heavens with a shoen of smoke, and the smoke had been so dense and the scene had been so terrific that doom seemed to have overshadowed the earth, and no doubt any one could have been encompassed with doubt and horror.

The last effort of the enemy occurred when the glandelinians resisted all efforts of the King ivian to take the hills of Lucille pickson as before and where they had been so successful.

ward seven oc, o'clock while the success of the enemy raged everywhere else a fierce assault was delivered upon Concentinian Aronburgs army in general.

The awful terrifying columns of the enemy advanced again upon him like some mighty monstrous wave and then came an awful uproar. The left of this gigantic column of glandelinians swarmed up to the christian works but they went back swiftly only to go forward again on the rally, and the roar of the battle went beyond anything ever heard before. Showers of dust filled the air where the officers from neighboring hills were watching this sight, the christian fire shivering the most most massive line in gray nearly all the survivors being wounded or maimed. Terrible was the destruction of general Hanson postillions great glandelinian foremen as they were swept upon Whillimsberger Zimmermanns line they met an annihilating fire. The few glandelinians who did survive of this division had been so terrified by the almost preternatural storm of shell fire, the seemingly air shrieking of the elements, the gasping forms of hundreds of thousands of mangled, and by the roar of masonry that they hid from view of their glandelinian rescuers and were found half-starved and almost dying from thirst by some christian soldiers. Waves of glandelinians had again and again been blown to smithereens or hurled among the wreckage of trees, and the slaughter of so many of their lines made the sight so fearful.

"fire". From amid the ruins of the the overthrown buildings the raging fire was seen all at once to increase a veritable wall of flame. The countless vapors then lighted, had kindled various combustible substances found among the ruins remains of the wreckage wrecked houses. All of the fire departments which may have been in Lucille pickson were also crippled, the absolute want of laborers and needful appliances rendering all efforts unavailing, and it was not only impossible to extinguish the fire but to even stop its wild progress, and which continued to burn up the remains of a large part of the city within a day. To so many simultaneous disasters a thousand others had to be added, the horrors being beyond all description. All the corn magazines, grain elevators, bakeries, and other grain factories had been blasted or overthrown and no bread could be gotten. The water courses had been turned aside, all public fountains had been drained and these aggravated losses of disasters do reduced to complete despair the christian armies which had battled so desperately here and so the reason the retreat after the battle. Every street could hardly be distinguished on account of the ruins. The greater number of soldiers were buried under the ruins of fallen houses while other soldiers perished in the fires that were kindled in most of the districts where the flames had been fed by great magazines of oil. Not a few especially among the officers and generals were suddenly engulfed in the hundreds of fires which seen in all directions gave the city the appearance of having been covered with networks of fire streams. Many thousands of Angelinian soldiers who were only half buried in the ruins and who might have been saved had there been help at hand were left to die from fire.

Many panic stricken wounded officers who had taken refuge in a vaulted sacristy were entombed in alive by the tons of rubbish, their cries having been heard for days until death from the conflagration put an end to their sufferings. Of still more thrilling interest was the case of an Abbeianian general in the name of Dolores Mic-Hollister. Having been knocked senseless as the house filled with his fighting men went to pieces, he was lifted from the wreckage by one of the survivors who with another hurried to a glade pelted by the falling stones of dirt and stones which filled the air as during an eruption, from the fragments of earth, debris and other wreckage blown up by exploding shells. Here on recovering his senses he observed that his brother had been left behind in the mass of ruins, and taking advantage of a moment when the soldiers were not looking, or were too much occupied to notice him, he darted off and rubb running back to the house, which was partly standing, he snatched the half mangled soldier from the ruins.

Holding him up he implored for help but no one now could get to him for shells from Lucille pickson ridge were falling in the vicinity like a snowstorm. Meanwhile the mansion was becoming a mass of flames and ore long the balcony with the devoted general and his friend was hurled down among the other wreckage by a bursting high explosive, and the general being only stunned was picked up with his dead brother and borne out of reach of the devouring flames. A few other cases of devotion similar to that of this heroic general occurred but it was attended with more fatal results. In the great majority of instances however instant self preservation triumphed over every other feeling and so rendered the wretched soldiers callous to the dangerward sufferings of the wounded for the time being.

Still worse had been the conduct of the bursting shell explosions. The shells falling by the thousands descended among the houses like hell fire. Some great explosion would scatter the windrows of wreckage like chaff, blacken the bodies of the dead, and kill those entangled among the wreckage, perpetrating still more atrocious freaks. Pawn responsibilities and churches were set on fire, and smashed into ruin by shells bursts, and put out by others, and several cases occurred of hundreds of persons buried in the cellars for lapses of six days, and when rescued declared that their direct sufferings had been from thirst.

In the city of Ophelia where the christians also fought the enemy among the wreckage or stormed the enemy lines the shell storm killed six hundred and sixty thousand soldiers, and at Eva St glare who one of the most horrible scenes of all was witnessed the shells shells made three hundred and ninety thousand corpses. The battle spread desolation and misery for the length of sixty one miles, and no type of horror ever witnessed along the coasts of galverinia or Angelinia or even Abbeiania could be compared in extent or energy this bloody convulsion of mankind which in such a short time wrought such terrible disaster.

Yet terrible battles of almost similar character had occurred as already stated such as pig girl Knool, Lucille jorden, the struggles of the Mic-Hollister Run including Phelant onbg, and Cedernire and the titanic conflicts at vlyvan wickay and Th umbelina. In one charge through and out of the small town of chamberlans nine million and nine hundred and ninety thousand Angelinians had been almost destroyed in facing the rebel gun fire from garnation ridge, and yet another big toll of lives had been claimed by the assault upon garnation ridge itself.

The concussion of so many cannons and shells from both ridges demolished the most massive and storm proof buildings, and in a very short time had hurried many immense multitudes of human beings to a sudden and terrible death.

The battle had completely scathed the city of Lucille Jackson. The foundations of many buildings, scores of palaces and churches had been reduced to a heap of ruins by the shell fire of both sides the whole of these edifices being leveled to the ground. All the other larger buildings, palaces, churches, convents, public offices, children's orphan asylums, all schools and dwelling houses had been ruined by the shell fire and the glandelinians and christian armies which had surged back and forth in this region all day long for the possession of Conservatory and had suffered a terrible loss in lives.

This action was really along general Conservatory front lines in general. The lines were still in act, and so was Hanson. The first serious loss of life about seven hundred and fifty thousand were crushed, mangled and scorched by the storm of falling shells, troops, and heavier withering storms of grapeshot and canister, but even more terrible was the loss of life during the big tug of war between the city of Glorianna and all along the Conservatory front. Fifty thousand of the victims were officers, most of them generals, and during the christian charges to retake Lucille Jackson and Glorianna whole waves strong as possible went to pieces at the first shock of the glandelinian cannon fire and all buildings in these towns had been reduced to heap of ruins by the furious cannonading of both sides not a single wall no matter how strong or solid remaining, and in addition to the horrors caused by the frightful shell storm during the preternatural cannonading of both sides throughout the battle, the soldiers lying wounded in all the towns of Ophelia chamberlains and others like Glorianna and Lucille Jackson were exposed to the ravages of fire.

During the whole battle the city of Lucille Jackson or its ruins was in a blaze which at illuminating when night time approached became so bright that they could read by it. It was on fire at a hundred different places at once, and thus after the battle continued to burn for three days. It would have consumed everything the shell storm had spared had it not been for the friendly fire fighters and the rain storm that came on afterwards. The one million two hundred thousand survivors were so dejected, and terrified that they continually kept up a storm of wails and screams as every one having their eyes turned to the flames and looking on with wild grief which was only interrupted by cries and shrieks of the injured soldiers calling on the angels and saints for succor, when over the fire flared out more brightly or the cannonading of both sides increased in force. The cause of the fires were brought on by the shell storm and also it may have started because the altars in every one of the churches were illumined with numbers of wax candles, tapers and lamps, these setting fire to the curtains and timber work that fell during the shell storm, the frightful conflagration spreading to the neighboring houses and being joined by the smaller ones in the kitchen chimneys and cellars increased to such an extent that it might have fairly destroyed the whole city big at as it was though no other cause had occurred yet, as it met with no interruption.

Millions of glandelinians who were passing through the town during their victorious assault against the christians had caused the loss of life to be appalling. Nothing was so affecting as the distress of the poor animals which seemed sensible to their hard fate. Thousands were killed, others wounded, but the greater number which had received no hurt were left there to burn. The scenes of horror after and during the battle exceeded all description.

During the battle the noise for miles could be heard but the shrieks of millions of injured soldiers, also sighs, groans and incessant weeping. Not a soul in any wreckage strewn section of the battle field could not be found who were not bewailing the death of his nearest relations, dearest friends, or the loss of all his substance. The survivors of or those who searched for the wounded could not hardly take a step without treading on the dead and dying which lay almost as thick as grass grows in a field as itself.

In all the streets of the ruined city among the mounds of wreckage lay thousands upon thousands of hastily brought gun carcasses, with their gunners, horses and riders almost crushed to pieces, here multitudes of soldiers and lower officers in rank half crushed, and blood besmeared animals of all descriptions with their bodies torn open by the explosion of shells, their intestines all hanging out, there hundreds of generals richly uniformed, thousands of pris officers of lower rank either in the same condition or worse, or just expiring.

Many thousands had their backs, arms, thighs, or necks broken or skulls crushed, others had vast stones on their breasts. Thousands more lay almost buried in the rubbish and crying out in vain for succor were left to perish with the rest, the slight indeed being fearful, but the sights of the mangled forms were more fearful yet.

The largest numbers of the soldiers, dead and dying had also been buried beneath the ruins of the wrecked houses without being possible during or after the battle for want of braver soldiers or necessary tools to render assistance under such circumstances to withdraw beneath the windrows of wreckage those wretched victims still breathing.

Storms of universal shrieks, cries, groans, and sighs all the accents of grief and suffering were everywhere heard, while the impossibility of rendering from death these wretched foolish victims under the ruins rendered at all more harrowing the cries of despair, that appealed in vain for help and compassion.

The courage thus described was an addition to all the horrors of the battle and added to all the other calamities argumenting their horror.

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The sudden headlong onrush of this first wave of the glandelinian columns and the rapidity of their manifestations had been enough to throw any multitude of christians into a panic and therefore their generals made all preparations possible to receive the second oncoming wave. During the lull a strange scene was observed in the far distance as the smoke from some big distant fire boiled in swift ceaseless and irresistible motion convulsions of ugly colored smoke, each convulsion alive seeming to work as hard as it could, and rolling out so that the masses of cloud above resembled a close knit cauliflower or brains like convulsions in constant and swift motion. The swiftly ascending push sent the whole mass outward, where its upper crest making a convulsive junction, gradually lost its dark and whitish color, and where its convulsions grew larger it changed gradually into mahogany and other simple forms but kept that awful look of solidity and power. The cloudy crest at times high in the sky curved into a parabolic swoop, beneath which shone the darker convulsions pierced at times by flashes of fire.

Just as the second wave of glandelinians were starting forward the cloud seemed to extend to a greater height and began to immediately shape at the upper part like a rolling convulsed umbrella like camp canopy whose color shone like varnish when lit by the extraordinary extraordinary flames below. The air all the while during the fifteen minutes a lull was strongly impregnated with the strong sulphurous smell of the powder smoke, and from some where the sounds like the letting out of steam seemed to rise in the air. As the rebels came within range the christian musketry fire broke out with a roar of a hundred thousand guns; gigarars but the immense column of rebels despite the fullblast of the christian fire again tore their way through the most thickly wedged line, and so terrifying was the sudden explosion of so many christian cannons going off in one volley that any one could have instinctively expected the whole world to suddenly scatter in all directions through the whole universe.

The whole front of the most immense wave of glandelinians dissolved away, but the rest taking advantage of the fact that it takes some time to load rushed on beginning to give forth fearful volleys, and then they rushed over the christian trenches, and clouded and pushed into the heart of the strong christian line. The glandelinians pressed on like the demons of destruction, cutting up the entire christian line, but the generals had immense reserves behind and they swelled their tottering line and drove back the desperate assailants, but only to realize that soon the assault would be renewed with ten fold fury.

The second lull only lasted ten minutes. Then the same wave being reinforced by more and led by Johnston Jackson himself again crashed forward like a series of thousands of mighty tidal waves. Ten desperate assaults were hurled within three hours upon Glorianna Heights, each time the mighty waves of purple mountains and scoundrels rushing headlong among the christian lines, wherever ten times they crashed upon and through them, and crushed them, and where ten times the whole scene became a tumult of wild combats. The fury and power of these terrible onslaughts was indeed stupefying and fascinating. The last of the ten assaults was made with a greater force than that seemingly of the tornado, and the left wing of the angelinians was overwhelmed by the flood of glandelinians and escape from destruction seemed utterly impossible. This section of the tent assaulting column of rebels reached out and banded toward the weakest point of the christian left, and striking it a terrible blow managed to carry a portion of the Glorianna Heights, the victorious glandelinians screaming like hundreds of millions of demons, and every column of men on both sides seemed to career into windrows of dead and dying and wounded, and everything from the fury of the close firing was enshrouded for a time in thick clouds of smoke the sulphurous smell being stronger than ever, the very heights seemed to become volcanoes, and the cloud of smoke seemed to be pierced by a million lightning displays. This section of the battle was a fierce and magnificent sight indeed.

All the while also during the fighting at close quarters there was a wild and tremendous pandemonium of an uproar.

Thousands upon thousands of soldiers on both sides checked each other to death and had such grips on their throats that their eyes bulged and tongues protruded even when dead. Thousands of the wounded soldiers even overcome from the thickness of the smoke struggled and gasped for breath in a piteous manner and their blanched faces showed how badly they were suffering. The tenth assault however was stayed by the remainder of the reserves coming but but not stopped. It was soon resumed with redoubled fury, and the whole two lines again came together into one and mingled in the same wildest confusion.

Hundreds of thousands of soldiers on the christian side who at the beginning of this calamity had been so violently thrown backward had received severe contusions and were badly maimed. Hundreds of thousands of others had been lifted bodily up in the air and thrown down at great distances by the concussion of great explosions on the side of the ridge. However the terrible christian fire and display of bayonets had scathed the whole line of gray who assaulted the Glorianna Heights with such frightful and inconceivable violence, and the christian fire numbered the glandelinians in slain in many hundreds of thousands, and in injured by millions in this region alone. But it was in the battle line with Hanson, Ivian and John M. Manley that probably the most terrible loss of life and terrible desolation was wrought, a complication of disasters having followed this mightiest of battles.

## CHAPTER FIFTY NINE.

### AN IMMENSE STORM OF WARS TITANS. FRIGHTFUL FURY OF THE BATTLE ALONG THIS POINT, AND HOW IT RES ULTED.

IN the meantime while the glandelinian armies of the two Manleys, Johann and Jacob, were attacking the two vivs with a sledge hammer force, general Johnston Jackson Manley was directing great forces against the other christian positions southwest of Conservatory run on the Gloriana Heights. Johnston Jackson Manley threw upon the christians his own forces, and any one could have been startled by the awful roar of the battle at this section, and all the generals in command of the christian army were realizing that the glandelinian surge was coming on at an awful speed, urged their own cannons up to the front and these ridges also were blasting with their riving din. The whole wave of gray urged forward by Manley formed into two big columns, and the first column came on. This tidal wave of glandelinians were driven forward by all their officers and the most dense lining up of their own men, a yell which was incessant. The foremost portion of these glandelinians rushing onward passed through the Marousian plains their line of attack extending to probably thirteen miles. The batteries of the enemy on the hills however could not support this portion of the assault as they had to repel King's division attack and so these glandelinians assaulting Gloriana Heights had to face it alone. Yet these assaulting columns of glandelinians pressed on with amazing fury, and here column after column and also seemed to dissolve into dead and wounded, and the many divisions surging across Conservatory run at this section were torn into many streams of melting men. A large wing of this assaulting wave probably consisting of the extreme left immediately collapsed, and became an awful avalanche of men rolling and falling, but on pressed the others. As they reached the foot of the Gloriana Heights, the full force of the christian fire met them, and whole sections and whole divisions of more glandelinians went to pieces, and fragments of men fairly strew the ground.

Clouds of debris, trees, and tons of rocks were scattered over the Lucille Jackson Railroad tracks by the blasting fury of the high explosives but the glandelinians surged on. The terrible glandelinian column fairly tore their way through the wreck strewn districts, and so fierce was the christian fire that millions of beautiful trees all along the line of battle were either shattered to pieces, or stripped of their leaves, and bark, or branches by bullets and shell explosions. At once fully fifty tons in weight hit by big shells were blown into countless fragments and scattered amid the surging glandelinians. The smoke of battle immediately became as thick as that of a forest fire. One section of the christian line on the main left struck by the first section of the rebel surge, was split to pieces by the pressure of the assault, and became a gigantic line of men in pandemonium, these glandelinian waves breaking asunder every christian division they pressed upon. The glandelinians for a time advanced with irresistible force, though the christian musketry fire cut three whole lines to nothing, and one big eddie of men was wiped out by one volley of shells.

The whole first gray wave was now shattered, but the other section of the flood of glandelinians advanced upon the very center of the christian line with the same awful fury, tearing and pushing their way through the whole sections and killing thousands of men per minute with their bayonets. One division of the christians being surrounded was completely destroyed, and the survivors of another division, was named for life.

Not hing it seemed could check the glandelinians who came on tearing their way through all portions of the christian lines on the center as though they were advancing through nothing. The fire of the batteries above tore every one of the frontal glandelinian columns up as they made their mad onrush, and of hundreds of thousands of glandelinian ranks nothing remained but an appalling midley of dead dying and wounded. Indeed the most vast multitudes of glandelinians had been caught in the full force of the christian fire which was something dreadful many of the men being violently thrown down by the concussion, or dashed to pieces among the wreckage, and so completely buried in earth and debris that afterwards those looking for the wounded could see only a half covered head, or a gaping mouth of a hand miserably crushed in. The stench of the burned powder was abominable and many thousands of bodies of the rebels were honey combed with holes. The explosions of shells threw the debris in large quantities, tossing tons of earth and human beings every which way, and masses of men had been borne down the hill side by the furious sweep of the deadly volleys of big rocks, solid shot and grape and canister, and on the level fields hundreds of fields, and orchards through which the surge also passed through were destroyed by the severest christian fire ever witnessed in battle. The glandelinians however in their swift scathing onrush had reached all portions of the christian lines and mingled with the Angelinians in titan throes but the whole immense gray line was shattered to fragments and repulsed.

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Despite the dreadful repulses the glandelinians only went at it again continually rushing forward in the longest surges. The smoke of the battle increased by the continual discharge of musketry and cannon and had spread rapidly over the entire line of new christian positions. Seven christian divisions north of the Conservatory run had been overwhelmed by the glandelinian surges, the loss of life here reaching a million. The battle now was here for a time at its wildest fury. The whole thick thick pall of smoke had lowered, the color being white and yellowish, the whole sky grew whiter, the flashes of hundreds of thousands of shells hurled by the glandelinian cannon supporting the assault became sickly, and by the breezes, these clouds at times became a prey to violent agitations, the furious hundred fold hurricane of deadly storm of christian curtain fire sweeping down the charging glandelinian columns. It seemed as if hundreds of thousands of volcanic craters boiled and seethed among the new battle lines. One of the most appalling circumstances of this immense flood of destruction was of the shot christian fire, all along the line, and which stretched along the whole summit of the ridge, trees by the thousands which the shell explosions withered away, or uprooted and hurled down, hundreds of thousands of men which in a few minutes they rendered into dead and mangled bodies, and dashed the survivors and wounded back and forth in the air and all directions as if they were chaff. The assault for a time passed onward without a pause until by new forces being concentrated against them, and until met by cloudbursts of canister or which withered all their front line, the rebels finally abandoned the assault again but leaving behind many of their killed and wounded.

The uproar of the battle had been so violent along King's division line that the whole country of Angelina in that locality had been shaken by the din and on account of the concussion of so many explosions and the roar of so many cannons the river waters of Aronburgs run were tossed into waves. The whole region had been for over a hundred miles been affected by the concussion of this mightiest of battles, and heavy losses in property had occurred in some towns on account of the severe vibrations but the region nearest the battle field had suffered the worse. Even in cities at the distance of five hundred miles all the windows rattled, dishes fell from the cupboards, chairs leaped about on the floors, and doors and other fixtures of the entrances swung open and shut with a bang, and in many cases so many window glass was shattered that the loss of glass amounted to scores of millions of dollars.

And her hundred thousand troops sprang for their trenches a quarter of a mile away from the onrushing tidal storm of Glandolinians, but before they could even go forward a few hundred yards a great surge of glandolinians coming upon them from the rear, overwhelmed them, crushed their line into small fragments and swept the survivors back like a tidal wave does to the sea. Immense gusts of grape and canister fairly tore the nearest of the glandolinian columns asunder, hundreds of thousands of the mangled beings being revealed among the crumpled mass of the wreckage of trees. And it was as if the hand of death had covered them with a pall of smoke, the whole battle line was set all the same seething hell of destruction and Hanson had all he could do to rally any portions of his lines but with the help of his generals he did so though the frightful slaughter was redoubled.

Along Conventinian Aramburgs it was the fury of battle was doubly fiercest hundreds of divisions of glandolinians had been shattered to pieces, the roar of battle here being no intense as the attack also progressed onward here that nothing could be at end and the glandolinians scattered some of his divisions of men as does the hurricane to the leaves of the trees. More and more joined the main columns of the Glandolinians. On and on rushed the whole line mingling with the multitudes of half-madened christians amid the awful shrieks and screams, and driving all before them. Despite the fact that King Vivian was launching his forces upon the oncoming rear, the other half of the glandolinian army was still winning the victory and looking him too despite looking Hanson.

And since they began their counter attack upon general or King Vivian they had at their own way also. Terrible long waves of men in gray fury covered by the fire of their cannons on the ridges and in the fields progressed two thirds of a mile across the plains and fields in a few minutes, and up to the main newly selected positions of Robert Vivian with an average breadth of fifteen men deep, and many columns of these glandolinians on the left of the column or wave advanced across all portions of the northern sections of the Big Girl Knoll plains which stretched between the Trocan Lakes and the Conservatory Run and the surrounding districts, and now all along King Vivian's whole front line the battle raged with more terrible violence. Several of the advancing glandolinian surges were seventeen men deep, and others doubled that, and rushed on with the most fearful noise in their yells but not firing, but the foremost of these columns were soon crushed and shattered by the dreadful storm of christian fire, and for a time began to go back. One section of this big surge crossing the Conservatory plains in one third of an hour swept up to the left of King Vivian's main front positions near the Trocan Lake ridges and though ten deep before, came back only a thin single line of men, and a more greater surge which burst over the summits covered in thickness ten yards in depth but the christian fire swept away so many massive masses of men in gray that this line of so many were reduced to only two men in depth. And yet one of the main sections of this mighty wave of assault rushed fully upon Robert Vivian's center. Line followed line, and attended a in length of fifteen miles, and though portions of these lines of rebels seemed to dissolve into clouds of dead and dying, the survivors came on and assailed the christian center with indescribable fury. Clouds upon clouds of fresh wreckage was hurled into the air by more mighty explosions. The battle continued to rage with increasing fury and violence, while one fresh column after another of the glandolinians reaching the summits of hills of Robert Vivian's positions, and spreading over the lines of works also dissolved away.

All of the remainder of these assaulting lines without the slightest warning, and taking advantage of the great pall of smoke surged everywhere over the summit and started to force their way through the christian line. The whole front line of Robert Vivian's line was now being riven into many thousands of fragments, but the main lines confronting each other closed and fought desperately hand to hand, battling like many demons for the possession of this unearthly battle hell as it seemed to be. Yet King Vivian missed upon the assailants as many of his fresh troops and artillery he could bring to bear and the whole of the glandolinian surge that extended all along the summit seemed to fade away into a rushing canopy of men, to dissolve into fragments at the same time, and into a most horrible ocean of death and destruction, but still the assault was not given up.

These glandolinian columns were under generals Frank Angoldinia, Glansoe Joteman, and Mac Majories but they had been swept to pieces by the crushing and scorching christian fire, but this whole wave of assailants had been swelled to such an extent that they would not yield and continued the assault with redoubled fury. The other sections of the whole line of assault again was crushed to pieces, and even the largest of the strong gray line on the left was shattered. Many other waves of glandolinians reattacking Robert Vivian's line and extending their line of assault for thirty miles were also shattered and the glandolinians in recoiling had to go through fields choked with the oceans of dead and wounded bodies, and shattered trees on its bare borders. The extreme right of this roaring gray wave ascending upon the sides of the ridge also had seemed to be of endless length and yet too they had been crushed. The battle was rapidly drawing to its highest fury along this point the whole field being enveloped in the seething sea of dead death and destruction. Again the foolish rebel columns wavered only to go as far backwards as half way down the slopes and then renew the assault, and then to be again riven to pieces.

The roar of the fire along Vivian's line redoubled now, and even to make the silent for worse other branches columns of Glandolinians united with these two big waves, the survivors of the rebels surging up the sides like an advancing cyclone, but fortunately the main assault did not hit general Glansoe Joteman's solid squares, for his cannon checked the enemy, but the center of the rebel column moved for the main portion of the low green law ridges, the fury of this assault tearing upon the christian line like whirlwinds of hurricanes, but the fierce christian fire of cannon and musketry tore thousands of columns in gray to pieces, a regular deluge of fallen soldiers in gray scattering on the lower and upper pinner side of the ridge. The other columns on the left of Vivian's line which had not encountered this pitiless pitiless attack of musketry and guns continued to sweep onward by the charge. General Lord general Heroes christian columns came these awful glandolinian columns under Galsumai Shosamula, yelling like dragons of destruction from a million hills. Yet when the fire opened here also the glandolinian columns in front dissolved into winds of dead and dying. The situation was now very terrible in the extreme, but still along other portions of Vivian's army or line the glandolinians advanced with the fury of desperation. A regular sea of dead and wounded was left behind in the wake of this great onslaught and it had seemed as if even one had thrown millions of big rocks and stones upward and upon the enemy the rebels so terrible was the christian fire that a glandolinian moving forward could compare to this great forest fire onslaught, and if so many columns had not dissolved into fragments Vivian's army would never have existed at all on the battle.

Vivian was overwhelmed and had to withdraw again but he had saved the enemy such losses that they could not crush him. And of the shrieks, screams and howls of the wounded and dying that were being overwhelmed by the storm of death and destruction was beyond comprehension.

The main line of the advancing glandolinians again appeared in its course more as a sea ward and no millions of seething demons seemed to swell the air as the assailants finally scattered a portion of Vivian's christian line, as at the eastern base of the Main Trocan Lake ridge and headed for his rear. The whole shrieking mob of glandolinians then with fixed bayonets plowed their way over the whole of the summit, and indeed the most most monstrous columns of the glandolinians seemed to extend beyond the sight of the christian officers, which clashed with more indescribable fury, and fought the christian columns out of their way, and then started their career of horror around to Vivian's rear.

In the meantime already two times the big floods of glandolinians though torn and mangled by the christian fire hurled themselves upon Hanson's christian lines only to be crushed to fragments and hurled back across the region of Gilda Croser's woods. The columns of glandolinians though having been repulsed twice with these bloody crushing defeats had been swelled so heavily that they again rushed to the assault like one mighty tidal wave, and one big glandolinian column, six miles long, and separated from the main column and coming on in advance, was completely wiped out, the christian fire shattering to pieces all the other oncoming waves, and fairly mowing down everything in its path. The whole surge of glandolinians seemed large enough to overwhelm the entire of Hanson's christian line and finally it did so, striking a part of Hanson's flank and driving all before it, but the survivors at the horrible horrible din of the seething christian musketry and cannon fire were rendered deaf. The full force of the assault however had hit the whole of Hanson's line and the terrible struggle was redoubled in all its horrors.

The glandolinian columns had been scattered minute by minute into flying fragments by shell fire but the main rebel line closed with the christians nevertheless. The massed ranks of conflict now became minimal as the opposing lines closed in on each other. They became one long line of men slaughtering one another, and rushing at each other in drunken drunken rage. Thousands of columns collapsed into splinters of fragments in solid colliding together, and falling and dissolving away like melting ice flows in red hot lava, and this part of the battle became like the annihilation of civilization a hundred times confounded. The waves of men was like a regular hell sea of demons and gray, gone and with fury and frenzied. Brigades literally tore and cut each other to pieces, but the furious columns of glandolinians being overwhelmed in number crushed thousands of christian divisions. The whole battle line became like a frightful hell of slaughter hand to hand, and whole lines and thousands after thousands of columns on both sides, big and small raged at each other, the whole wave of fighting men seemed wreathed in atmospheric fire. The force of the glandolinian assault was more violent than supposed however, and it was in vain to stand before them. The immense wave of glandolinians having swept on cut their way past the left of Hanson's line, and forming a frightfully wide stream of men, rushed almost with the irresistible force of water itself from a flood upon Hanson's left flank, and no one escaped death there in their path of sudden surprise attack. This threw Hanson's whole line into confusion, and on plowed the victorious glandolinians with more appalling swiftness, involving the multitudes of christians amid crushing maelstroms of dead and wounded. And there had been no warning of such an onrush of such an avalanche of men, and again hundreds of thousands of lives had been lost.



All along the new christian line the battle raged with redoubled fury and two of the biggest glandelinian columns overlapped the receding christian columns. So fierce was the battle here now that our reader could fancy nothing but some hellish vision like that of the infernal regions, and avalanches of wreckage especially from trees was hurled into the air by great explosions and sent ood down the eastern and northern sides of the ridge among the fiercely charging glandelinians. The glandelinians pressed on with such force in their onslaught that they scattered whole divisions of christians, only to be crushed in turn, though still roaring and yelling with rage.

Though repulsed twice the glandelinians made a third assault and with redoubled fury.

The advancing columns of these glandelinians were of the fierce Zimmarandians and they continued their furious onslaught to such an extent that they threatened to sweep everything away.

In the meantime general Hawley and his party looked making it positive that any christian army would never capture the ridges. The crests of the Garnation and Lucille ridges combined extended for forty miles, and all the cannons on these ridges were now in a most violent crashing uproar, the firing of so many guns creating a chain of smoke and havoc for scores of miles and indeed did their part to cover the counter assault of the glandelinians.

Never before in the whole battle yet did the heaviest cloud burst swirl as thick as this shower of smoke from canister, grape, shrapnell and other shells as they poured down upon all approaches to the two ridges. Clouds of wreckage from shattered and torn trees was hurled up into the air now by the explosions of all kinds of shells, the shells even breaking the biggest trunks of the trees into small pieces, and the fragments were sifted down in awful showers among the christian soldiers, whose columns were shivered to pieces by this shower of canister and shell fire. Bodies of thousands of men in the twinkling of an eye were reduced in pieces and destroyed.

Savage and grating noises also issued from unknown sources, and as the cannons of Whit a new ridge opened now it set up a more louder and universal roar, while tremendous and strange growling noises began to issue from other distant ridges, which threw forth unusual clouds in the shape of gigantic puffs, while thousands of tons of wreckage from trees crashed and careened everywhere at every volley of explosions, and it was indeed a withering storm of death. The glare of all these bursting bombs was too hideous to be described now and were an exciting horror. It was the greatest avalanche of shells ever seen during the battle yet, and never before was a vision so bound to win if possible.

In the meantime the news of the arrival of King Yivians advance of troops and his efforts to take the ridges in the rear, drew most of the glandelinian armies which were assaulting the Hanson Yivians lines into some disorder. Hanson's whole line had again rallied, and thousands of the most massive glandelinian columns met a fire all along his line that dwindled their columns into mere fragments. This was the worst destruction of glandelinian columns that Hanson's army ever committed yet. During their progressive advance before the news of King Yivians arrival the glandelinian wave had spread out in long wedges, but now Hanson's army realizing the help coming to them in the form of an attack on the enemy's rear, poured in a storming fire that tore every glandelinian division that charged into frail fragments and scattered the survivors in all directions.

Hundreds of thousands of ranks of glandelinians fell to pieces in this storm making it appear indeed as if it was the last of earth, the opposing lines having actually fought in titanic throngs, and yet deep to the news it seemed as if nothing could check the furious attack of the glandelinians for every inch of ground having been gained at such an awful cost cost before they were now bound to keep it. Yivians' line of men having been reinforced by a portion of Yivians' army began to rally on the new battle ground, and prepared to meet the glandelinian columns which were advancing on swiftly. So all the glandelinian columns which now charged against his troops now situated on the summit of Treason Lane, were now actually riven to pieces, and the whole line of charge that did swarm over the summit dissolved into shattered fragments.

But the assault was renewed with redoubled fury at once. After this repulse there appeared an impenetrable column of fresh glandelinians which formed as it advanced like two gigantic eagle wings. This column of glandelinians came on like a huge flood of demons of hell sweeping forward to attack the christians anew. Instead of halting despite the fire they met the two wedges of men increased the speed of their charge, rushing forward with frightful speed, and it seemed impossible for anything to disperse this great glandelinian storm. They came on like a furious avalanche of hell. The nearest of the big columns of these glandelinians were split into small pieces as the shells hurried among them but this main column of glandelinians being nearly ten miles long certainly rushed on defying the christian cannoners to do their worst.

The clouds of smoke spreading over the sky in black wreath a became black and yellowish, the uproar of the cannonading from the-Hollerster ridge and the crash of the shell explosions was ear-splitting, mingled with the rolling thunder of so many big guns, and was to thousands of millions of Angellians in the range of this cannon scourge, for in such cases thousands were killed per minute, without even hope at a short distance. Trees numbered by the hundred along the battlefield on the crest were torn up by the roots or shattered, the violence of so many explosions rendering the many christian columns to fragments.

While the ridge was being surrounded, General Hawley had withdrawn some of his divisions of troops from the-Hollerster ridge, and sent them forward to support the one at Lucille, broken ridge. While these large columns of glandelinians who were now reinforced and rallied were advancing to attack the christians in possession of the ridge once more, the glandelinian officers and generals wisely stayed behind to direct the charge by signal flags, and as they viewed the third assault they were struck led to see that all along their new advance were flashes of lightning of all beautiful colors. Some flashes were broad or horizontal, others were yellow, brown, red, pale blue, violet, green, and many colors of all known in color palette books. Other flashes large and noisy changed their various colors of colors being at times purple, dark blue, dark emerald green, common blue, gray, fiery white, dark brown, and bluish white or crimson. Other flashes were of ultramarine blue, white, and one changing to the colors of burnt alumina, mineral yellow, vermilion, sea green, and Mother goose, the flashes of color of Indigo, Chrysomelids, Green Yellow, French Blue, and Garnet color.

Other were of Viridian green, or Zimobergreen half light. These flashes were indeed most magnificent the soldiers had ever seen, many changing like heated lightning, others were like arches, some like withering smoke, on top of each other, and like the porridge, while many others resembled the flaring lights of sparks from the furnace of hell. All the while these lights appeared there was from the summit of the-Hollerster ridge a most terrible and frightful roar that resounded far and wide, and even the earth and heavens seemed to shake in horror at each of the explosion. As it flew to the officers the scene was a mystery but now they realized it was the flashes of the shots of various kinds of shells, poured out from the batteries upon the christians in quick succession of volleys and this proved that the weak Angellian columns were meeting a good fire indeed. Millions of grains seemed to fairly wither under the storming rain of exploding shells, shrapnell, and bursting high explosives, and shivered torrents of grape and canister, and flower flames seemed to go up in the air.

Indeed it was evident that the gannets of the-Hollerster ridge intend intended to pound the christian columns as they would be driven off the ridge. On some the approach of glandelinian columns again and as they came up to the christians the whole battle line again resembled the approach of the end of the world. The glandelinian cannon then stopped firing again to avoid hitting their own comrades. It was estimated that before the violence of the shell fire and the glandelinian assault that the christian columns were scattered from the summit of the ridge like sheep, though the main line on the center for a time managed to hold their ground, their own fire arms clattering together in the hand to hand fight, making a noise like a titanic waterfall of rocks and stones. Whole sections of the christian lines were to withstand this violent counter assault of the rebels gave way. The main surge of the glandelinians now being victorious victorious poured over their own works once more but the christians as they recoiled gave a response of such an intensity that the whole front line of the rebels withered.

The charge was won however and the Angellians recoiled down the slopes of the ridge. When all of a sudden once more the very heavens above the-Hollerster ridge were filled with a most indescribable and tremendous uproar as the guns again let go, and a hundred retreating columns were a suddenly smashed to pieces or dissolved into piles of dead and wounded. The attack of the 28,444,555, glandelinians covered by this shell barrage was increased with frightful velocity, and never before did King Yivian observe a battle to be so hideous, and to him the thunder of shells roared in his ears overhead adding to the din of the firing along his own front and that on Garnation ridge and elsewhere, and the whole battle indeed assumed a hellish expression, and was a sight that probably the very angels would have never forgotten had they really witnessed it.

The whole two ridges of Lucille, broken and Garnation were covered from their summits to their bases, with immense piles and mounds of dead and wounded, while the huge swarms of Angellians facing the crushing rebels now started to waver again before that titanic sheet of masonry along the whole advancing front.

The noise of the cannonade was making a din as if the ridges were being riven into a hundred thousand pieces even to their foundations, and to support the receding columns and prevent a disaster Robert Yivian had to send his mightiest columns to the support. The crash of the conflict indeed was making the most singular noises ever heard and the mighty surge of the opposing sides still favored to the right and left in the direction of the battle, and the sight of the destruction of the men and even officers was simply terrifying.

the glandelinian officers of all rank rushed or rode all along their lines ordering them and the artillery men to stand against the new onslaught to the last, and it was high time that the glandelinian artillery men who had their guns trained first upon Lucille Pl Carnation ridge swung them round again to bear upon the assailants, & here was now a second deafening uproar of firearms, and then the artillery let go but nothing could stop the Angelinians, and they were soon swarming among the tree poles on the summit, and attacked with such force and vehemence as to force the whole front line of the insurgents back, despite their firm stand, before bearing down ponderous glandelinian waves to pieces.

As the sweeping avalanche of Angelinians collided with the left wing of Leo Castellinos army, this line of rebels became almost surrounded in a new maelstrom of carnage, and endangered by two divisions of Abyssinians which had got round to their rear, the glandelinians here fought with the fury of desperation, but the main christian forces pressed on with increasing violence, and broke the enemys line to pieces. Never before had King Yivian ever observed such a pall of smoke which looked all the more hideous by the glare of bayonets. The hideous aspect of men in gray and purple falling in terrible numbers was terrible, and the assault of the Angelinian waves had now assumed an indescribable fury, the yelling of the rebels being echoed by the shrieks of the thousands of victims, and the fierce avalanches of fierce fighting men, who kept their own muskets and pistols going at point blank. Many thousands of trees having been shattered or hurled high into the air by crashing explosions of the morning battle and a large section of woods blown into a million fragments by the most terrific storm of shells ever witnessed on any part of the battle line served as a strong abatis which the enemy well defended. The bayonets and sabres of both sides clashed together and made such a clanging and rattling and such hideous noises that the effect on the fighters was something awful.

Swarms of glandelinians even darted forward from hidden recesses, and the hoarse metallic clanging and clanging of weapons together was magnificent to hear.

By the force of the christian assault two divisions of Scoodians and Zimorians were scattered like huge fragments by the fury of the christian charge, the masses of retreating glandelinians fairly undulating like waves and their windrows of slain had been to a depth of about six feet or hadian above one another, and at other points they lay in perfect plateaus leagues long. Thousands of shattered hands, legs, feet, and shattered human trunks after the battle could be found far from the battle field itself. The Angelinian columns moved across the whole region on the broad summit of this ridge, but as soon as they were in evident possession the guns of Mio-Holleston ridge had the mark, and opened with a dreadful fire, hurling gigantic high explosives whose violent explosions dashed the many mangled manvto prodig prodigious heights, and driving the christians into confusion.

Taking advantage of this the glandelinians beyond or on the lower level of the ridge began to rally and again the narrow plain above or on the summit were undulated by the frightful long lines of gray, and the glandelinians made an overwhelming disastrous onrush, sweeping all before them, cutting their way through the recoiling christian soldiers, and recapturing their own guns. The other glandelinians all confused also rallied at this and crashed upon the christians elsewhere with indescribable fury, mingling with them. At this the storm of bursting shells ceased and as the two opposing wave waves closed the flags of both sides made myriads of colors amid the smoke clouds and vivid glittering flashes of millions of gunshots, and both sides surged back and forth like two waves trying to combat the other.

The pressure and fury of the Glandelinian counter charge continued steadily, and gradually increased in force as the rest joined in, and even broke loose with more irresistible violence. Most savage roarings of millions of human voices in curses, shouts of detestation, howlings, rattling of bayonets against bayonets or pikes against pikes, the shrieks of the wounded and dying, the groans of the unfortunate less wounded who bewailed their approaching end and the crashing of explosions above or below the ridge made a more startling din. Whole christian and gray lines were split into many fragments by the close quarters conflict, and again the glandelinians were pressed back to their cover and again the guns of Mio-Holleston ridge let go their lines of guns upon the Angelinians. The fire again tore through the surprised christian columns, and the flashes of lightning from the exploding shells, and the burst of their horrible thunder, and the continuous whistling of bullets and the shrill scream of canister mowed the christians and again they began to fall back. Many trees by the shell explosions were withered, wrenched and uprooted, and hurled among the confused Angelinians, thousands of Angelinian platoons of men in the twinkling of an eye were torn down brigades were shattered into fragments, and thousands of men and even horses and huge stones were dashed to the ground and back and forth. Many multitudes of the slain were literally raised above the ground by the concussion, then flung back into the awful maelstrom of destruction and engulfed in the vortex of shell explosions. Various forms of clouds from the exploding shells, were pierced by the flashes of the explosions like clouds with lightning in a summer storm, and clouds from bursting high explosives assumed many frightful shapes, the old color of the flashes being red, blue green or yellow or white, their aspects being frightful and no less were the results which accompanied them.

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The flood of christians now came tearing across the fields, and more irresistibly up toward the summit of the great Carnation ridge. Yet their commanders forgot the danger of the rebel artillery that would cover the ridge. Cannons from the pidgeon of pikeen and White pose let loose a storm of fury upon the christians and at once a thousand christian columns seemed to dissolve into fragments, and fell in enormous numbers. Yet the survivors had reached the columns of retreating glandelinians and mingled with them, and though on account of this the rebel artillery had to cease firing, the battle on the side of the ridge the ridge became one whole surge of chaos, the pressure and fury of the christian onslaught being terrific and an sulphur sulphurous smoke or fumes from burned powder pervaded the air and before the bayonets of the braver glandelinians the christian brigades dissolved like butter in a frying pan made red hot. The advanced guard of the christian divisions swept onward up the side of the ridge moved in one great surge, engulfing the retreating glandelinians, sweeping now here, now there, and the wildest confusion ensued everywhere. With a terrible roar of yells the columns of christians elsewhere threw themselves upon the last massive army of the glandelinians recoiling upward toward the summit of the ridge overwhelming them, and the dying screamed shrilly in their death and agony.

Many of these dead were found later under fallen or shattered trees, half covered with the shattered branches and twigs, their eyes staring from their sockets in all the expressive horror of a violent and dreadful death. A thousand glands glandelinians per second had been killed all along the line during this terrific and irresistible onrush of the Angelinians which showed that the extraordinary fury of the Glandelinians could be matched by the Angelinians themselves, when they were moved to the highest pitch, and such a yelling the combatants had put up, while one column was on the retreat, and the other on the pursuit it seemed as if the end of the world was near.

The Angelinians were highly irritated by the resistance of the rebels, and they cut down all who were opposed to them and swarmed up to the summit of the ridge. For a time near the summit a big obstacle of works mounted by the biggest guns managed to check the onrushing christian columns, but the foremost of the wave of Angelinians roaring and shrieking with fury, mounted the breastworks, and attacked the whole line of rebels behind with all their fury, the whole of the glandelinian surge defying the works went to pieces before the pressure of the christian assault. The second line still held but the Angelinians rushing on in a perfect wave struck the as on second line with the same irresistible force, crushing it to fragments, and passed on screaming and roaring with cheers of victory, every one of the glandelinians and Angelinians who were shot or cut down, being almost buried under the wreckage of fallen trees, and dying of strangulation or suffocation, many having their mouths and the inside of their throats fairly packed with dirt thrown over them by shell explosions. General Coney Aronburgs Angelinians tore their way half across the wide pal plateau of the summit crushing all before them. They pressed on attacking the remaining line of infantry and the rebel artillery with the same terrific vehemence. One column swept upon the Glandelinian artillery in a savage manner, and the foremost of these came into violent contact with a glandelinian Scoodian division, and scattered all these Glandelinians in the twinkling of an eye, clearing their path of advance completely.

On progress ed the right of the christian wave in the same of two long waves forward moving forward at the same desperate charge, and driving all before them, scattering the rebel columns of men like chaff.

The artillery was captured and these were turned upon the surprised and panic stricken glandelinians and the storm of shells went crashing among the center of the glandelinians under Hanson-gollen with an awful roar that shook the whole hill, tearing the columns of glandelinians to pieces, and dashing the mangled glandelinian soldiers in all directions.

The main mass of human beings in purple continued to press on, and whole lines of gray coats that at all tried to resist were precipitated to the ground into masses of dead and wounded, and as the Angelinian columns mingled with the surviving glandelinian columns the whole two surges of enemies fought like as many wolves, but the Angelinian surge fairly plowed through and through that of the glandelinians, driving perfect clouds of men in all directions in frightful panic, capturing or annihilating whole brigades hand to hand, and driving into panicky retreat the whole line of men in their headlong swoop, and sweeping all before them.

The fury of this Angelinian assault had become more terrific than the rebels had expected it would ever be, the already jagged lines in gray were crushed away, and finally gave way down the other side of the ridge in confusion. King Yivians army had already captured Carnation ridge.

And now it was three oc o'clock. Seeing this success from afar, King Yivian decided to make another desperate attempt to secure Lucille pikeen ridge, while he sent another force to support those who had captured Carnation ridge. So the new assaulting lines of purple columns under general Ummun moved furiously from their point of success at Carries Square, rushed on through the wooded regions, with a most terrific roar of yells. One of the main sections of the right wing of this assaulting line stretched toward the northeast section of Conservatory Run, and the horror of the glandelinian generals on the summit of the ridge as they watched this charge could not be described.

the glandelinians held the christians at bay with complete success at both ridges, cutting down the two waves of assault with frightful effect. But bad luck occurred at Carries Square where the Angelinians had cut through every avenue, and by crawling to attack every glandelinian column in the path they were soon opposed by the main line at this section but the christian column dashed violently and furiously against this also forcing it to give way and a great battle and slaughter took place thus sudden outbreak of battle in a new quarter was much like the sound which is heard at the moment of an approaching typhoon. The instant the Manley generals in the enemy heard this, and noticed the danger in their rear from the new frightfully assaulting column, they started forward in alarm to investigate, and seeing that King Vivian's armies had arrived, and realized that if they did not move their main line upon this new enemy all would be lost, which was or had already been won so dearly. This fearful earthquake north of the new christian fire already won the crown of White Rose and Mic-Hollister Ridge was heard, and the noise of the cannon of White Rose and Mic-Hollister Ridge was heard even as far as thirty miles and seemed to awe even the armies retreating before the enemy north of Lucille Pickens. At this peculiar roar of the new line of battle which echoed throughout the region of Gloriana, the very cattle and other animal animals trembled in terror many miles from this scene, and followed with intense anxiety the very regulations in order to inform themselves of the direction in which the unseen danger was approaching, exhibiting symptoms of the most intense intense fear.

General John Manley saw something must be done and he ordered general Lucille Pickens and General Turner to storm General or King Vivian before he attacked the ridge himself. King Vivian was therefore surprised when he observed from his observation point a perfect flood of glandelinians all scoundrels extending for miles struck against his lines preparing to move upon Garnation ridge with the most violent anticipation how the christian fire all along the line suddenly opening tore through this boiling wave in the most ferocious and murderous style. Cannon also opened upon them blowing up and killing whole divisions of rebels to pieces and annihilating brigades, but the survivors reinforced by more coming down from the ridge increased the fury of the attack with all their vol violence. General Candian brought up his own artillery whose shells scattered scores of thousands of glands in glandelinians into whirling whirlpools of blood and flesh.

He observed the other glandelinian columns surge on, their fierce yell mingling with the shrieks of the undead and living. Again and again he heard the murderous roar of the long lines of christian fire which was repeated with a seething storm of flame and smoke, and he observed whole columns more in gray go to pieces but the others continued on. A certain christian general had burst among his panic stricken lines and tried to rally his men, but a minute later a fearful avalanche of human beings in gray crashed through his panic stricken columns, and the general was killed, his whole line being almost destroyed, and the survivors retreated in confusion. Whole brigades of soldiers and hundreds of officers were dashed to pieces by the shell fire pouring down from the ridges summit, the glandelinians dashing hither and thither among the panic stricken christian soldiers and shrieking as if they were mad men. Whole brigades of the christians were now going to pieces amid the toppling of thousands of trees, and the whole summit of the ridge of Garnation appeared as if swept by a gigantic inferno of forest fires. The glandelinians continued their sledge hammer assault with such violence, and as the widows of dead was being scattered by the dreadfully shell bursts, the whole of this section of the christian line began to give way, but as they recoiled most of the columns encountered the fire from White Rose ridge and dissolved into heaps of slain. Here the glandelinians were fairly carrying all before them.

King Vivian was bound to stop this wild charge. He withdrew his own columns up the sides of the small but long rise of ground known as Jennie's Ridge, and waited until the panic stricken masses had passed through his own lines, and then opened with his own main line of cannons in a general fire. Big columns of glandelinians were suddenly or gradually swept down into avalanches of rolling writhing men, thousands being thrown and hurled about among the shattered or fallen trees by the concussion of the explosions, their very skin scratched from their bodies, many having their skulls fractured, and the rest were lacerated badly.

At the left simultaneously the flood of rebel troops tore furiously up the hill, and here the christian fire shatges shattered both rebel columns and masses of trees at the same time the din being an indescribable tumult. The assault of the rebels was pressed with irresistible vigor however. Divisions of Angelinians then and again gave way before the assault and the return glandelinian fire, the assault tearing through all the columns they struck, but King Vivian brought up other bodies of his men and threw them with such violence, that the whole section of the glandelinian assaulting wave gave way, the christian pouring down the sides after them with the utmost fury, crushing the glandelinian wave, and dreadfully tearing it with their fierce advancing stream of rifle and cannon fire.

It was now King Vivian's time to advance his forces here also and it was now half past two.

He decided to capture or recapture all points lost by the other armies, and sent general Clinch with his Abyssinians to assault a portion of the Lucille Pickens ridge to the rear of the town of its news with the purpose of drawing the other armies of rebels from the remaining christian armies south of them. In assaulting the Vivian Hills also he could prevent the glandelinians from moving too near the Gloriana Heights. He also sent general Peters to move forward to the support of general Vivian's army and then placed all his own cannon in position for blast into not far from Clinch did what he could and if he had known what danger was coming no loss of life would have occurred here. But the assaulting waves of the glandelinians had carried all before them, and the rebels tore their way through general Peters' lines and all the other christian divisions simultaneously and all was confusion again. King Vivian had never knew a battle to have such a preternatural fury before and he viewed the vigor of the assault of the rebels upon all points of Vivian's and Constantinian Arrouge and Hahrothers lines, the fury of fighting, the progress of the enemy and therefore decided to act on the instant.

His own big column sent forward already was steadily and quickly moving up the northern sides of the Lucille Pickens ridge, followed by other columns of men, all the troops advancing with leaps and springs. As they got higher up they moved forward with a tremendous speed, and took a portion of the rebel line by surprise, and crashed through the rebel lines so furiously that the Angelinians driving them into confusion carried every massive column and brigade before them, seizing the artillery, and turning the guns upon the confounded glandelinians.

The sudden assault of the new forces of the Angelinians upon their rear, which from which it had not been expected, was as violent as that the glandelinian divisions attempted to place by the shock recoiled down the other side. It was however not so easy to capture the ridge as was supposed.

Garnation and White Rose and Mic-Hollister ridges opened upon Lucille Pickens ridge and the very crest of this new destruction became frightful. Yet many of the glandelinian divisions had been swept to pieces by the force of the new avalanche of christian fire, the advancing Angelinians trying to surround the surprised glandelinians. The very main line of the rebels smelt, as the Angelinians pressed forward and all was confusion.

In the meantime general Vivian was pushing other forces forward toward Carries square just a little below the rear of White Rose ridge and here they were met by a perfect wave of Abyssinians, and the large storm of gray and purple coats mingled together, and shivered each other to pieces with their horrible blows, and so thick was the smoke of this new line of the battle that a strong chemical action seemed to take place in the atmosphere. The Angelinians and Abyssinians were a crashed by the lust for blood advanced upon all points of Carries Square. The advancing sea of Abyssinians plunged among the stubborn rebel lines, forming in a minute perfect whirlpools of slaughter and bore all before them.

Simultaneously to this general or King Vivian hurled against the northern slopes of White Rose Ridge heavier columns of assault, and indeed he was almost disheartened to see the terrible blizzard of burning shells among these columns of his men. However he had hopes for his divisions had torn their way through the rebel waves defending Carries Square, yet it seemed impossible to capture White Rose Ridge. All the columns moving up its sides on the northern part, were fairly being lashed to pieces by the storm of glandelinian shells and grape, and probably no rapids or waterfalls could be as violent as the stormy sea of rebel fire on the ridges summit. Every christian column, no matter what size, time and again gave way before the disastrous rebel fire, and being smashed to pieces fled in panic and confusion. The mighty christian column moving up the ridge had strove with all their bravery to reach the top but the roaring avalanches of grape and shells plowed their way in unbroken streams through all portions of this assaulting christian lines, sending the soldiers flying in showers of broken human beings in all directions, the explosions blowing many high into the air, while the storm of masonry from above tore the whole line of attack to fragments and sent the rest flying for shelter in confusion. One of the big columns of Abyssinians which was the left to recoil had been divided into two by their wild drench, and a sudden volley of rebel shells sent hundreds of thousands of men to their destruction.

In the meantime it had seemed as if the Angelinians were actually going to carry the ridge of Lucille Pickens, but the whole line of the rebels on the summit had not been pressed, Manley brought up reserves from an unexpected quarter, and the glandelinians were swelled so heavily by the reinforcements, that the Angelinians were overwhelmed, and the sudden and furious onrush of other columns to their right and left, was so sudden and irresistible, that soon the barrier of christian infantry went to pieces, before the wall of glandelinian fire, bayonets and bristling cannon discharges like a child's house of cards, the explosion of the volleys of glandelinian shell from Mic-Hollister ridge hurling the christian soldiers into shattered thrunks in all directions, and the surviving columns recoiled in the greatest confusion.

CHAPTER FIFTY EIGHT.  
THE ADVANCE OF KING VIVIAN'S ARMY.  
THE FINAL CONTEST OF THE BATTLE, AND ITS RESULT.

NEVER before had the opposing armies of the Angelbians, and the glandelinians been closed in such a death struggle, and cliffs had been badly torn out of shape along the rocky ledges of the Conservatory run where the firing of both sides had been general and where general Coney Aronburg had been killed. Quebecan Hanley, a young christian, an general, had also been killed and where his army had been destroyed. Hundreds of thousands of lives had been wiped out. General Mic-Holleston or Barger, and Centinidian Aronburg's army had all the while of the battle, while making advances, attacks or retreats, had been fiercely bombarded by rebel cannon and fierce onslaughts, four hundred of his bridges had been swept out of existence, and along general Knuffman's line on Centinidian Aronburg's right waves of glandelinians, soldiers too strong and furious to be real, had crushed itself without avail amid the horrible slaughter. There were scenes however of a wilder description, which neither pen, nor imagination could ever adequately depict. General Francis Mic-Holleston, Vivian's of the main central christian lines which controlled the grounds of Conservatory run in general all day long, he gave his experiences of the terrible battle as thus:

"As far as I know the insurgent Angelbians have a actually won the battle. I and Centinidian Aronburg and other have repeatedly sent forward division after division to the rescue of the defeated christian divisions at other points of the line, and it certainly was one of the worst and most terrific of our battles. I have ever seen. And I'll never forget those sixty five minutes before my lines and others advanced into the reaches of the fatal Mic-Holleston and Marie Catherine Woods, and after that horrible disaster, when half of the attackers were destroyed, I thought my men had been struck by mountains of men in gray. Whole lines of reinforcements had been sent in to stay the mowing tide of disaster, and we were totally overwhelmed and nothing could be done.

My lines had been swept clean from one line of works to another, and the assaulting waves of the enemy obscured in roaring sheets of musketry fire threatened to engulf the whole christian army at any moment. I cannot go on to describe how my own divisions survived the storming assaults of those powerful glandelinian surges, but they did and came out with all colors flying, though they were badly shattered and driven back with the rest nearly thirty five miles from Conservatory run. I am now witnessing the sufferings among the hospital corps of the hundreds of thousands of wounded, and all along my line of battle not a tree or anything had escaped destruction from the cannon fire of both sides."

Heavy seas of glandelinians had indeed swept upon every point of the various extensive christian lines during all the terrible battle. One strange tragedy of the war and battle itself happened here a triple to the sad one of the battle of Ozma Junction. It was the death of four innocent little children who had died without possibly a parting word in general Michael Hanson's headquarters to where they had been brought after being found. It was during the lull of the battle along his own part of the battle line that general Michael Hanson entered the room

and observed to his sorrow that the four children were really dying, a spasmodic of agony passing over their sweet faces, as they struggled for breath and threw up their little hands when the children lay panting on their little pillows as exhausted, their large clear blue eyes, rolled up and fixed, and indeed what said those eyes, that probably spoke so much now of coming heaven. For them it was true earth was passed, and all earthly pain, but so solemn and so mysterious was the victorious brightness of their faces that it even checked the sob of sorrow. General Michael Hanson and also Kindernine pressed around the children in breathless silence. A bright glorious smile passed over their sweet faces, and they gave one slight sigh and passed away. Farewell beloved children, the bright eternal doors had closed not on them and no one would ever see their sweet faces any more without flowers because there were none, the little children during the lull of the battle were buried in a large lawn out of range of the shell fire and who could imagine the sorrows and desires of revenge that were rending at the hearts of the mourners especially many of those who were friends of the children.

It was toward two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day when King Vivian's whole army and the rest of Hanson's Vivians had arrived to the scene of carnage at Gloria, and it was at the time when the battle on the south was at its highest fury that King Vivian deployed a portion of his own lines and King Vivian, reeling from reports how the battle was turning out else elsewhere decided to put in his own say.

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The great trees bent and groaned with the fury of the concussion of explosions, riddled by the furious showers of canister, which had been infiltrating the lanes, breaking hundreds of thousands of twigs, and the sticks and leaves and branches lashed the faces of the searchers, and the low hanging pall of smoke almost blinded them. They found the dead horse at last lying crushed and mangled at the foot of the drag, with its intestines protruding, and they knew that its rider must be somewhere near. They called, searched, and prayed. Two of the guides received mortal wounds from stray shots, a tree crashed down near them, following an explosion, but at last Kindernine gave a shout from the ravine, down which he had scrambled, and they all hurried in that direction.

"Don't let the general look. I've covered him with my cloak." He said as they came up to him. "He is at all breathing, but he is horribly mangled, and bleeding from several wounds, caused by shell fragments." In a few minutes they were kneeling beside the mangled bleeding heap of humanity, which had been but a short time before been the brilliant and brave general Hanson's Johnston.

"Perhaps you had better now look." Said the doctor to general Michael Hanson as he prepared to uncover the body.

"I'm not afraid, and need look." Said general Michael Hanson furiously. "God grant that he may be alive."

"Yes," the doctor said, "there is at all a spark of life in the poor general, though he is unconscious and disfigured beyond recognition."

General Finny hastened to kneel, and anoint him. Then with infinite care, he was carried to the waiting ambulance which had been a been rushed to the scene. A quarter of an hour later the wounded general was lying in bed all swathed in bandages, and the doctor stood watching his every breath, while Michael Hanson and father Finny knelt in the room praying earnestly that he might at least regain consciousness to make his confession, and receive the Holy Eucharist. In the meantime most of the entire christian army which had battled so long were receding, but the struggle was still raging in general fury. Along Sherman's columns all had quieted down as his men ran out of ammunition and did not advance any further, and though Hanson's general lines were still in a uproar there was a gradual slackening along general Heldon's, Michael's line, and all along Adelle-De-Garbes line the battle had stopped for a time, but the Angelbians were more reforming and the Glandelinians were retreating. This great final onslaught of the rebellious Angelbians under Hanley and his generals had done more damage than all their combined firing put together. The devastation caused by the fifty mile long avalanche of graycoats was or had been exceedingly awful. Seventeen of Hanson's main divisions of his army had been annihilated for their success, others had been cut to pieces, pieces, while federals 71,000,000 men had been decimated so horribly that the rebels were disheartened. Out of federals wave of seventy one million men only nine million, nine hundred thousand had survived, and the nine hundred thousand had been taken prisoners by the defeated christian garrisons. General Vivian, Maurice Costello, Walter Jennings, Idris Vivian, and Baldwin were severely wounded, Idris Vivian receiving ten different small but painful wounds. Maurice Benlign was slightly wounded but Idris Vivian was severely wounded. General Heldon and Leonie Michael also on the christian side had been wounded severely yet all these generals named for the sake of their shattered armies risked all by remaining in command. Even general Jack Davis, and Frederick Hauwe were wounded, and their uniforms were in rags. Michael Hanson, Centinidian Aronburg, Hanson Angelic Vivian and Vivian's and general Kindernine were the only two generals who were not wounded.

The loss of life among Hanson's Johnston's army during the whole contest was appalling, and far and wide the desolation of the battle could be seen, that dreadful dreary dreary time of herculean charges, and artillery duels loud enough to shake the whole Calvinistic States. All over the whole battlefield white rolling wreaths of smoke marked slight forest fires caused by the battle. General Kindernine during the battle had his three wings crushed by the battle. He left wing lost fifteen million two hundred and twenty three million men and twice that many muskets during the time the division was retreating in confusion, and out of a division of equal number of men on the left, seven million men went into the field to cover the retreat of the main line, and never returned. His center thirty one million, seven hundred and eighty nine thousand, eight hundred and eighty eight strong had been reduced to 82,322, and been reduced to 23,456,666 and another division of general Rowell's gunter Johnston's army nineteen million, five hundred and sixty four thousand, two hundred and thirty three strong, had only one million men left.

Neither Cholera nor any dreaded pestilence had any more reason to be feared than a battle like this one, which by the concussion of its cannoning had demolished portions of the fairest and most extensive woods and in an instant hurrying so many monstrous multitudes of human beings out of the world. This was one of the most terrible battles of the war. Reports even came from the alarm stations that three thousand five hundred of Jimmie Vivian's big guns had been captured by the glandelinians. Even at the first part of the onset fierce as it was the whole battle field had become like an ocean of hell's conflagration gone mad, with its wrathful smoke roaring abysses of explosions, and seething undulating waves of musketry and shell shellfire.



the very alth, and then and then in all the main mountains all round with an awe inspiring grandeur, and the orderlies horsemen brought down by a fragrant fragment of General Hanson's horse to his headquarters all the wounded orderly, who confided his orderly about the Vivian Girl's presence.

"You say they were in the midst of this dreadful carnage in the region of the Carminion? I don't know! God help them if they are within its region yet. That was just where the early part of this afternoon battle seemed to be at its worst, and if they are in such a dangerous region I have no hope for them." He exclaimed. "Well we can but pray for them." Said the orderly.

Had it not been for the orderly for the Vivian girl, that is Violet and her sisters, general Michael Hanson thought he would have enjoyed the herculean battle, for he had never beheld anything like its wild grandeur, and this wild tumult of the battle seemed in keeping with his troubled mood. Just then in the direction of the redoubt he saw something like a long series of great balls of smoke probably thousands in number at once, shooting upward like geyser eruptions followed followed chaotically by an ear-splitting detonations, and a shudder of horror ran through the two outposts as the horrible sound of these thousands of mighty explosions reverberated for several minutes in seemingly millions of echoes.

What the fury of the battle over what? Panic stricken men all swathed in bandages came rushing up the road, across which the cavities before had been sweeping in torrents, peals of deafening thunder from exploding gang-gang shells shook the building, and the blinding flash of million long lines of rifles and cannon in the far distance was just as huge incessant in the midst of it all galloped another horseman coming up the road wildly, and springing to his feet Michael Hanson ran to meet general Richard Kindernine, for he was he, looking pale and haggard, his face drawn as if in pain.

"You are hurt." Exclaimed Hanson, anxiously stretching out his hands to him in his excitement.

"Not I." He gasped. "But there has been an awful accident or something, maybe the fortunes of war---I came for reserves, tell me the way? We are totally beaten here."

His parched lips seemed hardly able to articulate, his breath came in short gasps, and the cold sweat stood on his forehead, while his eyes stared horribly, as if still seeing some horrible sight.

"Here I am!" said the surgeon who had been attending to the wounded orderly in the house. "Come tell us what happened general."

"We saw the final storm of battle sweeping through the region of the Carminion with mortal fury, and we and Hanson's division and the others all along the line did our best to check the frenzied foe, and among or along all of our lines there was a sudden undulating flash, it blazed up---followed---followed by a searing series of crashes, our whole line withered, five hundred generals and many men were killed chaotically, and a flying fragments of the shells wounded general Hanson, Johnston a second time, and almost killed his horse. Oh it was horrible. I shall see the look on his face, till my dying day."

"Here drink this!" Hanson said. Johnston wounded mortally twice!"

"Yes and the second time more seriously. The shells cannon threw him, horse and all down the precipices of a steep ravine. All of his officers are down, his army of men are half destroyed, the whole battle line is now an inferno of conflagration of firing, the enemy in advancing to victory with ten fold fury, general Powell Puster Johnston is severely wounded, and a whole christian line of men ten million strong near the head of the Yellow Brick road had been reduced to only five hundred men, and the survivors of the whole christian line is breaking back in a confusion that cannot be stopped. Many of my men have gone down, and many of our officers have gone down the ravine to find general Hanson. Johnston. General Powell Puster Johnston sent me for you and the priest as they fear he is dying."

General Michael Hanson stood with white as death, a look of unutterable horror and anguish on his handsome face.

"Oh God!" He murmured. "If it had been anyone else but general Hanson Johnston. Oh it's horrible." Then turning suddenly to a Kindernine he exclaimed:

"I will go back with you. If he is still alive I might help him. Get my horse James, and the doctor, and summon Father Finny."

"I don't think it ain't hardly safe for you to go back in such dreadful carnage, and fury," said general Kindernine, to Michael Hanson. "You and I and Hanson's division and Conventinian Armburg are the only generals of this whole battle left in command now. But if you insist on doing so, you must get another horse. Your poor beast is exhausted already."

General Michael Hanson soon buckled on his fresh horse, and went out toward the storm of carnage with three great army surgeons, and the priest, general Kindernine along with them. On the horrors of the next hour, the anxious almost hopeless search along the body filled ravine, and on the body strewn hillsides in the region where the wave of battle had passed by, amid the thousands of thunder claps of bursting shells, flash and roar of cruel distant battle, and the fierce pall of smoke.

adorned with some into full contact with the left flank of Federal line, and though surprised the glandelinian resisted and the carnage was fearful. General Johnston was in the last of the carnage and he was badly but not dangerously wounded in the middle of his horse's side of Johnston tore through the glandelinian surge like a cyclone through a bam, and Federal's whole rear became one long line of flame and smoke, and terrible numbers of horsemen fell every second.

Johnston also undertook to lead a column of cavalry and his moving round by the way of land navigation accidentally crashed right into the range of the glandelinian cannon on far station pigs, and his column before it had the chance to strike Federal a single blow was almost annihilated, whole division divisions going down before the terrible cannon fire suddenly upon opened upon them. The rest of the cavalry force however swooped round by way of the wider section of the Yellow Brick road and coming like a scathing tidal wave cleared with the whole flank of Federal's surprised line. There was a pandemonium of hand to hand fighting.

The battlefield became like a churned ball and in resisting the whole rear of Federal's line reared and stormed with fire and bayonet thrusts. General Joseph John on the glandelinian side was killed as the cavalry cut its way through his column, general Julio Gale Pisco of Federal's command was also mortally wounded, and terrible as was the scene of so many cavalry soldiers tearing through Federal's line, still more terrible was the fact that nearly half their number were sweeping on to their deaths instead. However however the charge was so impetuous that the whole purple and red wave of horsemen crashed through Federal's whole rear, in a deafening earthshaking tumult, of clattering hoofs, ring of sabres against bayonets, and clubbed carbines, and thunderous crashes of horse hooves, and pelt of volleys. General Kenneth shears on the rebel side in trying to rally his brigade was killed, Murphy Parletonia was also killed, and general Phillion was mortally wounded, and Joseph Lamp his adding general shot in the head. The officers of all rank fell by thousands, and Federal's main riding general.

Phellian Tamarline was severely wounded, Thomas Federal was severely wounded, Edward Hayes was killed, and Fynmore Smith was wounded. Thomas Tamarline, Richard Tamarline were wounded of the rebel side, Rickallian was killed and many rebels officers were slain. A gang-gang-shell exploded under Michael Hanson's horse, blowing the animal to pieces, and the general was hurled two hundred and forty five feet by the concussion and force, but landing on a soft sand bank was only stunned and was able to retain command though he saw Hanson's Johnston fall dangerously wounded. The fragments scattered in all directions bringing down leaves and limbs of trees in a cloud. The crouching christian cavalry trampled down a perfect sea of fleeing glandelinians and out down everyone opposing them. Rickall in the meantime throwing his entire force of Winkle Abyssinians forward at an angle movement checked the crush of the Abyssinian glandelinians who tried to close in on him but was himself wounded, and all his staff were wounded or killed, his own line of cavalry was being swept and torn to pieces by the surrounding foes and everything was confusion. General Pa Ferguson's column on Federal's left flank or rear was shattered to remnants and driven clear from their line of march and he himself fell wounded, the right of Shocuman line was destroyed, his whole command crashed to fragments and out off from the main body and he himself slain by an infuriated Winkle Abyssinian soldier who refused to give him any quarter.

All along the fragments of Adale-De-Carbo line, the firing on account of his men exhausting their ammunition was gradually ceasing, his men taking to the bayonet, and the fields all before them was a sea of dead and wounded soldiers of both sides and mangled horses. The main column of christian cavalry had come on in a perfect surge and now as the christian column continued on, the glandelinian general Patrabrook Joicesama was killed, and Adale-De-Carbo severely wounded, but still he held out up line held as firmly as a rock and met the attacking cavalry on all sides in perfect squares. Rickall's glandelinians held their line to cover the reformation of Federal's rear, and here the fierce fighting went on against the cavalry in bayonet duels, sword duels and clubbed muckets. The awful hand to hand carnage along this point extended for ten miles on the rear of the victorious rebel surge. Through his field glasses general Michael Hanson saw that the christian cavalry charge had begun all before it, but that the main enemy forces under general Leonia Melidonia, Jokwell and Calmanina Shocumania were pressing forward to the succor of Federal's army, and that these columns having swung from Manley's main line of attack were advancing with fearful rapidity. Mounting his horse he hurried back to his lines and withdrew them out of the melee, and ordered retreat before it was too late. While his officers were therefore making the retreat, Michael Hanson hurried back toward his headquarters, and only reached it as the first columns of smoke poured overha overhead from the explosions of a broadside of shells, and to him in the preternatural of the crash of the firing along other parts of the surging battle line was heard echoing among the hills and mingling with the uproar of the yelling enemy. The cavalry charge had failed to do its work. Surely now the battle was lost.

He had passed the first glen, and started on the camp on the Yellow Brick Road toward Camp Perry to summon to his rest the reserve reserves, when he heard a shout, and heard a horse rushing after him at a tearing gallop and looking round a general Kindernine orderly beckoning to him to stop. "You can't reach Camp Perry before the new storm of battle comes on. It's not safe to try. Come back and telegraph for the reserves, and wait until the worst is over."

Even as he spoke, there was a blinding flash overhead, and a terrifying ear-splitting crash of thunder from a bursting gun. Some shell that seemed to shake the

The whole of Hanson's line front itself extending thirty miles was almost lost. Most of the men had exhausted their ammunition, and to them the advancing wave of victorious rebels seemed to be of endless length, and came on with all the more terrible fury as before. General Hanson, seeing the danger, made desperate efforts to rally some of his own forces, and with these made a most desperate stand, and one big force of Angelenos formed into a "V" shaped column, and their furious resistance. On the rebel side, General "Yugene" Purgatorian and General "In-The-Head" were badly wounded. The battle along this point seemed to be drawing to its close. All of the rebels, despite the resistance of the slowly receding Christians continued to advance, and every Christian front though receding gave the enemy as much as they received.

All along the battle line the ground for miles was covered with frightful fresh showers of dead and wounded, and networks of men were in the Christ line, and whole columns of grays were awaiting for miles were nearly annihilated, but the surviving divisions continued their attack. Fearful clouds of smoke hovered over both sides, they were even enveloped in the wreaths of smoke the majority of those the ridges containing the Glendelinian batteries. It seemed like many volcanoes in eruption, and all the Christian divisions which did try to rally and reform poured forth great volleys of snaretry with a great or noise but it seemed to be for the enemy could not be stopped.

Reaching higher ground however a great part of Hanson's line itself had rolled and bled a second time, all of the Christian divisions had succeeded in rallying and now along their entire line of reformation, the men having received fresh ammunition there came a response to the rebels awful fire which as from the very depths of the infernal regions there again and again guided all along the line of rebel troops, suddenly hundreds of thousands of fresh volleys, and as the enemy responded with as great a fierceness there was much terrible fighting on both sides as to resemble blood red rivers of death and destruction, and the sudden resounding volleys all along the two opposing lines made a continuous thrilling cannon like roar on both sides. Both sides were obscured in smoke and flame, the awful scarping uproar was stupendous beyond comprehension and to the surprise of Hanson's vision the whole Glendelinian wave along his own rallied front, began to waver, and then fall back, rolled and rushed again upon the Angelenos but only crushed themselves to fragments against his line. When Hanson's Glendelinians drove in Hanson's center however after a short exchange with each other a fearful blasting conflagration of snaretry.

But just now that was all the further they got.

Michael Hanson and Hanson's Johnstonian divisions were still receding, and every everywhere along his own whole line of battle the fields were covered with his own men of dead and wounded, the top of the Atlantic battle having been swelled to a frightful extent. Never before in all the world had there ever raged such a frightful battle, and the worse about it was that the day had continued to increase their very success, and all was moving constantly before them. All but Hanson's line and General's Indian Archers army had been driven back fourteen and one half miles with frightful losses. Whole divisions of more Christian had been annihilated and hundreds of brave generals and officers of all ranks by the thousands had been mowed down, and their corpses were more dreadful than any of the morning part of the battle. The attack of the whole Glendelinian force directed by Hanley, and his generals was stupendous, and the entire of Raymond Richardson's Federal center had been broken into many parts, Federal had thrown his whole force into a riot, and after half an hour of more preternatural murderous fighting, most of Hanson's monstrous lines and also Johnstonian and even General's Indian Archers columns again began to waver.

"Now is the time for the main force of reserves and cavalry to charge!"

"Orie Michael Hanson who retained his command despite his wounds." "Send for the general, Picknell, and I'll lead them in person."

"But it is suicide for you to go just now." "Frosted Purgatorian John Picknell."

"Let me lead them. Your life is worth more than mine."

"No, I'll go and that's settled." "said Michael Hanson."

"Well then all right." "said Picknell." "God bless you and may he save you from the enemy's terrible cannon. Be careful when you lead the assault and avoid Lucille's Rickson ridge."

Michael Hanson galloped up to the immense cavalry forces under Hanson's Johnstonian and met the general, who demanded,

"What's up?"

"I'm to order the charge of the cavalry right away." "said Michael Hanson, and you and Picknell and I will lead it to crush the rear of Federals and the other assaulting Glendelinian waves."

"Good." "cried general Hanson." "I'll lead them on as soon as you wish."

Hanson's Johnstonian quickly mounted his white charger and said to general Gannon, "Send the word all along the line. This charge must be directed a round to and upon general's rear, and must crush him completely, for now he has called our attention to him than other Glendelinian generals by his most murderous onslaught against our general line."

He did so and soon thirty nine million million, nine hundred thousand cavalry men of all sorts were rushing in grand array, the lancers, first, the cavalry second and the dragons third. As they within half an hour gained round to a Federal's rear their horses fairly made a thunderous gallop of the most loudest ever heard from a cavalry force before and soon they with the infantry moving before them in

"Let us go and signal general Hanson's vision." "said a private."

"No." "said the general." "We cannot spare any more men."

The private still insisted the great Christian general add:

"Well go then, and if you are returned dead I will not make the charge. God bless your enterprise with safety."

Lieutenant had been sent by another general before this, and he had failed, as the station he selected had been blown high into the air by a shell, and the man brought back mortally wounded. The private went, and reaching the nearest signal station quickly ascended to the top, though a tempest of missiles was in concert roundabout him he could see the furious successful advance of the enemy, and how they were crossing the Christian line, so unfurling a flag, the private started it waving, when a solid shot struck the staff and sent it flying from him like a missile. Unfurling another he saved it frantically, but another solid shot crashed through the sides of the signal station, ripping and rending the timbers with a dreadful roar. Yet he managed to receive an answer and soon Hanson's vision signal corps was answerly signaling back. Receiving this answer the private waved a different flag in rotation motion, then when the other ceased waving, the private put down his flag, and had just descended when a gang-gang shell brought the station into a crumbling mass of wreckage to the ground.

"Goodness!" "but that was a narrow escape." "said the private private to him he himself." "If I had been on it much longer, it would have been my finish, and then he would keep his threat as in his nephew's."

He reported to general Hanson's Johnstonian who was telegraphing order for all the mounted troops to gather for to support the Harlequin counter charge. But it was about twenty minutes or more before the assembling of the right reserves was up and general Hanson's Johnstonian was just going to descend and find Hanson's vision and see what was delaying him, when he appeared. All in the distance north of the barn was now a scene as if some great forest fire was approaching so thick was the wall of smoke, and tale was evidently that the enemy was winning the battle for sure.

It certainly was one of the most bloodiest charges of the entire war. Several of the assaulting columns which were sent to place by the Christian fire was beginning to recoil but the main line of the Glendelinian had reached the whole Christian line, the whole battle field was a mass of smoke and the tremendous din of the firing seemed as if seen, and all his signals of wickedness were trying to blow the dumber of the world through the crust and into the air. All the men within the sight of the officers were mowed down.

The whole assaulting line of the rebels was about 71,000,000 strong and without the slightest hesitation the whole of Michael's Christian columns, the divisions under Costello and Jennings, and the whole of the others engaged and led in person by Hanson's vision and General's Indian Archers and also Hanson's Johnstonian recoiled in confusion before the rebels and the hole of Raymond Richardson's Federal line rushed on after the retreating columns, and never before had Hanson ever see a charge so furious, and as the rebels pressed on the whole wave of victorious Glendelinians broke into a sudden hissing hellish uproar of yelling, derision and shouts of triumph. By the fire of numerous batteries the Glendelinian front under Federal was riven into many parts, but the Glendelinians could not be stopped, the Angelenos slowly retreating, not to the horror of many of the Angeleno generals the men columns of Angelenos forming seven monstrous wedge shaped waves were suddenly honeycombed with gaps, then there was a sudden rush of the victorious grays, who poured or cut their way through and into the shattered Christian line, as the Glendelinians passing through these columns and cutting their way like a comb goes through hair, the Glendelinians battling with the Angelenos like demons, with weapons of all descriptions bent to hard.

"Time and again the columns every everywhere would show first of purple and then change to a dark gray, the smoke of snaretry discharges face to face swept over them. Everywhere the Glendelinians swarmed upon the Christians, both at some part of the line seemed to dissolve into fragments. All of the Christian batteries far to the rear of the desperately battling lines which had slackened their fire during the reformation of the jagged Christian line broke into action again, and from every line of batteries there a shot undulating storms of flashes followed by a loud withering roar but all this could not stop the rebels now. The flashes of the Angeleno cannon was again incessant, and the burst of the horrible thunders succeeded each other so swiftly that it became a perpetual crash and roar but it was all in vain. At the most appalling circumstances of this insane wave of Glendelinians was the destructive force of their herculean onslaught. The furious Christian cannon fire had seemed to make millions of gaps in the long wave of rebels, withering whole lines in the front, and mowing down scores of the surviving columns but still they pressed on victoriously.

The dense Glendelinian wave animated by the commands of their generals pressed on with extraordinary bravery and reckless ness, the Christian wave of men under general Purgatorian John Picknell being annihilated, for here the fury of the advance of the enemy carried all before it. Fearful indeed was the outcome of this assault to be if it was not soon stopped. The big advancing Glendelinian columns under general Leona Meltona Picknell pressed on and on driving the Angelenos back some more, more troops even swelled his men and the rebels pressed on at a swifter pace.



about before the attack. Over the works the glandelinians pushed, and back over them they were sent, and now both divisions fought like two mad dogs to the death. Viviananna was having a very furious line of 15,000 men of the assailants at once his whole line the whole of the line being a scorching inferno. The glandelinians crashed upon his whole line with horrible fury. For all the multitudes were moved down but the survivors swarmed up to the works like snow avalanches in a moment and back were thrown. Viviananna's christian columns on the center, thousands of regiments again being swept out of existence, and the fury of the assault again became so intense, and so furiously breast they irresistible that most of Viviananna's line broke and fell back, but the other portion swelled by fresh troops again met the attacking foe with all their might. As the frenzy-stricken glandelinians poured over the works, despite the furious resistance, another and at last another division from Concentinian Aronburg reserves came to Viviananna's aid and joined his men but still on pressed the enemy like a mighty surge. Viviananna's whole right wing itself was already annihilated, his own whole division was overwhelmed and crushed, and the 'angelical officers who had in an agony of despair tried by various contrivances to drive back the crushing foe now had to order their divisions and brigades along Viviananna's whole line to give way. General Norton and George Heller regretting the foolish order tried to rally them but fell mortally wounded, hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of the christians again being mowed down, hundreds of huge regiments, and even scores of divisions were annihilated, and whole lines a score of miles long were crushed to fragments, and general Norton and Viviananna seeing there was danger of their whole line being annihilated made frantic efforts to secure all their gauding guns before the enemy gained possession of them but these were captured by the assailants for and their guns and all the horses killed or taken. Viviananna's left was enveloped by the foe and driven back in two directions out to pieces and demoralized, and the most heaviest fighting, Hanson's detachment or any general had ever heard or ever witnessed through the field glasses still came from all points of Hanson's divisions and Concentinian Aronburg's line.

and such a din of the firing shook the whole surrounding country. till they were holding out upon those retreating on a long line of recumbent for thirty miles the glandelinians advanced on and spread their brilliant lines, and also advanced in hundreds of long wedge formations, while the longer range christian batteries tried to throw a most terrible fire upon these victorious columns without striking down their own comrades, but on came the victorious foe, nearly half of Kindred's army was nearly annihilated now. At last the big columns of Glandelinians poured upon the flank of the retreating columns moved their way through the largest christian columns with terrible fury. However before was Kindred's or his army ever seen in such vigorous and vigorous action and his millions of men though placed between two fires poured the most terrific volleys upon the enemy face to face or used their bayonets, and the survivors of the rebels rose responded, whole divisions again dissolved in numbers appalling, and still still the glandelinians pressed them back. The battle raged still with increasing fury and such a frightful number of graycoats had been shot or cut down all along the line that it was a miracle that they could continue on. And those were Pickens' great hosts of Glandelinians. Tony Sangster's division was annihilated, and though a part of Pickens' right had been dissolved into fragments the surviving men swept onward like a moving sea of human beings, the enemy advancing on though a million shots were poured upon their very faces. The monstrous columns of Glandelinians also swept onward driving before and violet dunes army still further back.

General Callahan had now come up to the scene with a portion of Concentinian Aronburg's big brigade of artillery and Concentinian Aronburg and Hanson. Vivian observed that something must be done to check the foe or otherwise the whole line would be swung back still further. Therefore he had withdrawn his own line as far as he had dared, and by quick sharp orders all batteries had become silent, and were withdrawn to the higher points nearly a mile behind the retreating christian columns. Concentinian's line of batteries being the biggest guns were placed in the rear. When the enemy came within range of this new line of batteries so suddenly placed here, the whole of gaudeloses rear line of big cannons gushed forth volumes of smoke, there was a greater roar than ever heard yet, then came the most indescribable crashing explosions of whole lines of musketry along Hanson's newly reformed line which added to the fire of other batteries, and frightful numbers of the surprised graycoats went down all along the line. The clamor was the most frightful of the battle yet, and never was rain as thick as the showers of canister, bullets, shrapnell, and high explosives that were suddenly to Hanson's surprise poured among his own lines from the heights of McJolles and Pickens still having in range, and almost simultaneously with a redoubled roar all the rest of the glandelinian artillery on Garnation ridge and elsewhere broke into an action anew with a roar like a hundred thousand volcanoes in eruption.

"This is fearful," remarked one of the christian generals whose line had been annihilated and who was now out of the battle. "See yonder columns attacking? Not the least terrible. We are surely losing or we are not." The others looked toward where he pointed and saw the same frightful glandelinian columns advancing on upon the whole christian line though the horrible noises and crashing thunders of the firing went on without intermission. Hanson's new plan had had no effect.

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Concentinian Aronburg, Viviananna, and only two of Hanson's divisions were still holding near the region of the small town of Gaudelosa. Seeing that they had gained no such ground and pushed back the christian foe so far the rebels increased the pressure of the assault and were sanguinary and their losses but from their own side up to the glandelinians were now perpetually reckless and agreed to prostrate natural enthusiasm. Concentinian Aronburg during the time he had taken up position here six days before the battle had placed underground a gigantic mine gallery and this now one of his engineers exploded and the crash of this explosion made a more louder and universal uproar than all the tremendous roar of firing and hundreds of tons of earth, hundreds of thousands of fragments of stone, grass, shattered trees and torrents of leaves and a mass was sent flying into the air for hundreds of feet. The explosion shattered half the wave of attacking glandelinians but did not halt the onward now the dreadful clamor of the battle could not be turned. For an hour now the whole of Concentinian Aronburg's own line of battle had kept up the savage fighting, a very more of his christian divisions were sent into action, Shommona and Pickens advanced against him and the firing increased to such an extent that whole regiments seemed to melt away into dead and wounded by multitudes on both sides. Though it was slowly retreating Hanson's whole line and still been assaulted the gray columns in his front rushing clear up to the front of his own guns how howling their way through all port holes of his lines and driving back the desperate defenders pell-mell in a conflagration of slaughter. The rallied divisions of Hanson's army plunged vainly into the onslaught and mingled with the gray lines in titanic throngs. Then Michael Hanson went down mortally wounded.

Never before had there been such carnage in the whole war, the whole of the glandelinian forces attacking with relentless fury, forming a line also being forced to give way for another quarter of a mile. The rebels were still pressed upon Pickens' christian columns driving it still further back. The christian fire was so severe however that the gray wave here was halted, but it advanced onward while the columns were again raked through and through.

Everywhere all along the line the enemy still attacked with preternatural fury. Hanson's two wings had held all this time and the firing along his line had been so loud that no thunder in all the thunderstorms, or all the muskets, pistols, cannons, rifles of all the nations, nor all the small and big explosions in all the world could compare to it. But he was in grave danger and so was Viviananna. The crushing enemy had forced down his line to break and fall back and the whole surge of rebels had gone far beyond Hanson's or Viviananna's lines both sides, Hanson's flank was threatened, and the whole line was being in danger of defeat. Only Concentinian Aronburg alone was not overlapped.

His was one of the most terrific scenes the enemy had made in the whole battle so far. The christians all along every point of the line having fought it the foe with titanic fury, but in vain for everywhere except Hanson and Concentinian Aronburg the enemy had driven all before them. Nothing could neck their headlong advance despite the fiercest resistance, and every minute the enemy columns were pressing heavier and heavier upon Hanson's divisions center and right wing, but they at all retained their ground.

Vital defeat indeed now threatened the whole christian line as a portion of Viviananna's line was giving way in confusion. Hanson's receding troops had withdrawn as far as to the left of the town of Gaudelosa west of Lucille Pickens and therefore had rallied somewhat and taken position into the form of a huge angle and tried to make their line of battle as impenetrable as a stone wall. His line soon again stormed with a preternatural fire, and every minute the terrible glandelinians pressed his right and left back, but both sides dissolved into a clouds of smoke there was a most deafening roar that astounded the assailants, the explosions of many shots and the torrents from millions of musket shots tearing in the whole line of rebels assaulting Gannon's fan-shaped gaps. Two other thunderous volleys followed with the same withering murderous murderous roar, and the line of assailants was actually broken and riven in many places but still the survivors came on, and making a wide overlapped canvas line, crushed or crushed it from the angle in frightful rout.

The attack of the glandelinians upon Gannon was as if all the fiends were let loose against his brave brigades and they swept all before them. Now Gannon's volunteer troops now under general Nero could not check the assailants either. The glandelinians here came rushing on with the same indescribable fury, and burst through his lines no more, and the survivors of the christians moved or cut down by the hundred thousand recoiled, thousands giving themselves up as prisoners or surrendering, the whole line being forced back by the weight of the onslaught, and the glandelinians here had made such a terrific crush that they drove back the whole of Nero's line two miles. One of the divisions tried totally in a large grove of trees but was crushed to fragments, here the scene becoming like a hell of blood and fire, and down went Gannon and Nero severely wounded.

Despite the disaster all round Van Concentinian Aronburg, Viviananna and Hanson's divisions were bound to hold their works as long as holding them were of any good. One big column of glandelinians had swooped down upon Hanson's frontal batteries but was annihilated. Jimmie's divisions line on Hanson's left or center I mean at all held and coming within a hundred yards of the glandelinians rushed straight toward Jimmie's divisions battery and the yelling of the glandelinians was awful.

And it was really true that Jimmie's divisions division was superior to Shommona's division but as the great avalanche of rebels came up to the works the pressure of the attack caused his line to begin to waver as they could hardly



lost his leg, and Michael and Peter Johnston and G. L. Moore also on the Christian side were badly wounded and Mac-Cormac Vivian was slightly wounded. All portions of the shattered Christian lines had fallen back now in utter defeat. Not once had the awful firing abated, and over four hours along this point had passed and the attacking enemy had won a sweeping victory everywhere except along Hanson, Vivian, and Concentration Aronburg's line. General Hancock's Christian whole line had been desperately engaged the attack of the enemy upon his being final whole divisions of the Glendelinians having been annihilated and destroyed in the horrible slaughter and scenes of carnage. Vivian's whole line also was engaged again and along his whole line there was a most terrific and frightful noise that resounded everywhere his whole line being ablaze at each explosion, and the horrible roar of some mighty explosion seemed to split the earth, and the torrents of debris hurled down and buried thousands of multitudes of panic-stricken Angelines as they fled.

Along Vivian's line the attack of the enemy was extra violent. The horrid hundreds of thousands of terrific mill mine explosions, the terrible cannon fire that was poured in broadside in quick succession and the scene became like a vast volcanic crater in eruption, but the stupendous columns of rebels extending beyond the eye sight, had advanced in fairly large waves probably consisting of thirty three millions Glendelinians and those attacked Vivian's army with the most indescribable fury, though thousands of other columns had dissolved at every step.

Along here it seemed to be the unequal part of the conflict for it was the most terrible in the battle. Vivian's line had been engaged in yet the awful wave of Glendelinians also had been joined by others and like an overflowing stream they came on extending their line of attack for probably seventeen miles but each wave advanced parallel of each other one wave swinging upon Kinderhook front. Several several of the Glendelinian columns unable to stand the fire of Charles Brown's new line of battle gave way, but the main wave increased the attack with redoubled fury, Patrick Cannon's line was next engaged on Vivian's left. On and on rushed the immense columns of Glendelinians.

Fredrick Vance also still strove to maintain his position. The Glendelinians attacked him with unceasing energy and with the fury of an irresistible destruction. For a time however they could not reach his line. Every Glendelinian column as fairly riven by Vance's fire, some seemed to waver, columns of one of thousands dissolved at every discharge of the Christian cannon and musketry, and even when the rest strove to come within range they they also retired away. Even a portion of Hancock's army had supported the attack here but it also was shattered, and covered and then fell back in confusion.

The whole battle long so far now was extended to probably over fifty miles the firing of both sides again making an uproar like a million cannon bursting together. The whole of Hanson Vivian's line making a wilder din, making making dreadful sounds never to be forgotten. The very heavens seemed to be filled with this most indescribable uproar, and the positions where all the bigger Christian batteries were posted, and the the enemy lines themselves seemed to be erupting into the air and along the whole Christian line of Hancock, Johnston, Johnston, Cannon, Davis, Vance, Goldens, Vivian and Vivian's line the whole scene also seemed in eruption in scenes of volcanic blasts, and never before did the noise sound so loud and had only bursts & suddenly as Sanguine's fresh columns added to the din, and all of the Marie and Mac-Holter's words were rust and their branches shaken by the hellish crash.

Even the one million cannon like crash followed each other in quick succession, and yet the enemy's columns were a sight that even all the Christian generals never forgot. General Sherman managed to check the confusion of his men by his gallantry and the stupendous columns of Glendelinians continued the attack and two or three waves of Glendelinians in the form of waves were moved down. There was also everywhere in the Christian lines a roar of mine explosions which closely resembled a thrillion thunder rolls which seemed to split or rend the earth asunder, while thousands of ranks and scores of officers were sent down.

Marie Vivian's batteries had opened a redoubled fire but the Glendelinians had pressed most of the Angelines all back and continued continued to rush on. The battle was now certainly increasing with amazing fury and now as the enemy began to swing upon him in general Hancock's Concentration Aronburg's line seemed to be one long line of flame as the awful columns of the enemy came on against him with the terrific destruction, and again and again his own batteries battered now thundered in their rage and then increased with redoubled fury as more guns were brought into action, and whole divisions of men consisting of hundreds of thousands from the series of broadsides from eight hundred thousand Christian cannon, and seething streams or waves of musketry fire were gradually reduced to a few fragments. This tremendous fire extended all along the whole of Concentration Aronburg's whole line and multitudes of Glendelinians dissolved at every step and hundreds of officers fell. It was awful indeed, and what was horrible to Concentration Aronburg was that the enemy was exact in winning a complete and sweeping enemy. All Hell could not stop the Glendelinians now. They had drove all portions of the Christian line ten miles from Conservatory run, and from all points of the Yellow Brick road, Hanson Vivian's flank was turned, and on his right the enemy was carrying all before him like a sweeping cyclone.

The Glendelinians pressing on to victory however had not thought of the new battery placed in front of them behind the receding Christian wave, and as they pressed on excitedly, they met the fire of one thousand galling guns and the moment other machine guns in one whole six mile long line. The perfect terror of cannon and musketry brought down multitudes of Glendelinians by the score, and staggered the main line. General Vivian also sent a division of Angelines from his own reserves and these dashed upon and collided with the surprised enemy in great fury and soon checked the horrid, herculean rebel advance, and held the Glendelinians at bay for a time, though both sides looked now in a frenzy of heavier firing.

The Glendelinians who were at it, however, had not thought of the new battery placed in front of them behind the receding Christian wave, and as they pressed on excitedly, they met the fire of one thousand galling guns and the moment other machine guns in one whole six mile long line. The perfect terror of cannon and musketry brought down multitudes of Glendelinians by the score, and staggered the main line. General Vivian also sent a division of Angelines from his own reserves and these dashed upon and collided with the surprised enemy in great fury and soon checked the horrid, herculean rebel advance, and held the Glendelinians at bay for a time, though both sides looked now in a frenzy of heavier firing.

A portion of Hancock's columns of pack gun divisions was shattered to pieces as the shock of the enemy along this point increased, and multitudes of gray coats here went down. Along Hanson Vivian's central line the horrible roar of one cannon and musketry deafened the officers who strove with all their efforts to keep their own brigades of men from wavering, the fearful columns of the Glendelinians coming on and the rebel line though it strove its best could as yet make no headway. But losses in officers began now here. General Hermann J. Gish of General Vivian's command went down to death, general Hancock was also killed, while striving to check the panic among his own division, and general Contingent Gardner were wounded. Hundreds of large gaps had appeared all along, the whole front of the Glendelinian wave assailing Hanson Vivian's line, but the survivors still rushed on six of those nearest columns surging up with prodigious fury clear up to Hancock's works. This resulted in a perfect storm and general Carrol, Leche and Mac-Murray fell shot through the head on the side of the Glendelinians and general Sullivan and Devoy fell so mortally wounded as his troops drove the Christians back while generals Bernard, Sharkey, John Wright Harold Bonavan, Dale, Richard O'Connell and Welch on the same side were severely wounded.

In the morning General Vivian had planted his batteries near the edge of the Freedom Cemetery and the Glendelinians seemed about to overwhelm his own infantry columns his own thirty thousand galling guns poured upon the advancing foe for a fire that swept all before it. General Vivian's cannon fire was worse yet but yet the surviving Glendelinians had come on with the greatest rapidity though their line of attack was torn to pieces and they came up to the works. Therefore in spite of the most energetic efforts the Angelines of the Christian command being overwhelmed by the furious surge of the graycoats, and their line already in tatters began to retire unable any longer to withstand the terrific pressure of the onslaught directed against them. For miles and miles along Hanson Vivian's line there was a continuous salvoes of crash and roar of countless guns, plaintive howlings of the wounded, deafening ear-splitting rattling thunderous rolls of broadsides broadsides of shells, and deafening yells of the assailants, but amid all this most deafening and appalling tumult could be heard the shrill, urgent like blowing of the gale and snarl of the panicking Vivian's field pieces. The battle and fury of the attack was also increasing along general Michael Hanson and Hanson Vivian's left grand wing and the horrible thunder of so many cannon here, shook the earth, and almost blinded those for life and rendered them with blackened finger nails. General Mac-Cormac's Vivian's command was killed by a high explosive shell, and Larina's brother was severely and probably mortally wounded. General Assumptin had six horses shot under him then he fell mortally wounded. General Bates in attempting to rally a part of general Vivian's line was shot dead by a rebel sharpshooter. Major general Samuel Perkins was blown to pieces by a shell and general John Perkins and his brother major general Grant were severely injured. General James and his brother George, General B. Canton, Milton, and Benjamin Canton and scores were wounded. The line of line of attacking rebels standing side by side. The whole front was thinned but had destroyed this Christian Christian division, the survivors of the rebels had captured the work and cannon and general Frank Goldens and of Hancock's division tried with all his energy to rally the panic-stricken divisions under general James Murphy but both fell mortally wounded. At every point the battle was being lost. Hanson was able to stand yet but was being crushed and the columns advancing upon Hancock had been swelled like an advancing nation of men at once yelling, and raging like all the fiends and lost souls of hell having moved with the most extraordinary rapidity. They had swept upon Hanson's Hancock's whole line with crash and roar. Their front line was withered but the whole rebel surge pressed on successfully, and in the terrific collision the whole of Hancock's whole line stretching along the Yellow Brick road was shattered beyond recovery and officers and generals had been shot down on both sides by the score. Thousands per second of soldiers had been moved down, and the violence of the charge moving elsewhere shattered general Hancock's right under general Berntha and down had went many of his own staff officers he himself being mortally wounded. The battle also was getting worse along Hanson Vivian's center men here being moved down by the hundred thousand, general Frank Dyer being killed on the side of the foe and general general Bernard Mahone on the Christian side was wounded mortally, Kyland Peter

Frederick Nance felt sure now he also could not hold. Hundreds of his men by the hundreds mass had been mowed down by the enemy's fire, the headlong advance of the enemy against him was extremely dangerous, and even the very graycoats incensed over their losses, were subjected to paroxysms of uncontrollable fury, plowing their way with terrible violence through the front of the whole Christian line, and dashed upon the bold defenders in the most violent frenzied frenzy, yelling and cursing wildly, filling the air with the most fierce imprecations and blasphemies the rebel pressed on. General Frederick Nance who was wounded twice, seeing that this only chance to check the deadly advance of the enemy, was to bring up all his reserve guns did so. It was high time that he did not did for the gray wave had cut its way through his shattered right, Jockey line was crushed, and the rebels advanced with such fury that the Angelbians were driven into a frightful panic, a hundred thousand had thrown down their arms to surrender, and officers were going down on the Christian side by the hundred.

THE CARRIAGE ALL ALONG THE WHOLE LINE, AND IN THE REGION OF THE TRECIA LAKES, THE ANGLO-ITALIANS ARE BADLY SHOTEN AND THRASHED. WORSE LOSS OF GENERA. FEIGER. VINCENZO MORETON PLAS PLANKA COUNTER CHARGE. THE PLANKS SEIZED BY A SPY. A DISASTER AND TRAGEDY.

Amid all this horrible carnage the wicked glandelinian columns pressed so heavily on violetdinian lines and Jemini also that at last a large portion of them gave way, but general Violetdinia fairly leaped into the gap, and exposing himself fully to the enemy, rallied the Angelinians by waving the flag he had snatched from a color bear, but he fell riddled by bullets, and the destruction caused by the fire of the Glandelinians was now more terrific.





of the enemy side was killed or mortally wounded, and Richard Kellor, and John Hitting were also killed. A. de Arques, G. D. Bessell, Robert Mac-Pherson and John H. C. Litchford were among the field wounded all being gladiolusian generals, while also on the side of the general general Litch and Theodore, Hanson and Joseph Cotton in general were killed. Philip Kappas fell wounded, Frederick, at General, and Woodland Parkers and Boyden A. Muller fell dead along side of him.

The position of the gladiolusian columns which had advanced upon all portions of the christian columns or lines under all leaders had become a general gladiolusian assault y, and all the shells of the rebel assault his own batteries along his poured more than eleven thousand shells and grape and canister per gun, and as his own terrible smothering fire had spread the terrible carnage, the mass of dead and wounded had horrified the christian line along his own front, and as they swayed their falls became almost preternatural. General Michael Hanson who retained his command despite his own wound sent a message to general Leonia Icknell, to charge the retreating column with all his men. Icknell obeyed, and also general gladiolusian columns simultaneously issued from their own side of the inferno like woods and were now pressing upon the retreating onset with fixed bayonets, or firing as they ran, and as they retired in confusion, the enemy gave vent to yell, after yell, as deafening as the shrieks of a tornado.

Vivian and gladiolusian were still advancing and were carrying it all before them now. In the meantime Hanson having far greater numbers than those he attacked, managed to reform his own veteran men and to the surprise of gladiolusian the gladiolusian pursued longer lines of advance, the rest of the christian lines retreating his advance, were amazed, recoiled, and then formed again, but the enemy rushed with irresistible force upon the wavering purple lines and evaded them to fragments carried away all before them. The purple batteries were for a few minutes turned upon Icknell's men but the enemy nevertheless increased the cry of his advance and continued to press Icknell back. On pressed the enemy in the main he and line moving free cover to cover now to keep the furiously sweeping mines from picking off as many as possible on had moved up to try and support Icknell, and Jennings also and Adela de Carben now threw themselves with the most terrific fury upon these christian and buried them back. The whole of Hanson's Icknell and Adela de Carben gladiolusian were a making great progress, finding at some points an average breadth of seventy deep and advancing with the fury of a cyclone. Nothing could withstand the assault here and the whole gave way and finally abandoned the field entirely to the enemy. This however gladiolusian whole battery of cannon a fair mark, in guns therefore being inactive because the enemy were out of his own guns were now turned upon the gladiolusian who were victorious along Icknell's front and it would have seemed as if the sudden awful shower of shells would be too much for the rebels and cause them to withdraw to a better shelter, but the progress of their advance did not slacken in the least. Icknell or in order therefore impressed his face with restrained fury, proceeded by an unusual uproar of cannon from Vivian's interior, and now the rapid disappearance of shells began to take more effect on the victorious enemy moving down column and snatching the line which was ten miles long. But on they pressed. General Baldwin thought to himself as he saw this "God help Conscientious Aronburg rear if general Adela de Carben's Boulders are not stopped."

The awful columns of the enemy forced their way over the long lines of log barricades opening more gaps in the purple lines, but two more of their best generals fell, and filled with cannon concentration the gladiolusian began to lose heart, and soon a concentration of reinforcements by both Hanson and Conscientious Aronburg forced the gladiolusian back to the works they had captured. Yet the main portions of these enormous columns, advancing through Betsybrook woodlands, reached the retreating gladiolusian columns thrown back by the terrible fire along the reformed christian lines, and therefore these reinforcements redoubled their exertions though they went down in hundreds of thousands. Here was the final issue of the whole battle. This was the heart of the christian line. If the enemy should sweep in completely through it, they could get round to Conscientious Aronburg's rear, a march his end with the battle at once, and the surviving gladiolusian as gladiolusian as they ran pushed on in with his white hot fury and upon the barricades defended by them under Walter Ben Harrold with the most fearful fury, and the losses caused by this carnage was enormous, but fifteen of the largest divisions in gray had rushed upon the barricades harried as swift as they could, but the whole divisions seemed to dissolve away as swiftly as they came. General Hanson gladiolusian now turned his attention to this point. He massed division after division to the support, Conscientious Aronburg sent more artillery, the new christian rocketry roared like a thousand avalanches. Still the foe would not stop. Fortunately Michael Hanson's line had held its works and counter charged the rebels in his own front. He heard the titanic indomitable roar of musketry in the other location which to him sounded like a redoubled roar of a thrillion cannon, and he having his reserves still fresh and not having been in the battle hurried these to the support of Hanson Icknell, and therefore being reinforced again the vigorous energy of the christians here redoubled, but their whole new line was bent backwards by the impact. It was certainly a great conflict at this point and a Icknell against a Icknell.

The two vivians, and Jennings reformed their shattered lines, and as the columns of the enemy came within their range again, the fury of the carnage became more terrible. Then general John Paul fell mortally wounded in front of Jennings, general Paul P. Porter was killed almost instantly, and a lieutenant general Andrew, James and John Helen received wounds from which they died and general Jo an, and three major generals Thomas Fallon, John James Thompson, and Phillip Bernard were killed to death by bullets.

Also of the Vivianian command, where the firing of both sides was preternatural general B. Port holmes, large was killed, Matthew Gage Simpson, James Camp, and Thaddeus pop Keep were wounded. It was awful and the fury with which the enemy advanced was doubly fruitful all the columns coming with extraordinary rapidity, and again I must say, never was there ever such an uproar heard in any battle before and this gladiolusian wave of assault which was 19,554,232 strong especially along this point had no intention to rush on and attacked the christian line, driving ten divisions a mile or so from their very positions. The enemy also kept on attacking with the fury and noise of a typhoon, and in a few minutes they had carried all of Icknell's works or positions, and in four minutes more, they had pressed others back. General Michael Icknell on the christian side was the next unskilled, general Barnabas punner, was also shot to death, general Lake Saphira, was killed, and general Mark Patrabrook was wounded. General Stephen and Lawrence vivian, and Robert St. John, and general John were also severely wounded, and two others Paul and Benjamin Johnson were wounded internally.

The loss of general officers was awful already three hundred and eight a general named since the beginning of the battle. A large fresh column of gladiolusian were coming to Icknell's aid however from Hanson's main line and division after division of the christians advanced to the aid of the two vivian Frances and also Icknell, and according their new line volleys of destruction also poured into the enemy's lines, accompanied by incessant flashes of the thousands of field pieces and the deafening continual noise which was still on compared to the firing of a thrillion cannon, and more than that many muskets and pistols roared on with undated fury.

The firing along gladiolusian Vivian's rallied lines was again general, but his to best general John and Paul vivian were killed, beside the highlander Cosmo Antonio, and general Frank Hendon fell almost into the arms of Icknell, and also general Gervase, wrote to and Sylvester Hendon all brothers were shot to death, while general Gargory, Ambrose Hanson, Major general Augustine Handonia, Jerome Martens and Marton van Harper, and Nicholas Smith were wounded severely. General Anthony lost a hand and a leg at the same time, general Benedict Smith lost his head, both legs and arms, a while general Smith had his very shoulder torn off him by a fragment of a shell, and Benjamin Hertz, and general gladiolusian were mortally wounded, and general gladiolusian were slightly wounded, while Icknell himself had a bandage round his head making the loss of general officers now as far as three hundred and eleven.

The ride of hills in possession of the enemy were still covered or wreathed in smoke, the dreadful thunderous roar of gunstill continued there, and the same indescribable torrents of shells was thrown on the christian lines and the gladiolusian again swelled by fresh troops was spreading their lines again far and wide, and their advance still continued, was now getting more furious.

Only along three points had the rebels been checked and that was along Vivian's, Jack and Frederick Hanson's line and Vivian's.

Eighteen million more was now advancing and rushing in three extensive waves and yet the losses of the foe was so great that the whole wave seemed threatened with annihilation. For yet the great columns threw themselves forward amid the dreadful carnage, and what was more striking the vast columns of gladiolusian at this point now advanced with a fury that nothing could stop and swept up to the very mansion of gladiolusian Vivian's artillery with greater fury and the terrible carnage that followed spread along this point for six miles. General Layton of Adela de Carben gladiolusian command fell headlong in front of gladiolusian Vivian his head split by a shell fragment, gladiolusian Vivian going down severely wounded simultaneously. Thomas gladiolusian by of Walter Jennings command, and John Johnson and Frank Smith were killed and Joseph Remmehner fell across the works while general La Lyr Layrude and Norberth Smith were wounded. Anthony O Dressel and Jackson and Zoe Rae Mac Corthy also were wounded. The surviving rebels continued their attack in long brilliant lines the battle now raging in general fury in the extreme, and though again and again the whole gladiolusian front had been torn to fragments, they only reformed and swept forward and Vivian's line and those of the generals killed or wounded fell back in confusion.

The attack also continued along Jack Hanson's line and here the dreadful firing also kept up without intermission, but the fury and frenzy of the enemy was uncontrollable, and though such volleys were poured upon them that they dropped in tens of thousands per broadside they did not desert in the attack.

Along general Jones's line the firing was also dreadful, but separated at intervals of furious discharges, and Jennings and Icknell's line also was giving way the loss of officers being tremendous in all ranks. General Lester Garrison



It now looked as if all the nations of the world had come together in general carnage, and slaughter. In front the big volcanoes of gray smoke, rising over and through the clouds, and sweeping over the mountain, the distant ridges still flamed and threatened incessantly, like ghastly lurid sheets as sharp as flashes of lightning at night, and even the glorious heights in possession of a portion of the living forces with the Christian batteries on the summit also seemed to have broken out into eruption, and were enveloped in great clouds of smoke.

Still on came the enemy but now the retreating Christians had rallied and formed their ranks into one long line of flame, and millions of bullets tore incessant rents in Showanna's columns which also relieved the full force of the cannon fire from Gloria's heights, and a sudden rain of shot from a new battery waxed fast and furious. But on came Showanna's columns pouring forth like immense torrents, even though the long line of Christians had rallied. Yet the awful firing did not slacken and Showanna's line became so badly thinned that it wavered.

For many minutes this terrible firing along Hueson's positions front continued steadily, and both sides were almost surrounded in the smoke, which was pierced by millions of vivid jets of flame or undulating sheets of flames like the opening and shutting of just as many furnace doors at one time. The ground in his front was fairly mowed with the sea of fresh dead and wounded Glandelinians, but the Glandelinians at least came rushing within full range of Hueson's guns, and their line was fairly honeycombed with gaps, and fairly thrown back by the fury of the Christian fire, but it rallied again. But the progress of their advance was now checked for a time by this deadly fire.

But they soon rushed forward again and the furious energy of the main columns became so great, that at last they reached the works and swarmed over them attacking the Christians defending them with horrible fury, and pouring in a fire at close quarters and rending the mighty volcano of flame and shot. The Angelinians alarmed by this terrific fire, and havoc among their lines, and the pressure of the enemy's assault, began to waver and give way, but the other columns did not have time to take to flight, and would have been destroyed or captured had not the rest being reinforced, rallied, picket and Germaine's army coming, with their divisions to the rescue, and now the uproar of firing, because no tremendous that resembled once more the discharge of a Christian division which arrived just at the right time, and formed into long lines and met the assault, propounded the effects of their tremendous fire for fourteen miles, and by this tremendous resistance, many scores of columns dissolved so rapidly, and continuously, that hundreds of millions lay dead or wounded, or swallowed up in smoke. Forty large Glandelinian divisions were partly destroyed by the Christian volleys, and the line of assailants sixteen miles long was almost reduced to half their number. Hundreds of thousands of the Glandelinians had been killed, a proportioned number of brigades were almost annihilated, and divisions by the score were cut to pieces, and the ground was covered with seas of dead and wounded all along the line of battle.

The discharge of the heaviest cannon still continued, and for a moment the progress of the Glandelinians was checked, but at other points picket's Glandelinian columns still came on with great noise and fury. On came these streams of gray smoke, and now the firing along the Christian line became so terrific that for some moments it was able to stand on the progress of picket's Glandelinians, though the front columns had begun to break through, amid the fearful number of their own lines, and which threw both them and the Christians into great confusion of fierce hand to hand fighting, with pikes, bayonets, sabres, clubbed muskets, and even fists and daggers or every conceivable weapon you could think of or invent. At last, the main column of picket's Glandelinians renewed the attack, and a large column of these assailants reached the Christian works, and as they came into immediate contact with the Angelinians under general partial, upon both sides presented an awful spectacle, as a struggle between the nation of all the nations of the world put together in this one line, the noise of the hand to hand fighting making a din that was shocking. And the enemy pressed forward with such violent vehemence that a portion of Haldon's corps on the right of partial's divisions was forced to retire, all his staff having fallen, or Germaine's army and also Haldon's had been wounded, but Germaine still retained his command and urged his troops to do their utmost.

Yet in their furious progress elsewhere the enemy also broke a part of Jimmie's divisions' line, but at the same time, other divisions mostly Abyssinians came to his support, and the firing along this portion of the long battle line became so terrifying that the Glandelinians for a time were prevented from penetrating any further. And yet all along the line the battle was now increasing still more in fury, and now picket's main Glandelinian columns after carrying all before them, in their path of advance attacked the divisions under Germaine's division, with the fury or pressure of an advancing tidal wave and drove them back from the high grounds to a distance of five hundred and eighty yards, and the width of this surging mass of men was twenty five deep, and nearly ten miles long.

Lieutenant General Michael Ballou of Walter Jennings' command had been killed, to his sorrow, General Gabriel, and Rachael Givens were also killed, John Joseph was severely wounded, and General Baptiste Peter of Jimmie's divisions' command was shot dead amid the dreadful carnage.

The advance of the enemy along Vivian's front presented a most frightful aspect, as the Glandelinians swarmed forward, and the furious ten thousand musket volleys of Vivian's men rolling in deafening millions of thunderous echoes, poured still more murderous tempests of bullets upon a portion of the advancing rebel columns, along his own front, and all the meadows, plains and lanes, displayed the havoc caused by the frightful cannon fire of the Christian batteries under general Osmunda. And the increasing of the mighty carnage soon shocked the mighty columns of gray or gray smoke, while scores of thousands of wounded Angelinians, awed and breathless, and defenseless, pleaded for aid.

And never had the faces of men been so horribly haggard. As the enemy swarmed upon Vivian's works his whole rebel line was also shattered to fragments and then it wavered, but the rebels retorted the fire with the same results, mingled with the appalling cries as many forms were torn by the balls, and rolled and writhed on the ground. The main column of the enemy however gave way and Vivian's men now felt sure he could hold. The clouds of smoke was wafted far and wide, the whole of the Paroback and Gloria's plains being also withdrawn into dead, dying and wounded in purple and gray, and many of the prostrate bodies were officers, who did not escape the enemy's awful shower of bullets. Just as the enemy gave way, there was an uprising to the right of them an awful eruption of earth, and smoke there was a blinding flash, and a stupendous deafening roar that seemed to rend the heavens to pieces, and make the whole line of the enemy shiver and to fragments, and this crashing of the awful and terrific explosion appalled even the Angelinians who witnessed it.

Another lurid flash burst from another gigantic explosion, followed by the same awful roar, and rolling wall of smoke, then again the frightful havoc, the awful detonations of big mine explosions, making the air hellish, and covering the meadows anew with fresh dead and wounded Glandelinians. Jets of fire shot from Ballou's hundreds of thousands of guns, followed by the fearful uproar of the shell and barriera. Almost half of the number of assailants had dissolved on Vivian's front before the fire that swept down everything within its range, and yet the redoubled firing and uproar was reaching to tenfold fury. In a few minutes the survivors were crawling across the Conservatory Run and reached the edge of the Mid-dollaster Woods.

Elsewhere the attack of the enemy had raged with the equal fury. Hueson's line was struck next, and a portion of his line terrified and panic stricken was forced to retreat before the crushing and onslaught of his own men's beings in gray. The enemy's lines were also torn, and wavered here also however, hundreds of their officers going down before the merciless fire. The very multitudes of rebels were stunned by the din, the very main line of the enemy opening into many vast gaps and were engulfed in a perfect vortex of clouds, flames and exploding shells. Yet amid this dreadful heartrending carnage, and walling of countless numbers of the fallen who did not or escape the left of the rebel were rallied and swept forward again their lines fairly blazing in an inferno of their own firing, and whole masses of the Angelinians were mowed down in this path of ruin and carnage. But to surprise the enemy, and amid the terrible slaughter the Angelinians with wild yells swept forward to the counter charge, and rushed upon the enemy whose whole line was still obscured in thick wreaths of smoke, and which was pierced with a storm of bullets while the Christians themselves were now engulfed in the frightful carnage which kept on without ceasing.

The very Christian line was standing still for a moment, and then they rallied. At the center column withering a portion and dividing then into brigades, also falling upon the retreating columns under general Jordon, but Adolphe's corps tried to crush the Christian line by making a sudden flank assault, but still the Angelinians gained the mastery, and swept everything before them. Even the impetuous advance of Vivian's army was not checked, though the whole of the Glandelinian was now like an overflowing river. The attackers along Vivian's front was so torn and scattered, and had so many men and officers down or killed and wounded, that the survivors did not dare to make a move to assault again for a while.

But along other portions of the line the attack hit with the same force. The two waves of Glandelinians under picket and Showanna had advanced toward the Anhe Angelinian positions under general Hueson's Johnston on the extreme right of Hueson's main line, there was the same awful uproar of musketry along this front, and yet the foolish foolish rash Glandelinian columns came on to the assault. Millions of shots along the whole Christian line under Hueson's Johnston was poured upon the enemy followed by the stupendous uproar of William Evans' cannon which poured a tremendous shower of grape and canister, but the left of his line was struck by overwhelming numbers and the Angelinians here began to recoil. It was well that the divisions under general Walter Jennings began to retire, for minutes by minutes the wreaths of smoke along Showanna's line began to thicken, and picket's whole line was rushing toward him also, and there was fearful peril of his men being frightfully overwhelmed and annihilated. And the distant fire along Hueson's line itself had increased with the roar of millions of cannon in simultaneous prolonged not ion. Jennings' columns were falling back fast, or as fast as they could, and with the fire of a stampeding cattle. They must escape this terrible column of the enemy, which came rushing on like legions of demons, and report the danger to Concentration Arsenal, or Hueson's division, who were also having it out with the two Hanleys, where the most terrible uproar of the battle came from.

shook beneath the contestants, and now this titanic uproar seemed to respond from over where, and in the distant arce to eruption from some mighty mine explosion that seemed to tower above the very battle field. Also a tremendous crash of musketry rumbled along, far away to the right, and down went now a column of gladiolians. The solid line of the enemy along this section was fairly riven, but men on both sides were falling in the most frightful numbers.

The boldest of this gigantic attack surprised and horrified the gladiolians for several minutes, and as the left of the assaulting wave came nearer, Walter Jennings saw that the attack along his own front and as more added the scene of carnage increased to ten fold fury, the awful roar of the christian fire as more cannon were brought up, increasing a thousand times louder, and Walter Jennings men also rallied the enemy column away. The fury of battle now extended fully forty miles. Only Concentric Arrows Infantry and artillery line at this moment was missing, the attack, and probably soon would be needed to support the rest should it be held pressed. Everywhere there was deafening detonations and a redoubled crash and uproar, and the whole front of the assaulting line to that full extent of forty miles was shattered now in huge fragments. Yet the survivors of the enemy, pressed on by the ferocity of their officers and generals, rushed forward with a fury to threaten to beat down everything in their path, and on their own though thousands of men were dissolved away. The enemy were now within two hundred yards of the christian line of Vivianna who was to receive this shock first. Heavier Jentons-Vivianna however gave the enemy the hottest reception. The whole wave of rebels under general Shoemanna's command was already upon Vivianna's line, and an unearthly uproar fell over the air and reverberated like a hundred trillion thunder claps from Lucille, Jackson and other ridges, and the awful uproar was so terrific, that Hanson Johnston and his staff and even Hanson Vivian in terror and confusion lay instinctively toward the direction of the sound and then looked in the direction of Vivianna's whole line along the stretch of the Yellow Brick road, and beheld:

Two monstrous massive waves of the enemy extending as far as eye could reach, seemed to waver and a blinding furnace of destruction, there was a vehement struggling, a weaving to and fro, and then the whole gray line shattered to fragments. Fragments shook, swayed, gathered again, and crashed itself forward upon the flashing furnace of fire before it, then recoiled again, and then the christian lines swayed over their own works, and crashed upon the retreating gray-coats with the same fury as before, while at the same time along the enemy lines as they slowly retired, rushed forth thick volumes of white smoke, rolling before them, and another, and another, and still another indescribable shower of minies, now moved down the pursuing purple coats by the multitude, then again the firing along Shoemanna's Jennings line showed general signs of receding, but not slackening in the least (the risk of the yeast), and storms of great explosions covered their whole line, and whitened it, with rolling eruptions of smoke. At the moment the gladiolians columns receded before general Vivian's front, the ridge of Lucille Jackson and Jackson ridge opened an uproar of cannon the mightiest of which no language can describe, and this no doubt was done to cover the retreat of this portion of the gladiolians army.

Desolation was now everywhere, and a sea or ocean of dead and wounded fairly paved the ground, cumbering the plains and the fields before the yellow brick road, and lying in windrows and ridges along the side of the road or over it. The courage of the men under Vivian and Jennings was beautiful to behold, and fate seemed to favor them for their daring. Hundreds of thousands were defenseless for life by the horrible noise, and almost blinded by the pungent powder smoke and shocked by the terrific uproar, which had startled the christian generals, and which as yet did not slacken. Jennings had been wounded amid this most frightful carnage, and only few of his staff were alive, only three being left, and they were more badly wounded than he, who was hardly able to retain command.

The torrents of minies had torn gaps in the enemy lines by the thousand, and indeed the whole line was shivered like glass by the hundreds of thousands of shells which had exploded with the violence of thousands of small volcanic eruptions going off in that ten mile line of assault at one time.

For a time Vivianna did not know good as Vivian or Jennings. The enemy along his front under general Jasper Gar broke through the christian line under this general at several points, and rushed full upon the fugit ives with some violence throwing them into a panic. The roar of the cannoning along Vivianna's front and at other parts of the field, and near the region of Ophelia and Chamberlane was now again increasing with redoubled fury, and everything vibrated with the million cannon like din. The whole of Vivianna's line was also enshrouded in smoke and flame, and the fugitive gladiolians were uncertain where to fly were arrested by three massive divisions whose officers tried to rally them. Jacobus Platts was now a great morose, and the fleeing columns of Vivianna's army so terrified by the near approach of the pursuing enemy, the almost preternatural uproar of the firing, the gasping forms of the many multitudes of the wounded, the shattered bodies of the slain, the fields of torn intestines, human trunks and limbs and the coruscating detonations of the gun-gang-shells were rallied by the other christian officers, and slowly but surely reformed. The enemy along Vivianna's front had also recovered from the shock by the first storm of fire, and having been reinforced were redoubling the force and fury of the attack, that horrid horrible firing now being in full swing.

The whole elements of civilization was again seeming to be broken up, and most of the fighting gave way to hand to hand struggles with swords and bayonets as some of the rebel brigades closed with those who were retreating from them. A rush of thousands of panic stricken men swept by Hanson Johnston, and for a time he could not see the approaching enemy so thickens the multitudes of panic stricken Angelinians of his own commands, but realizing the danger Hanson Johnston made efforts to rally some portions again and make another desperate stand. At many of the recoiling, and defeated Angelinians, wearied, and dispondent, and bewildered, passed on, the pursuing enemy coming after them. Along some parts of Baldwin's line the firing was now slackening, the advancing enemy was spreading the line of attack, and Hanson was afraid to order his troops to fire for fear of injuring or killing Johnston's soldiers. The panic stricken columns soon reached Hanson's line in a perfect wave, the latter opening at many parts to let them through, and then the mighty and deafening noises from all of Baldwin's batteries and the hurst and awful roar of the thousands of fiery and deadly explosions gathered in fury again.

As they reached the rear of Hanson Vivian's line most of Johnston's men began to rally, and now the gladiolians wave had to contend with Hanson Vivian, the most dreaded fighter of the whole christian nation. The first surge of the rebels made a swing to the right and moved over the yellow brick road, and swept upon the christians there, but received a sharp fire of minies which moved the whole surge to places. Then Hanson's own guns let go and a shower of canister fell in torrents, and his infantry responding millions of bullets added to the charge. General Maurice Gostillion army which alone had held firm to the last, with reinforced divisions under general James Jenton, moved forward with a fury to take an effort to reform the line of panic stricken columns of Hanson Johnston. The left wing of this wave of attacking rebels was under general General Platts. He advanced the line received not only the tempest of bullets and canister, but also grape and chain shot, which showed this wave which extended two miles to fragments, and it fell back. Hanson's line had also reinforced general Jack or Fred Hanson army his line also being wreathed in smoke and along Hanson Vivian's line the firing was soon becoming so intense, that the very heavens above his lines was in a deafening uproar, and extended to Jentons line with preternatural and overwhelming fury. Ad loud and reverberating noise even all this stupendous war and crash of musketry, which drowned out every other sound, the enemy's batteries from all the ridge in possession of the gladiolians responded with a roar of a legion of volcanic eruptions at once, and gigantic through all this awful redoubled carnage, which closed round and among them, amid the most awful crash of hell, the gladiolians shattered columns advanced, and as Hanson moved to the support of his front line more and more troops and more artillery most terrifying, and a most indescribable became the discharge of fire arms and cannon, the firing swelling now once more to that of the roar of a million cannon. And down went the gladiolians in monstrous multitudes all along the line, and general Platts and hundreds of his generals and other officers fell dead riddled with bullets.

In many places the fresh dead and wounded rebels were thrown already lying in windrows, and now Baldwin's batteries pushed forward a little nearer and sent its showers of canister and grape crashing through the massive waves, causing along the whole rebel line of charge, such havoc and ruin, that many of the divisions were confused and this wave started to recoil. However more of Hanson Johnston's men had been rallied and which joined Hanson's line, and as this great wave of assault swung upon Frederick Hanson's line the firing of musketry and cannon along this point equalled that of the other. Big gun-gang-shells as they exploded in volleys tore into countless fragments many brigades of rebels, the explosions emitting great flashes, and terrifying detonations, the wave of gladiolians was a terribly thick, and many of the rear columns received a full fire of minies which drove them into confused scattered masses. To add to this frightful carnage the columns under Shoemanna moved against Jack Dune, and general Hanson Vivian drawing his reserves and endeavored to place them in Gertrudes Glen, and several cavalry divisions in a long string of orchards, but they could not retain the position here, the severe fire from ridge of Lucille Jackson, and the impetuous advance of the foe disconcerted them, and the sudden collision into which they came was doubly terrible, and the whole line at this point fell back, while a whole division of Booblers yelling like demons overlapped the cavalry and crushed it.

General Hanson Vivian gave orders to his officers to see that the retreat of these divisions were being covered, while he ordered the rest of his army to move forward and to be in hand in case of danger. Like titans of hell the two monstrous armies now contended with each other. At this point of the battle it was to be the first final stroke. The whole of Jentons line was still shrouded in smoke the enemy advancing upon his works and positions in serpentine and irregular lines, and rushing on swiftly. At this moment Jennings batteries had been brought up from the left of the battle line at Conservatory gun and these batteries opened, with double line of center meter guns and calibre cannons. Along the longest line or wave of the monstrous rebel attacking surge there flashed craggy and stupendous sheets of dull flashes from the explosions of so many shells among them, and along the whole of Vivian and Vivianna's whole two lines almost simultaneously as from the very jaws of hell with a sudden exploding roar like a million cannon blowing to pieces poured thousands of fearful broadsides, and the advanced portion of the rebel wave disappeared away. From the confusion the ground

and amid all these shocking horrors, the pursuing van guard of the glandelinians began to catch up with the rear guard of the panic stricken christian troops, but received a murderous hail of canister from Baldwin's distant galling guns, which mowed down thousands of glandelinian ranks. Yet the over whelming glandelinian columns continued to move forward with the noise, noise and fury of a roaring cyclone, and mingled with the Angelinians of the rear guard in frightful death struggles, and the dead and wounded in numbers was increased.

One of the divisions of glandelinians under general voice passed the left of Hanson's christian line but came upon a portion of Baldwin's batteries which was concealed in brushwood and a storm of grape and canister was poured into their very faces. Hanson's Johnstonian men on the left were being rallied somewhat, while the overlapping columns of glandelinians shrank back, the smoke of canister volleys seemed to close them in general. Jones, Strabrook and Wallen were killed, and all their staff was annihilated. The firing on both sides once more was becoming fearful, but under cover of their own terrible artillery fire which went issued fast, and mowed down scores upon scores of thousands of rebels and helped upon their dead and wounded in that no-thing inferno, Hanson's Johnstonian whole column was reforming, and retreating more slowly or halting at intervals, while a newly arriving glandelinian force looked up the passage of the glandelinians which had worked their way round to the left of the right under general voice, who sought in despair to press forward, but now a volley of shrieking grape and shrapnel killed thousands per volley, an unerring the survivors, and surrounded by his fresh forces and the rallied fugitives, who were now the advancing party, they sought in vain to escape, help hewing great gaps in the solid purple lines, which were pushing forward now despite the advancing forces of the rest of the rebel columns. And in the meantime Hanson's whole advancing wave of glandelinians was badly thinned by Baldwin's annihilating fire, and now all the panic stricken Angelinians who had been in danger of being deeply dispersed were also rallying under the shelter of their own side of the "Red" Osborne's woods, but the numbers of dead and wounded which paved their line of retreat, horrified them.

Here and there the steps of the fugitives crunched in the dirt and gravel, and ashes of extinguished conflagrations started by shell bursts, their faces were pale and haggard, and as they retreated on they still saw the blue glare of thousands of active cannon, though at this portion of the battle line the firing was beginning to slacken. Indeed all the violence of every volcano in this world, every explosion that had happened, and all the uproar of every battle that occurred in all the wars of this world, all the noise of all storms combined into one, all the cannon commanding thunders of typhoon waves in the Angelinian storms and all these horrors accompanying and panic could not in one hour in one season even contrived the scenes of this battle hall of the Conservatory run, and between the Paroback and Trecean lanes. All was lost now for Hanson's Johnstonian unless something was done to arrest the disorder among the christian columns. But nothing was done and Hanson Johnston Hanson Johnston's assistant fell mortally wounded.

The survivors now retreated more slowly, but ever and anon the clattering musketry fire, and the screaming of shell kept on, but at intervals. Along the whole and the rear of Hanson's Johnstonian army the clearing had ceased now for a few minutes, and many hundreds of the thousands of fugitives still hurried on. General Hanson, who had observed all this frightful rout of this christian division from his own point of observation, and immediately moved forward his other division and placed his entire batteries of cannon into position. There was no hope of Hanson's Johnstonian columns being rallied unless their retreat was covered first. The awful columns of glandelinians under John Manley, who which had routed the Angelinian army and cut it to pieces, had now formed into impenetrable masses or waves. Hanson's Johnstonian had already reformed over six million three hundred thousand of his twenty million, but he could not rally the main line, so indescribable and complete was the confusion. And even all of the massive columns of glandelinians came on, the advance of the enemy being magnificent though Baldwin's batteries alone increased their booming roar, and his horrible fire though it committed horrible havoc could not check them now. Hanson was pushing his forces forward to the front as fast as men could run and now nor was the horrifying beauties of the many waving christian banners confined to the unusual hues of fire. No rainbow did ever out rival the varying and prodigal dyes of even the opposing banners. Some were a bright blue as the most azure depths of a southern sky, some of a livid and snake like green, and many others as fields of different flowers. Terrible torrents of high explosives from Baldwin's main batteries tore through the advancing columns making gaps all along the line. Many times by the severity of the christian fire the solid waves of gray coats appeared to be broken, but nevertheless came striding fiercely in their heroic advance, across the whole stretch of their line of march, rending the air with the most horrible and bloodcurdling yells and battle cries which became a general tumult. To the eyes of all the christian commanders of Hanson's Johnstonian command alone the awful columns of the glandelinian army seemed like two monstrous surges of demons contending against the christians for the possession of the world. A portion of Wallbenders Corps was still retreating rapidly the enemy following. This effort of the enemy proved to be probably general and titanic, and as this twenty mile wave came on the rest of Hanson's Johnstonian line retreated, to seek protection which Hanson's Johnstonian new and main line could afford them.

In vain had the stubborn glandelinian cannoniers plowed the nearest christian columns down as fast as they had come through the conflagration of battle, the big seemingly immoveable wall of gray coats was only like a reed before the whirlwind, they making a feeble barrier. And the tremendous wave of purple coats with the fiercest fury of their own enemies, rushed among and through the gray line, which was now torn to pieces and gave way, the Angelinians carrying all before them in that sea of smoke. The Yellow Brick road was in their possession of one thousand rebel galling guns.

"Behold general Hanson's Johnstonian is coming with overwhelming numbers of the black hatted devils." Said general Hanson's Johnstonian. "Stand to the captured battery at all costs. Don't leave the works. And I'll shoot the first officer who orders a retreat without my command to do so."

The Angelinians now defending this angle of works with snuff able dismay and awe, beheld five large new divisions, and the Fifth and Ninth corps of Hanson's Johnstonian army under general Abner Doubleday's Johnstonian rushing forward to make a counter assault, while glandelinians cavalry rode among the retreating lines which was a thousand feet away and there was a deafening turmoil as they tried to rally them. All the galling guns were swung round and massed upon the foe. The wave of gray coats coming forward to retake the angle along the road, extended as far as eyes could see, but it never shifted or wavered in its awful headlong advance, and with every movement looked frightfully ominous, and their millions of bayonets glinted in the sunlight. There suddenly broke from Hanson's batteries a stupendous roar, which was echoed back by the fiercer and sharper detonations of the rebel batteries on Lucille's pickson ridge, as they again, and again blazed terrifically forth with a most indescribable and intolerable roar. The very earth under their feet shook from the concussion of this terrible cannon fire covering the charge, and now the captured galling guns let loose their own stream and several of the enemy's front lines of the wave going to pieces trembled, but still advanced the wave spreading out to a more extended form, and then whole began to rush forward as fast as men could run. But the nearest column received a frightful shower of canister, and a tempest of bullets, which tore and mangled them right through the advancing gray line, over all of their forest of men, over the fields and vines, fell that awful shower in horror, but up to the very works secured the surviving gray columns, like a surging tidal wave of tidal wave, and now nobles longer did the Angelinians believe themselves safe. In the enemy amid the new inferno of flames and uproar swarmed over the works, with high universal yells, Hanson's Johnstonian finding his line overwhelmed and his left and right flanks turned, had to order a retreat, and soon the Angelinians first starting the retreat in an orderly manner became panic stricken, and fled, leaving the angle, and the whole stretch of the road in this portion at least three deep with their own dead and wounded, the survivors dashing madly, pressing furiously, crushing against each other. They had broken into the most frightful panic the enemy had ever seen among them, and in their blind precipitate retreat, trampled recklessly over the fallen, and a storm of yells, groans, prayers and sudden shrieks. From the large avenue of trees of the north branch of the extensive pickson Woods enormous volumes of purple coats vomited ed forth as if perurbed by a tornado. Many feared that the flight would mean or bring a terrible disaster and tried to rally their columns while there was yet time, but the soldiers drowning in annihilation, from the showers of shells and torrents of bullets, that fell fast torrent upon torrent among their lines, from the guns now turned upon them, first rushed into the narrow orchards, some others across the plains, seeking shelter, or any kind of protection from the awful terrors of annihilation, while nearer and nearer came the pursuing enemy. Hanson's Johnstonian main line alone did not retreat yet, and with this sudden awfully carnage, the cry resounded from all sides especially as the officers shouted:

"The enemy. They are beating the Angelinians on Johnstonian right wing back."

"Fall back slowly and with solid formation." said Hanson's Johnstonian orders to his other officers. "But don't let your men flinch your fire a bit."

Hanson and his staff knowing the danger of this kind of a Glandelinian advance, and of the strength of the advancing foe in his front, should the rebels overlap him, and the showers of shells and grape, the trampling rush of the christian columns under general Wallen, who was wounded, decided to withdraw the rest of his line to better cover.

"We must retire." said Hanson's Johnstonian. "Or our whole army will be doomed to annihilation. We must retire before the glandelinians overlap us. Mark you crushing batteries of the enemy on Lucille's pickson ridge. Let a retreat in to be let lost."

In a quarter of an hour the whole of Hanson's Johnstonian columns were retreating, slowly across the shell swept Glordanna's pickson and over the fields of the Conservatory run, and even the enemy's fire was increasing so rapidly, that ranks were mowed down in shameful numbers. The christian waves hastened onward, and at all so fierce was the advance of the pursuing enemy, that the brave heroes of Christ were unable to rally, their main line being torn and shattered, and the survivors could not contest a step with the enemy without annihilation so fierce was the enemy's advance, and the Angelinian officers were encompassed with doubt and horror at this at this sudden catastrophe.

It was an awful hour indeed, and with an increase of the terrors of the frightful panic new and more frightful volleys of shrapnel came from new batteries



In the meantime the armies of Frederick Mance and Jack Mance had been pressed back as far as the edge of the conservatory run toward the center of the region near the town of Meryetta known as the Paroback and Treacian lanes. Here a most violent cannonading was ripping through their lines, and the battle all along this point was raging with the same titanic fury, the Angelinians and Abyssinkilians repelling every effort of the foe to dislodge them further, and the thundering crash of cannon, Indian artillery along the big "Old Yellow Brick" road that increased with redoubled fury, the shells in their shriek making a noise like a screaming gale and never before along this portion of the battle line was there ever such an uproar of cannon, muskets and yelling of hot battles, the very air seeming to be rent with all this din, and all the front lines of the foe seemed to waver to and fro or dissolve like snow in a furnace. Whole divisions of the assailants for the sweeping success they had made were shattered badly, or crushed to fragments, the battle here had reached at white heat twice, and both lines were ablaze with cannon and musketry fire, agalors. The whole left wing of Mance's line had been forced back across the Yellow Brick road during this titanic throes, and all the time for an hour their own firing of lu loud muskets crashed and vibrated with the volcano of flame and din and roar of a hundred million cannon.

General Mance's Johnstonian line sat at the north with Jack Mance and it had been forced back clear across the road until it extended in front of Meryetta, but it had recoiled no further. Officers and generals had met on all sides disordered troops, and brigades had been forced to make stands here and there to cover their retreat, or while officers and cowardly men rallied them.

Other columns were also now falling back toward Meryetta, but the Glandelinians did not attempt to pursue, for large forces of Abyssinkilians were being sent here by Hansen Vivian with the purpose to help drive the enemy under general John Menley back across the Paroback and Treacian lanes.

Here the losses in the struggle along half of Jack or Mance's main line alone were incredible in both men and officers, and was not yet known. Forest fires were reported to be started in the Mic-Hollester or Marie Osborne woods combined by the constant shell fire, and flash of rifles and cannons, and so many trees had been crushed split, or broken by the crashing storm of shot, and shell, that the ground was strewn anew with their branches, and the region where Antonio Semgine's army had been trapped, had hardly a tree now bordering it, so many having been uprooted by shells, or blown off by bullets from the indescribable rebel and christian fire storm. One of the heaviest losses of the battle also occurred along this section, and yet nothing probable outwitted the fury of the battle in the region of the Paroback and Treacian lanes near the fatal Glorianna Plain.

Hansen Johnstonian had suddenly received reinforcements, and now he himself threw forward all the available columns to storm the enemy line, and force it back so as to save those troops who were still falling back toward Meryetta in disorder, and who were retreating toward the Glorianna plains. The Glandelinian signal stations, and now scouts warned the officers of this christian attack, and the ridge of hills covered with the hundreds of thousands of Glandelinian batteries were again swept by undulating sheets of flame, and the terrible reverberating roar of the same number of guns, blasting the air with the same ear-splitting thunderous crash as before, and again the same storm of shells crashed heavily among the advancing christian columns, but it continued for a time to press on, and were soon entangled up in the snare of destruction.

Suddenly by a strong breeze of wind the smoke thinned, and long windrows of dead and dying were revealed. Yet nearer and nearer the Angelinians approached, but more faster poured the fearful curtain of artillery fire, but now the Angelinians advanced with a fury that seemed to break through all obstacles. White rose ridge now thundered forth like a crashing rearing volcano and a new stream of shells and grape was poured upon the advancing columns, which tore through their line like a screaming of a tempest, there was a wilder storm of a ear-splitting explosion which shook the earth, and now the whole column of men was torn to fragments. The fire all along the enemy line extended along the Yellow Brick road became annihilating, mowing down columns as it seemed at every yard, fast or not faster poured the torrents of shells and canister, and as the firing along for a whole of the rebel line assumed the most blasting and destructive fury, and rendered more fearful Hansen Johnstonian losses, he became apprehensive and ordered the men to recoil. The rebel fire had again and again fairly heaped up the dead and wounded, and every rank or column exposed had melted away. But the survivors could not be stopped now. To go back meant total destruction.

Millions of the Angelinians stretched in a ten mile line near the enemy line at the Yellow Brick road along the edge of the Glorianna Plain, and this line of fragments being under Adelo De-Garbo who despite his wound had foolishly refused his command could not be shocked by the attack. For a moment it seemed as if an earthquake of great intensity had occurred, there was again the terrible crashing like the banging of a trillion cannon, and the whole christian surge withered into fragments. But just at this moment no more vansons line came up, the assaulting wave pushed on and the surviving Glandelinians tried vainly in that fierce conflagration of smoke, fire and bloody hell of battle, to make themselves no movable as a wall of rocks, and drive back the Abyssinkilian assailants, but amid such a deafening volcano of flame and din at close quarters they were being pressed back by overwhelming numbers.

The fighting here had lasted an hour and a half and now at this time the losses of the christians was forty eight million six hundred thousand. The rebel losses were fifty nine million two hundred and fifty six thousand. In killed wounded and prisoners, seeing that he had achieved some success in the vicinity of Meryetta, he picked up and banded the whole christian line back in a half wheel, Mance decided to force general Vivian and Concentinian Aronburg from their own side of conservatory run. He recent attack along this point at all parts of the line had been repulsed but now it was being renewed with redoubled violence. Glandelinians Vivian line was strongly banded, but he was badly wounded and his divisions were progressing over all the fields of flowers and ferns and toward the Yellow Brick road in this location fearful numbers of the enemy were again advancing to the attack with indescribable fury, and it seemed as if they were now going to have everything their own way despite that Hansen Vivian had reinforced this line and took personal command of the whole himself. General Vivian himself received one thousand great counterblast shells from general Hansen Vivian rain batteries and these constant blows were guns that when loaded properly could hurl for a single gun five shells at one shot. These were rained upon Vivian's divisions who were endeavoring to assault him, and as they broke out they roared in a series of most violent detonations which succeeded each other so rapidly that the one volley produced a continuous roar. And not only that, the one volley swept all before it and the Glandelinian column here went down like the shattering ruins of an earthquake. Loaded city-like survivors broke back in frightful confusion and panic and fled toward their own shelter too terrified to face these horrible guns.

Vivian now for a period was free from the insurgents. But Glandelinians were having his hands full. The charges of the enemy was appalling, for in great columns they swarmed up against his massive christian line, which was hidden in wreaths of smoke. This ravaging christian fire was terrible, but Glandelinians had no counterblast and so the enemy came on coming with fearful forbidding rushes and leaps toward the work like a monstrous pack of gray demons, and here the carnage became appalling. The ravaging christian fire was now terrible, but the enemy stuck gamblers left wing with such force that it shattered violently, but still stood firm and not column after column, until their surviving lines were riven to fragments, and the dead and wounded piled in mountains. But no matter how the battling was strangled and cut down the enemy lines, heavy with the weight of pressure, from the advancing foe, it was bent back backward, and now the assailants went crashing headlong into and among the Angelinian soldiers, with a huge heavier force and with their headlong sweep upon the enemy. Glandelinians were hurled into the christian line through and through, and if reinforcements had not flung themselves upon the enemy, the Glandelinians would also have carried all before them at this point, but as it were whole divisions were crushed to fragments, and remnants wiped out, and one brigade was swept away like chaff.

By the counter attack of the reinforcements under general Francis Dargis the enemy wave was jarred wildly, and another christian column under general Walters coming up from the west caught the rebels on the flank, and in the next minute a whooping purple billow of Abyssinkilians and Angelinians pounced upon the rear of their retreating center right along the whole length, and the surprised Glandelinians were borne before the Angelinians as if before an avalanche. It was evident that it was harder to thrust Glandelinians than that they thought.

In the meantime Richard John Glandelinian division came up emerging from a portion of the Treacian lanes, and came up on the flank of the enemy's right and therefore the Glandelinian force under general Francis Stacks which had attacked Glandelinians was placed between two ravaging fires. This whole gray wave was shattered, many thousands of ranks going down. Then up came one of Hansen Vivian's divisions under general Henry Dargis, which rushed forward, and cut their way clear through the ranks right in the midst of the Glandelinians, who were trying to rally, with a terrific shock. This Glandelinian army was now like a ship run aground, but they managed to cut their way through and proceed on their way of retreat. But all would have gone well if more had not come up. August Dargis's Abyssinkilians came up, Glandelinians forces swept forward, crushing the center of Francis Stacks' Glandelinians and hurling their foremost upon the bayonets of the Abyssinkilians and Angelinians in their rear, and this frenzied sweep of the christians caused the Glandelinians to break into a panic.

Every one of these christian columns as they came sweeping upon the rear of the retreating rebel columns broke them up into immense squads, and knots, crushing them down like the sweep of a volcanic avalanche upon the survivors trotting full speed toward the shelter of the Marie Osborne Woods, broken to pieces. Stacks' army could never again that day go back into battle, so severely had it been handled by Glandelinians.

All this while the Glandelinian batteries of Mic-Hollester and Lucille Nickson ridge still roared in steady fury, the same ponderous volleys twenty miles long and pounding all ground but when Chamberlains, Lucille Nickson, and Ophelia exploding with ear-splitting detonations. The battle at this point still raged furiously and stretched away for miles, Hansen making every effort to regain these places, his Angelinians rushing forward in columns many in miles long, amid the thunderous tumult, but they were suffering heavily. The attack here however was but of no avail. Even large fresh columns of Glandelinians under general Glandelinians were coming into view, pushing themselves forward until they resembled a vast nation going to the aid of a smaller one, and here again the battle was swelling to its highest fury.



From Baldwin batteries the terrific torrents of canister all poured upon the glandelindians at all advancing upon general Kindermine's front but a portion of the glandelindians came doubling upon his own line with the most terrific fury as at other points, and the whole christian line was crushed to fragments and herculean violence that the whole christian line was crushed to fragments and driven back to the old site of its batteries, violetdinus line also was torn and driven from the work, and there was now a downbellow cry of sounds, cannon, galling guns, rifles, muskets, pistols and machine guns roaring, rattling and thundering in the commands of different accents above, while over all dominated the frightful storming uproar of yells from the victors and a screaming.

Costellione's whole division had been annihilated, and the remnants of the division were scattered in all directions, and these generals with two hundred and fifty men were driven from the field, while others were killed. Ten generals were killed, among them being Francis Snyder, James Johnston, George Hamilton, Nicholas Hamilton, John George, Henry Costellione, Humboldt Hamilton, Jack Gordon, Revonah Stocklin, Callerton, Francis, and John Hamilton, Henry Johnston, Bob Robinson, Robert Grant, Henry, James Hamilton, Henry Johnston, Nicholas Hamilton, James Hamilton, Henry Johnston, Henry Johnston, George Hamilton, George Hamilton, and John Hamilton. All of Costellione's division. A and a christian line extending from Lucille's position, and from Ophelia and Chamberlain, to a distance of eighteen miles had been so badly reduced that only one quarter of it was remaining. Here the enemy had all their own army. They had swept past Kindermine's army on two sides, gained possession of Lucille's position, and the two other towns and like the swinging of a huge pivot gate had swung in two directions and Beppo Evans with 10,000 men was advancing straight upon General Johnston's position.

If Hansonia's position and Roswell's position Johnston could stop him all would be lost. As the crushed and mangled divisions under general Violetdinus at the loss of their officers were falling back across the fields of general Hansonia and Form before the immense columns of glandelindians, ten divisions of Whiskies under general Johnston came up, having been sent by Hansonia, and just in time to receive the glandelindian attack. The crash was like two waves meeting and breaking to pieces. It was the wildest tumult ever seen both sides becoming a humiliated mass of hand to hand struggle men, but the pressure of the glandelindians these reinforcements were even pressed back toward the hill. A road which was paved by a glandelindian artillery storm, and was then when became one huge extravagant mass of nothing but a mass of men that rushed on through the receding christian line. The reinforced line therefore was broken into fragments, and as they swept through the column of glandelindians poured on in the form of one huge tremendous line up multiple miles long, which was annihilated from forward on vigorously as a tidal wave for real, all excited by the thought of victory. General Break-In-The-Neck led this portion of the glandelindian surge but he fell severely wounded, with ten of his generals, and his troops being inflated by his own batteries, and by Baldwin and Villanova were thrown into a confusion. Simultaneously on the christian side at this point general Benjamin Goldmillin and Richardson Kindermine were severely wounded, and their assistance general glandelindian Ophelia and Garrison recovered wounds in the arm and the still only Kindermine and Roswell's position Johnston's division remained in the column to see any though they risked annihilation, while regiments having been annihilated by the five hundred still in the same great column or multiple the glandelindians continued to sweep upon having cut flanked Hansonia's position, half of his division was already wiped out, and it was still a threatened with destruction, and Maurice Costellione's army also flamed in with their leader wounded by the gray columns which rushed forward from all directions. There was coming to the christians the most frightful and bloodiest disaster of the whole war. General Hansonia's position had observed this when he came up with the other two sections of his army, and one of this he as quickly as possible threw with all its force upon the enemy, and he gave Beppo Evans a staggering check that he saved Kindermine, Johnston and Roswell's position Johnston, and hurled Beppo Evans back to the edge of the Yellow Brick road. The army still was totally victorious here, but their advance was checked and Concentration's position was secured. This portion of Hansonia's line was now wrapped in smoke and the fury of the battle here was redoubled.

Kindermine received his reinforcements and he continued the battle with the utmost fury, this line of battle being the most spectacular ever known. Hansonia's Johnston's whole line also was reinforced, and the enemy began to move back along his front, but they did not go far as some of Baldwin's batteries had weakened their fire from being overhauled and out of ammunition. However as Beppo Evans was three times wounded the enemy was losing heart and his left wing of assault was recoiling. To keep them going the Angelinian infantry poured upon the retreating enemy a fire of musketry and cannon so fierce and deadly, and terrific, that now the multitudes of glandelindians were seriously handicapped, and began to fall back in confusion. Hansonia's Johnston's wished to advance at this moment but Roswell's position Johnston knew it was fatal and said "No". It seemed now as if the fury of the battle was shifting along this portion of the line probably no doubt that it was only a reprieving for a fiercer effort on both sides. Hansonia had decided to retreat Lucille's position but now he felt it was impossible. He ordered the retreating Lucille's position Johnston's ridge.

The Angelinian's seeing the reduction of the Angelinian's, rallied and hurled themselves upon the horseman massing, then all.

The remnants who in attacking Violetdinus' army were all driven to the center had contracted their ranks, and made one tremendous mass and forced their way through the solid line of the enemy, and they closed it back as if there was a overflowing river of humanity, the glandelindians having tried themselves back upon the purple line, their arms and legs were so mangled that nothing could hold them. The Angelinian's themselves were moved down to hundreds of columns, and indeed by the savage charge the glandelindians broke and tore the whole of violetdinus' army and hurled them madly back. In his own army already six million two hundred and sixty five thousand, seven hundred and thirty two of his men had fallen, and as Costellione tried to aid him he received a second wound, which was also slight but annoying. For several minutes there was a most awful mid-air mingling, and the fight in the close quarters was so fierce, that in the resistance the center of the assaulting column was curved and shattered, and the dead and wounded were heaped up in ridges. Just in the nick of time and like a moving ridge general Maurice Hansonia came up with his divisions to the aid of violetdinus, and his men pressed themselves against the victorious enemy, but were driven back, the whole portion here becoming a regular morose-sanguine also could not hold. The mid-width of the assaulting column melting upon his shattered line was fifty deep in men, and at first appeared as a single arm avenue from the columns of canister and grape which were poured thick through their columns, but the survivors in unbroken waves rushed on in their fullest frenzy, and the left wave facing the very hurricane of fire, came into full contact with Sanguine's right, and back were thrown the Angelinian's, the whole front of the christian line withered away almost completely, and in their rushing fury the Sanguine carried all before them capturing many prisoners-victorious as they were the Sanguine became a militant and calling their battle cry "Freedom from Abolitionism" pressed on with dangerous fury, turning Costellione's rear, and the general now badly wounded was hurled from the scene of struggle as he saw his army shattered. The whole gave way in the frightful confusion and advanced in panic stricken ranks toward Chamberlain and Ophelia. In the meantime the whole division was fairly closed in and the scene here was more terrific.

Both sides battled with their rage, all of 8 Gannons staff officers, from the highest to the lowest rank, were killed and wounded, and as the big gray columns crashed upon the christians from three sides and closed with them the uproar of clashing bayonets, and the yelling was hideous to listen to. By the fierce collision cannon after opposing the enemy for that whole hour with herculean fury was finally forced back from the works, but not driven mainly from the position, and his right wing of 8,650,000 men was shattered to fragments and all his elite brigadier generals and other commanders were also dead or wounded. In the interval of the retreat of Kindermine's forces, Hansonia Johnston, and even of the others had succeeded to mark their divisions out of the mass of slaughter but could not by any means halt the frenzied christian glandelindians, who flushed with victory could not be stopped, and all christian officers who dared expose themselves were shot down and killed amid the dreadful carnage. The glandelindian loss was in defending Lucille's position and meeting failure was over twenty million in dead and wounded, and the enemy loss was four or five million six hundred thousand. Beppo Evans was wounded, all his staff was killed, and many other glandelindian generals were down, a dear cost here for their sweeping success. Still Ophelia and Garrison and Chamberlain remained in possession of the Angelinian's and the defeated survivors were streaming to a safe shelter in the town.

The enemy was now driving columns before them, and here and there appeared huge human eddies, and the furious crush of Adela's-Garbs and Adela De Gerdine's divisions, pushing forward thick upon and against Hansonia's line crushed all of his brigades down thousands of his men all along the line and forced his survivors back until within fifteen minutes there were two scoreless waves of retreating christians moving toward Chamberlain and Ophelia and which extended each, for fourteen miles, everywhere was terrible disaster now, the christian armies were fairly getting the thrashing of their lives, particularly a scourging.

General Kindermine himself with his own divisions still held, and met the furious onset of the enemy with indescribable ferocity, but though they were moved down in immense multitudes, the survivors of the great army of glandelindians extended to an indescribable length came writhing forward like clouds of gray colored demons from the devil's heap, forming their columns into wonderful fantastic shapes that seemed to sit a stretch forth to also and around general Hansonia's flank, and the fearful musketry fire, and thrust, and deafening roar of the wildest battle of the war. Sanguine's Sanguine were also successful in their attack.

Torrents of grape and canister moved Shumann's columns down like chaff, but at all on came the survivors as through a sea of powder smoke. Because of his success general Adela's-Garbs was dangerously wounded, and Sanguine's Johnston, and John Johnston was killed in the frightful melee, general Francis Cleveland was killed, and general Sanguine's Johnston was severely wounded, and very seriously too, retained his command, despite the protest of his officers. Shumann himself if he recovered a bill ball in the hand, but he remained in the field though his staff officers were down by the score.

our selves cannot escape as we are also surrounded. If we retire we will be completely cut off and will be compelled to surrender. They all therefore made a scene of desperate making for the very lines of small unit or platoon line of troops with all their field pieces, gathering guns, and also machine and other guns had managed to temporarily breach the advancing wall of gray coats in the front, but they were cannot taking again his in terrible strength and he sent a messenger to inform general Constantine Aramburg of the danger, as Sengulian whole force crushed to atoms was crushed.

or trapped. And Jacksok Baldwins batteries were still incessantly throwing volumes of shells, and yet the numbers of Mandelstam though frequently reduced, were added by others.

The christ line fire continued without intermission, but portions of Sengulian army had given way as the firing of the ever increasing number of rebels grew more intense, and the enemy were was pressing forward with greater fury, and kindermore on the right of this battle line was also forced to fall back a little being hurled from their defenses to nearly toward the very northern limits of Lucille Jackson but still pouring force columns upon the advancing columns, which kept up the terrific uproar with unabated fury. Sengulian columns also pressed on to the left of the attack line moving down thousands for a mile. Sengulian line alone did not give way, but a portion had favored. Violetstina had brought up his own line of men and in continuous stand clouds, puffs and jets of smoke issued suddenly to the surprise of the enemy from all of the buildings in front of the town, and now from elsewhere a series upon series of titanic crashes of masonry issued forth with the roar of volcanic fissure eruptions, from an flaming new line of christian troops, while a new and deeper vibration of fresh cannon fire broke out every second of instabilities poured to assault the very line in front of the town, but the firing from the buildings and from the infantry in front all rattled and roared about louder than the commands, cannon flashes played now in the heavens, and a line of one hundred thousand soliders extended for a mile and down in an execution. The assault came upon violetstina army with irresistible fury, hundreds of thousands of rebels having been moved down by his own men, but the enormous masses of Mandelstamians swarmed up to the very walls of his guns, and drove him back toward Lucille Jackson with the loss of a million for millions. Sengulian was also routed, his line covering with the constant quaking, and millions of soldiers at forward toward the town. Violetstina a lost heart, and became frightened, and wondered whether the men on fire had reached human lives or Constantine Aramburg or not. He was wondering he was surprised to see issuing from the town a cloud of smoke big as a cloud rising above a volcano center in the wonderful form of this thousands of cauliflower clouds mingled together in one simultaneous simultaneously to this there came a crash as if the earth was splitting in rain, and he saw a cloud of wreckage go a thousand feet into the air. It appeared as if the enemy were mining the town. From his own point of observation in the mountain Constantine Aramburg observed the situation, and as large columns of the enemy rushed up all gave way and half of the christian line was now facing the shelter of the town. For a time the enemy could make no headway in their assault upon the large town of one hundred thousand houses because the christian fire was so terrific that it would all down which dared to approach. Lucille Jackson ridge sent led the question against a half of the number of his guns was turned upon the town of his army, and poured upon with a frightful column of shells was poured upon the town and their detonations as they exploded among the houses and in the streets produced an indescribable uproar, and incalculable damage, while elsewhere the Sengulian and Mandelstamians redoubled the fury of their attack, and fell upon the christian line with a ferocity and with the help of Lucille Jackson ridge soon carried all before them, and the town was once again in their hands. But at what a dreadful cost. Three quarters of their men were dead.

Nowell quarter Johnston was on the left of Lucille Jackson still held, and occupied the whole length of the ridge. And now the enemy rushed toward Conservatory gun, but the enemy under Peppo Evans rushed against his troops now with the most indescribable fury, sweeping away or capturing many regiments which tried desperately to stem their herculean advance. The carnage was more horrible for here.

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divisions under Violetstina, Richardson Kiddering, Sengulian, Sengulian and stank, Walter Jennings, Maurice Costello and Hanson Johnston, and General Hanson still maintained their own positions, and he gladiolusians advancing like an immense stream of human beings, yelled and fairly roared with rage, and seen also were upon the christian divisions with irresistible force, crushing scores of brigades to fragments, and forcing back every one of these divisions almost simultaneously but still they fought and tore. Simultaneously three million Sengulian Cargoylian horsemen wearing the garb of Sengulian soldiers but carrying their own banner rushed suddenly upon the rear of Nowell quarter Johnston line with the fury of a screaming cyclone, precipitating itself upon the sheer wall of Angellianus under general Hanson Costello, and crushed it to atoms. The severely carrying all before it, and cutting and smashing like machines as they rushed on, it was a scene of confusion with the main rear, also crushing it to atoms and causing frightful confusion among the christians but at the cost of one quarter of their number surviving.

It indeed was a wonder how Mandelstam's line survived before this awful attack, a small battle line. But the fire of the enemy was more than nine million one hundred thousand the sound of his was already more than a million voices, before the enemy, and never before was there such a sound. A portion of Mandelstam's army found refuge in a small town which was called Lucille, but all the windows on their front, once beautiful green flower stems and bordered by beautiful trees, for a score of miles was now gray and purple with the flames of battling hordes, fighting hand to hand, and it seemed impossible for Mandelstam's army to be rescued and saved. Even great multitudes of Angellianus were perishing across Gertrude's Mandem and through plains, and whole masses were going down. Already the rebels were winning the victory, the christian side of Conservatory gun was now in their possession.

In the meantime general Peppo Evans and Toner Hylotse had been reinforced by a portion of general John Mandley's army and these were thrown with terrible vehemence upon the christian lines under Puster Johnstons and Jackson Evans with the purpose to recapture Lucille Jackson and Lawrence. Along this part the fury of the battle was becoming terrible. Jackson Evans was severely wounded in his line thrown into confusion, and no doubt a disaster occurred and which would not have been stopped if not. If general Hanson Johnston had not sent Hylotse to his rescue, the firing along Nowell quarter Johnston's line was so heavy that all the Mandelstamians attacking him a front despite being most eager to efforts could not progress any further, and as the first of the Mandelstamians tried to over lap his right two others were annihilated. Had they been able to crush him like they did Jackson Evans, the whole christian army entirely would have been destroyed, and the enemy would have won a sweeping victory.

While the massive Mandelstamians were pressing upon general Jackson's columns who were fleeing, general Toner Sengulian a p having apart of Hylotse's command came up and his generals made every effort to check the confusion, while the Mandelstamians went into the battle and no longer the struggle now became that all the surrounding forest on the left of "Conservatory gun" and all the battle field in front of Lucille Jackson seemed broken out in a volcano form than any other portion of the battle line. Sengulian brought up all his columns placing them in a long line ten deep, and placing three thousand three hundred hundred guns opened a withering fire of such intensity that though the advance of the approaching foe seemed to be ever unmanageable to Toner Sengulian and the whole of Sengulian's brother, they soon held them at bay, and so terrific became the fire, that the path of destruction, the enemy finally halted, their whole front line two million five hundred thousand strong crushed to fragments and Toner Hylotse was badly wounded and borne off the field of carnage.

The whole christian line of Sengulian now being up was almost hidden by the wreaths of smoke and with their leader wounded the Mandelstamians feared to advance and remained at a standstill.

But the enemy along Nowell quarter Johnston's front whose line of attack was government also, long continued the assault led by "Hermann", "John", "Edmond", "Schell", "Mole", "Hylotse", and Peppo Evans and also a portion of "Hylotse's" "Hylotse's" divisions. The very heavens seemed to be hurrying again, so fierce was the crash of conflict, nineteen million nine hundred thousand Mandelstamians attacking in a regular army of yelling human fiends, and Johnston though wounded also was able to retain command. He heard also that Toner Sengulian's friend Costello was not now wounded but he too risked his command. Yet it was positively evident without the slightest doubt that the enemy would soon win. For seeing that Toner Hylotse was wounded and his army crushed and not able to make a heady, and that Peppo Evans was now a hard time of it, Mandley was throwing his whole army forward to capture Lucille Jackson or die.

General Burger Callahan noticing this assembling of overwhelming numbers said to his riding general as he rode up.

"If Sengulian and Nowell quarter Johnston fail to check this over whelming force of the enemy, our own command will be broken and we will be annihilated, and the enemy will swing upon Constantine Aramburg and Sengulian's whole flank and crush him like an egg shell."

"We do not want to withdraw because then also Costello's line will perish. Can't we save Sengulian's divisions from an awful defeat anyhow?" Asked his riding general, James Jones as the uproar of the firing now became ear-splitting.

"Well, we have got to do something. See how they are pressing him. And how John Mandley is concentrating upon Nowell quarter Johnston."

Now general Frank Hilde Mandelstam came riding up on his steed, followed by general Walter Jennings who said.

"We will catch it if we don't send to general Hanson Aramburg for reinforcements. And if they don't come we can't stay here, and Sengulian and Puster Johnston are hard pressed, Costello is threatened with annihilation and Jackson Evans is almost entirely routed by these yelling human fiends."

There was now a roar of fire as if the planets of all the heavens were being dashed to pieces, and these generals truly saw that they were a good deal safer, if they could receive reinforcements, but if not, such annihilation would follow and Constantine Aramburg would be overthrown, as the foe aided by Mandley was advancing against Toner Sengulian once more. General Violetstina slowly placing his glasses to his eyes said.

Costello is rallying a part of his own line, but Sengulian though still holding has been overtopped on both his flanks and is being infiltrated, and we





Undermines right wing was cut to pieces, but Baldwin guns flashed equally as fiercely with the return fire. The Landolinians still favored in numbers and Maxwell mustered Johnston's front, and also Undermines and fell back at last.

Along Hanson's division the struggle was still full fury, and even increasing in fearful force, but here the Landolinians were also unyielding, and Hanson's Johnston's columns rushed upon them, and there was an exchange of a third volley, and the Landolinians still held possession of the captured guns on the summit of Little Catherine Hill and now a shower of projectiles fell like hail among Hanson's Johnston's men, and his line was torn by the blasting eruptions of so many shell bursts, or honeycombed with gaps caused by canister and grape, while a truce of smaller shells and shrapnell moved down his whole front line.

In the meantime Undermines whole line was still retiring in confusion, the Landolinians in possession of a part of the works on the big Catherine Hill, pouring torrents of minnie into their recoiling ranks, their columns being rent and torn, but now great force of Christian bridges under general August Tanager were coming up on the other side, and soon as the panic-stricken Christians reached the rear, the new column deployed in line, awaited the approach of the exultant Angabons, and blazed into such a terrible firing that the trembling, tottered gray columns, also finally unyielded and fell back slowly, and again vast numbers of dead and wounded were left behind where they had fallen.

Johnson's division also had a hard time of it. The Landolinians under general Cabanana's division moved against him in almost overwhelming numbers. The front column of the enemy dissolved as these Angabons opened fire anew with all their musketry and cannon. He left of the surge started forward to make a swing toward the Yellow Bell Rock, and here the very woods and the Christian line seemed to be on fire, and the long lines of canister roared, and crashed and thundered like a hellish line of volcanoes in the most violent eruption. He was covered by the firing of the Landolinian batteries on Little Catherine Hill. He did not halt in their advance, their many columns charging across the extensive fields and toward and over the road in one irresistible multitude or wave, but the Angabons in the meantime had spread out forming one long line of their own, which though now cleared in many parts by the withering fire of the Landolinian cannon along the twenty mile long summit of Little Catherine Hill, continued to stand their ground.

However the enemy covering cannon fire continued to increase with an awful redoubled roar, and the Landolinian pressed upon the Christian line so he had that Johnson's batteries were compelled to pour broadsides so fiercely, that the whole of the Landolinian line wave of men pressing over the Yellow Bell Rock, and became or were torn to pieces. Still the survivors continued to advance, the Christian line of Christians being again and again driven back with gaps, and again the blood soaked ground was strewn with the multitudes of dead and dying, and the whole battle line here seemed to be all of fallen.

Being so long under this terrible fire the left of Johnson's division became panic-stricken and retreated in great confusion, yelling and hollering, but Baldwin's Johnston's whole line of batteries placed along the Big Iron Hill post started firing, and increased the din of the battle to ten fold fury. General Maxwell's Johnston observed the backwards flow and sent a large force of reinforcements to the support and aid of the panic-stricken Angabons, and these unable to rally then made a stand to cover their retreat, and this new line of battle met the whole charging column and now more cannon fire added to the struggle. The whole of Johnson's left was pressed back still further the reinforcements also.

He advancing columns of the Landolinians moved on with breathless fury, and his left wing was driven back a mile, most of their columns being scattered abroad, and dispersed so that he was in grave danger, and to make it worse hundreds of thousands of big guns flashed through the wall of smoke on Little Catherine Hill, and all the Christian batteries were also thundering, the whole battle line seemed to be a long line of explosions and flames and eruptions and everything else known in worldly disasters.

The battle was now raging with the most terrible fury for the possession of the Big Iron Hill, and positions again the struggle being fiercer than the hour before as general Cabanana and Undermines Johnston's divisions added their columns to the assault, big columns hundreds of thousands strong being hurled upon Johnson's whole line of the right and center. Still the Angabons on his left were fleeing like sheep, a portion of Johnston's divisions now moving here also and the Landolinians were now carrying all before them as they continued to go to advance, but the other two wings held stubbornly even Cabanana's center was hurled into a perfect vortex of carnage, the very Landolinians advancing like a wild ocean of water sweeping all before it.

Suddenly the very ridges all in the vicinity of the battle field, the air itself and the Conservatory cry and shock, like an earth quake by a terrific mine explosion which reverberated above all the terrific roar of the battle, and a perfect eruption of debris and every material dug from the earth rose nearly five hundred feet into the air and in descending in torrents, stripped the very trees of their branches, or moved down thousands of trees, sending these trees crashing to earth, as if a score of torrid volcanoes were racing at one time, and everything for a moment was hidden in a big cloud of dust and smoke and the result of the blast made it appear as if the battle field had changed into "hells inferno." Now many were killed by the mine it could not be estimated.

#### CHAPTER FIFTY SIX.

ALMOST FORTUITOUS FURY OF THE GREAT BATTLE.  
THE GENERAL CRASH AND UPROAR OF HELL.  
THE PANDEMONIUM OF RUT.  
ANNIHILATION OF THIRTY THREE DIVISIONS.  
FRIGHTFUL LOSS OF SEVERAL OFFICERS ON BOTH SIDES!  
A CRIMSON TIDE, AND PROBABLE OCEANS OF BLOOD.  
HANSON'S JOHNSTON'S DIVISIONS.

At Hanson's Johnston's men were also in this melee the combatants on both sides screaming like millions of demons in their rage and fury, and the awful screaming avalanche of human beings in gray and purple moved onward like a wave of floods battling for the possession of hell, before which Jennings men, now reached by them, also started to give way, Jennings and Snyder being killed in trying to arrest the disorder among their men, then, John-Holmes Johnston on the Landolinian side who led this pandemonium of Landolinians and also killed.

Then with the fury of savages the yelling multitudes of rebels entered among Jennings and Snyder's and Donaldson's Hanson's men and for several minutes the firing of both sides at close quarters, or the using of bayonets and sabres hard to hand became so fierce that thousands were like the din of a thousand avalanches sliding down a mountain side.

Both massive lines had as they closed fairly tore themselves to pieces, and the fierce pandemonium and no thick was to be met with neither could it tell friend or foe, the divisions under general Michael Hanson was the most struck. The Landolinians rushed upon his works in heavy masses, thousands were riddled by bullets, and the surviving Landolinians suffocated by the thick smoke became faint and fell back but the others continued to sweep on, though the ground now was fairly buried in the dead and wounded of both sides.

One one at this moment yelled:

"Help for Michael Hanson or all is lost!"

The Landolinians were closed with Hanson's line, and the multitudes of fighting men also fought hard to hand, each man even snatching each other by the throats and strangling one another to death. The fighting here also was now so fierce, and the pressure of the enemy advance so violent, that the Christians could not withstand it. All along the line already the enemy had during the onslaught, annihilated ten thousand Christian regiments, crushed to fragments many brigades, and destroyed several divisions. Hundreds of ranks had been sound down on both sides in the fight with Hanson and his enemies and Hanson's front line had already disappeared, before the terrific bayonet display of the enemy. A part of Johnson's line had withstood the ground however and poured a million shots into the enemy faces as it rose, and then up came Maxwell's Johnston's men to Johnson's aid, and soon extending along his line was an immense dense walling cloud of powder smoke, and perfect avalanches of bullets ripped and tore through the air a surprised enemy line, causing indescribable havoc, and carnage, and as the enemy on account of this could not penetrate any further into Johnson's Hanson's line, general Cabanana Johnston also managed to rally his own panic-stricken columns, and taking prisoners all the Landolinians who had failed to work themselves out of the tremendous snipe.

All the Landolinians over their sudden repulse were now in a most enormous and tumultuous uproar, and never before in all the war now, was there any sight more fearful, and the result of the firing along Maxwell's Johnston's line was indescribable, being a veritable crash and uproar of hell as to say, thousands of thousands of fierce explosions, seemed to split the earth, the enemy whole line opposing him was rent and torn, and broken up by the terrific cannon fire from the heavy artillery, and a new sea of dead and wounded Landolinians were exposed to view. All this was fearful, unaccountable.

Now Johnston's line the battle raged with indescribable fury and amid the terrifying roar of fire came, and cannon, that seemed now like the uproar of a thousand pieces of artillery, the Angabons columns under Undermines, and Maxwell Johnston's Johnston's men to hold their lines were fiercer, the attack of the enemy renewed with equal fury, and in a few minutes the battle had extended to not only along the Catherine Hill summit, but also the "Trojan" and "Conservatory" run, and beautiful meadows and the clear heights was involved in the battle carnage, every point of the firing line being lashed into a seething roaring, and crashing inferno. The Landolinian columns at every point though held at bay were not driven back, and the battle became so terrible that it seemed as if the whole world was on a rampage. And again the Little Catherine ridge took a hand all the cannon on the ridge roaring and pounding with many frightful detonations, pouring torrents of shells upon all points of the extensive Christian line, the flashing of these cannons being dreadful, and







Manley was desperate, but yet hopeful. He knew if he lost the photo battle his army would be destroyed as the division generally would not give him quarter; therefore if not able to hold Lucilla Jackson he must see to it that she was not taken. In the end he decided to hold the photo battle and the division line and quickly formed orders to all his generals to crush the shock for the last time. Chamberlain and Ophelia were there.

General Henderson learning that the foe was now moving forward to secure the offensive in general sent several of his officers to assist, and just then came the division line. Henderson's army through a portion of the "Redden" mountain and across the top of the mountain and into the valley. A terrible thundering roar as if the earth itself was shaking. Henderson told him the truth and he at once ordered Henderson's army to the front and ordered one of Henderson's divisions to go on. In the midst of the battle Henderson's army was severely wounded. At the same time the advancing division was forty miles in length thundered forward like a tidal wave upon the shore and the right under general Henderson's division moved upon Henderson's division and cut up to off from Henderson's division. Henderson's army was in the line in trying to stand ground was completely annihilated, and the other divisions which had tried to advance were compelled to give way. Henderson's army was in the line in trying to stand ground was completely annihilated, and the other divisions which had tried to advance were compelled to give way.

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General will have divisions on the extreme center encountered a simultaneous fire all along the line hundreds of his regiments being mowed down, and the survivors unable to raise it to throw themselves flat, many others opening up their arms in token of surrender. "Enlarge own line of batteries were now opening fire again to try to support the assault but they could do little as their shells did not go over the Christian batteries. The main body of the assailants along General "Concentration" Enlarge line continued to press on, "Advance" rather himself advancing straight upon his position, hundreds of the Christian officers moving calmly along their own ranks, ordering their soldiers to hold their musketry fire until the "Indelible" came well within range. The Christian cannon had now assumed a most formidable fury, a fusillade of three hundred thousand cannon resounding the Christian throng of many thousands of volunteers put together. The hostile lines however continued to advance until they were within two hundred yards of the Christian lines and then a hundred thousand shells seemed to be let loose, as both sides opened an intense scuffle withering fire at once, while each and each far and wide, the impact of the storm of musketry and artillery being redoubled, and all at once the battle for the possession of the region of Conservatory ran became in full swing all along the line, the firing and roar of many millions of muskets seemed to split the earth. (maybe it did)

the survivors became panic stricken at this massy onslaught, and broke into confusion and started to retreat, but general Landeno Mehn Tholanda, "Castor" (Indwell, and Pedlino) panicked by the Christ) Christian side went down tangled and bleeding, badly mortally wounded. "Mirage" Juller himself was wounded but he was able to retain command and made desperate attempts to rally the panic stricken men, and by the efforts of his other generals he succeeded, the survivors rushing bravely

The extremely dangerous fury of the Angelinian assault also came upon the Angelinians and gave the ferocity of the rebels seed to be more invincible but uncontrollable and unmanageable for they dashed toward his line with the fury and speed of the stampeding cattle, the fury of the thiefkiller here becoming terrific, and when they reached the infantry, one line opened fire with a roar as if the whole line was blowing into the air, the survivors of the rebels however attacked with such a fury and irresistible fire force as to drive the Angelinians on the center into a panic, but the left of this assaulting rebel column went into contact of a murderous fire, and this part of the rebel wave was to so terribly torn, that the surviving lines reeled and staggered, and fell back in indescribable fury of confusion, and panic, thousands raising their hands in token of surrender, others falling down prostrate upon the ground to escape the storming mercurial fire of the distant batteries, and Columns of Angelinians now came dashing up and counter attacked the Angelinians under gas cannon, mingling like a herd of frantic maniacs, checking the Angelinian assault along this quarter, and now ten heavy batteries pushed forward and under this advancing fire.

A line of christians in front of a <sup>v</sup>yivannas headquarters w and which extended for a mile from it was shivered by a withering tempest of shot shell and mortar which reached them, and now above all the stupendous and hellish uproar of distinct iron broke the loud and reverberating crash of general yivnas as clouds of artillery droned out every other sound.Terrifying and most hideous noise because the discharge of artillery...all along both opposing lines and which had increased with redoubled fury the commanding now being in full sway, and generally yivnans and himself a nd also Constantine Arslanlar had to leave their very headquarters, as the storm of shot shell, and shrapnel fell thick and fast among the buildings ripping away the roofs and raising thebuildings.Hundreds of thousands of minutes of every kind, but soon the commanding along the christian line began to slacken.

It was observed that from the flags waving among the columns that it was Ambrose Fullers divisions that were advancing supported by Beppe Evans and Izner Mylatzeo.

To Penell the extended christian lines were really reinforced by a portion of Hancock's army which had come up the <sup>the</sup> landmines had to advance a distance of three thousand four hundred yards across the fields of Daniels and Garra or to reach the big girl Knoll road and drive back Hancock and Johnston's army there General Hancock Johnston's army also had been well prepared for this terrific slaughter causing, His Excellency's line being on the right of Conservatory gun with the infantry forces under Penell, and at a long angle with the main line, Hancock Johnston commanding the left or, and William A. the left or main line with his own division in the middle right station was in operation, and he observed the concentration of his forces and knew from the banner he observed flying that Hancock's army was arriving. Again as the enemy advanced seemed swept by sheets of flame and with renewed fury to burst the horrible roar of all the christian cannon and a very curtain of artillery fire, consisting of 11 miles crunched heavily among the advancing lines, and the landmines meeting this fire of one hundred thousand shells per volley went down in scores of vast multitudes, but on and on and still on came the other portions of the line or wave not yet facing the fire.

On and on came the "Jamaicanians with a fury now that made the Angolanians generally become nervous and they feared that they would not be able to resist the fierce onslaught of a hundred thousand who were poured upon upon the advancing Jamaicanians, which were more of their divisions to more fragments, and now on hundred thousand more came concentrated, and now a very hell of death and destruction poured, and every big column that met it was annihilated. Resistance prevailed everywhere, for the first heaviest blow of the assault and the Jamaicanians were killed in thousands. The Jamaicanian force upon Jack Jones divisions, the Jamaicanians having made a swing like a hung gate. Columns like seemed aflame, then along other portions of Jones line came the fresh thundering roar of artillery and six hundred thousand six hundred pieces of artillery now poured a redoubtable storm of destruction, and then came a roar like the bursting of a thrillion cannon in the vicinity of "Jamaicanian" Johnston's line an eruption of earth smoke and the like rose hundreds of feet into the air and several whole lines of Christians probably ten miles long "withered into fragments from the force of this destructive an epochal explosion. This threw his line into confusion and they recoiled in terrific panic. The other divisions of the Jamaicanians did not mean this was the end of the assault, but the batteries from Concentration, Fort Jones line poured upon the advancing force, and new officers and men went down in indescribable numbers. The survivors however reached the infantry Christian lines, returned a most ineffectual fire, and then leaped over the works in heavy masses, but away they melted. On pressed the main body, the whole chain of Christian artillery now being able as nearly three hundred thousand cannon let loose their wildest concert of hell.



firing began to run out of ammunition, and so fought with clubbed muskets, bayonets, pikes, and used sticks and rocks, sabres and daggers, and in pistol butts, and even fought with teeth, fish flats, and even went to.

Surrounded by overwhelming numbers, Dargins divisions were rapidly being reduced, the ground for miles seemed to become red with gore, and being thickly obscured in smoke, and blasted with thousands of explosions, and being thickly covered with the bodies of the fresh slain. Indeed Dargins army was literally crushed to fragments and driven back in confusion. Leo Goodcastillo observing the disaster sent several divisions to rescue the latter, and Dargins columns were slowly drawing back toward the wooded heights.

The Lucille Jackson Heights attempted to use its guns to rescue Dargins and prepagated the effects of the shell fire for the distant of forty miles, and while Dargins force or what had been left of it, displayed a tumult of pikes and bayonets, and with the help of their mounted lancers dashed among the captured cannon of Pemberton's works, checking the advance of the Christian divisions.

Ambrose Puller's General Dargins purpose had been a failure.

And the Angelinians were filled with admiration at the reckless courage of these Glandelinians who seemed to fight with the fury of hell itself, hundreds of thousands of trees along the angle being torn and rent away with shells, and even pierced with countless minies, and among the woods the purple and gray coated soldiers lay in heaped multitudes, dead or dying, and forty regiments of Christians with their commanders dead. General Leo Goodcastillo, Johnston on the Christian side, in charge of one of Jackson's Evans brigades was severely wounded, and two of his brigadier generals Hendrie Dargier, and Augustine Dargier being also severely wounded, while two other general Charles Dargins and Harry Dargins Johnson were killed.

Ten thousand graycoats were found lying dead in a lane only a rod long, and three hundred feet wide, and multi multitudes of fallen were lying above on both sides of the lane.

In the meantime general Robbman Manley was terribly worried. The Christian line was terribly strong, and the only gain made by Manley was in holding his own position and preventing general Viviananna from securing a foothold on the Conservatory peak, and the Mic-Holleston and Maria Osborne woods. Even to worry him more it was rumored a portion of Hanson's Vivian army was arriving and extending itself between the villages of Ophelia and Chamberline near Gloriaanna. He therefore seeing the slight advantage he had gained decided to take advantage of it. He decided to send Ambrose Shoemann and Ambrose Edwin Fuller to make a general attack of his own upon all portions of the Christian line, and in part to force general Jackson's positions.

But Manley knew from former experiences that all portions of the Christian line was defended by a long double chain of heaviest artillery and machineguns, and that to make the assault with success he would have to silence these heavier guns at all costs. General Manley it seemed evident was about to make the same folly that general Viviananna had done in assaulting Mic-Holleston or Carnation ridge.

Since the other attack had been going on nothing was attempted. But now the battle had lulled everywhere for about half an hour. Then all of Robbman Manley's batteries started their awful avalanche of destruction, and the first to open upon general Viviananna's whole line of batteries was Carnation ridge and this whole ridge on top seemed to be swept by sheets of fire. Two hundred and sixty six thousand guns from all of their roaring and thundering mouths began their spit out of death and havoc, and extended the barrage upon Hanson's Johnston's lines.

Then more Glandelinian artillery opened from Sacramento Hill, and a rain of chain shot, shrapnell and grape shot waxed fast and furious.

General Luckwick Baldwin's batteries opened in response while the Christian officers ordered all the infantry run to the left down, and take every advantage of protection, but not without sustaining all these precautions, there was never such or observed such destruction of lives during any artillery duel before, and the uproar of cannons on Carnation and Sacramento Hill continued steadily, all being shrouded in smoke and making again a din as if thousands of volcansoes were in eruption. The Angelinian artillery columns were now succeeding in getting their own range, a but showers of shrapnell and high explosives swept among the guns. The center of the infantry lines were now being drawn back, and then all of the Christian artillery let go and now the din became deafening, more and more broke into action and soon the noise was more terrific than during the battle before.

The enemy also however were opening more and more cannons, but the cannon fire on Mic-Holleston ridge still was silent and also the ridge of Lucille Jackson, but still solid shot, chain shot, shell and also shrapnell, fell inside the Christian lines more thickly. Baldwin was wounded, but he remained and screamed and shouted commands. Big trees were shattered into huge fragments by the storm of shot and shell, which bore down everything in its path. Hundreds of thousands of men manned the artillery but many were dreadfully cut up, and also the horses. As the Christian guns committed more havoc than the enemy guns did the rebel artillery then on Lucille Jackson broke out with an unearthly roar and now the awful roar of artillery had been added and redoubled, and hundreds of cannons along the Christian line exploded. Scores of thousands of war materials and hundreds of gun carriages were shattered to pieces, and in twenty minutes, the guns of Mic-Holleston ridge also joined in the terrible noise.

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He also once even heard that one million seven hundred thousand of Wright's men were captured, and which was true. Baldwin division on infantry had managed to move forward by overlying a portion of the enemy's line, but the Glandelinians made another counter charge, proceeding upon Baldwin's line on all sides despite the fierce resistance they met. The fight here was also more fierce and terrific, and in the extreme, almost thousands of three hundred guns moved the enemy down to make more frightful losses, but now the advance of the foe was unmanageable, and so terrific because their own storm of fire, that Baldwin's infantry lines were also crushed to fragments, the very heavens seemed to be bursting so fierce was the uproar of the firing. Baldwin's infantry had numbered one million seven hundred thousand when they stayed the enemy's successful advance against Roswell Gustafson Johnston's half destroyed army, and now they only had three hundred thousand remaining, and yet they stood and were fast melting away. And the Glandelinians continued the assault, bearing down every thing in their path, Baldwin's survivors however retaining their ground, until so few were left that they never again entered battle. Hanson's Johnston had repulsed his assailants but he had fallen mortally wounded. The Angelinians had retained the bloody angle and the point gained by them encouraged general Roswell Gustafson Johnston to continue the fight, and never allow the Glandelinians to have any respite. Doubleday held other points of the same bloody angle, and the surrounding woods near Conservatory gun giving fine positions for artillery, and which the Glandelinians had tried in vain to carry. The Angelinians also occupied the trenches of the Glandelinian Twelfth Corps within an outlet to Lucille Jackson and the Yellow Brick road Pike by which he might shell all of Manley's line from the rear. Thereof general Luckwick Baldwin's Infantry Brigades from the right of Jackson's line had penetrated Manley's extreme center but at the death of general Dargier, and then had been repulsed only for lack of support. The losses on both sides was frightful, but not more so on the Christian side, than on the Glandelinian side. Major general Goodlove, had come in, Mic-Boden, and Mic-Law had also arrived and pushed into the scene of battle in force and so general Jackson's Evans had a large force that had not yet been in the bloody battle at this point. Leo Goodcastillo's artillery continued to his drum fire of intensity upon the angle pouring a torrent of three hundred thousand shells per hour upon the Angelinians, all of the Lucille Jackson ridge was still thundering like an art eruption, and as the main Christian batteries still roared with their own biggest cannon the din was still as ear splitting as ever, and the left section of the extensive Maria Osborne woods was swept as if by thousands of tornadoes at once, while piled up wreckage of trees ridges high was in view. Leo Goodcastillo's line of infantry had now been sent forward with the purpose to recapture the angle, and these divisions rushed to the attack.

As these Glandelinians pressed on they suddenly encountered the murderous fire of a hidden machine gun battery and again several of the monstrous columns of men in gray melted away. The very mouth of hell again seemed to open along possible Dargins lines and a part of the whole rebel army moving against him was swept away. Indeed thousands of broadsides were poured upon the Glandelinians but on they pressed. The Glandelinians struggling to the left moved against Extrabrooks army also on Jackson's right and these Glandelinians went down in hundreds of thousands in a few minutes, but at last they reached the works. General John Jennings came to the rescue with all his men, Mic-Gallen arriving with his artillery of machine guns, and opening fire upon the Glandelinians who were already swarming over the works. John Jennings was wounded, and Mic-Gallen fell with severe injury in the thigh, his line began to give way, and the Glandelinians seeing this pressed more gallantly. Also general Dargier's rebel column moved upon Ambrose Evans center of Jackson's Evans Fifth Corps but was shattered into fragments, but the survivors recklessly rushed on moving down every one of the Angelinians who showed themselves. Soon the whole left of Jackson's whole purple line began to give way and retire in confusion. At the same time there came such a deafening uproar of some mighty explosion that it was heard at Boncentrian Kronburg's headquarters. General Pemberton's Hannon had arrived with divisions of fresh artillery, and these were opened upon the bloody angle by the Glandelinians. The uproar of Pemberton's artillery was just as deafening as others, Pemberton also ordering his infantry under general Dargier to concentrate upon the whole of Roswell Gustafson Johnston's lines. General Dargier himself was ordered to cross a portion of the Northbrook and Trevelyan lanes and strike general Jackson's blow in the rear. His men also began to advance, and fearful indeed was the carnage that was about to ensue.

The Glandelinians now advanced with a more tremendous fury than before, the whole Christian line was still ablaze the horrible carnage now extending as far as eye could reach, Pemberton going down mortally wounded. Double pay Johnston on the Christian side was killed, and also possible Dargier, and a leader though severely wounded was able to retin command. And his monstrous columns of Glandelinians though their whole line was torn, became discomfited, and began to yield from the assault.

Dargier at this moment was advancing a new and strong force of Gargoylians and Scoodlers ten million strong in number to get round general Jackson's rear, but at this time general Rudolph Rescendale had come up in that region with his Abbeismians and crushed his left before he was in the fight, and the Angelinians by making a fierce turning movement got around Dargins' army and almost surrounded it, and Dargins best aiding general, August Dargins went down mangled and bleeding, and his men with their first and horrible

The noise of the ridge was as if a hundred million bombs were exploding exploding simultaneously and now the thundering of so many cannons to the right and left, and from the rear, all from Lucille Jackson ridge, came in a continuous ear-splitting roar that sounded as if the whole ridge was blowing itself into the air. To add to this at indescribable din other volleys broke out from White Rose ridge near by under the command of general pavari n, and nearly half of Roswell Buser Johnston's center and right was destroyed. Then up rushed a whole wave of Mis-Hollistians whose whole front rolled with fresh masonry fire anew like a million cannon and the noise of this could be heard in Zimmerman's headquarters. Here many miles away. Hundreds of burning trees all along the line were hurled to earth by the shells and a sea of explosions seemed to make the very ground everywhere for miles rise in the air. The whole right wing of the glandolinians who had been crushed to fragments and routed was reinforced and not only held now but took advantage of their covering artillery fire and drove back half of Busters men with frightful loss. A long line of shell explosions suddenly roared simultaneously scolding like a million dynamite sticks exploding all in one time. The main christian batteries at this swelled to titan threes sending out a salvoes of cannonading thunders reverberating in a more continuous roar. One million Angelinians who strove to rally against the artillery fire from the Lucille Jackson ridge were all mowed down, the few survivors throwing themselves flat to escape the fire.

The glandolinians now counter charged with irresistible energy, division after division of the Angelinians were swept away, the whole of general Case Casays line of Roswell's Ninth Corps were crushed to fragments and he himself killed. Roswell Buser Johnston on had advanced with 10,000,000 men and had only two million remaining. Six of his best divisions had been torn to fragments, and now seeing the confusion in his lines the glandolinians came on with relentless fury, and Buser's Shomans line meeting general Johnston's Strong line of Sogodlers in a last desperate defense was shattered to fragments. Roswell Buser Johnston seeing what was going on withdrew the troops and called to general Jackson Evans for aid.

In the meantime general Charles Brown had been advancing to aid general Jack Dane and with his own reinforcements Jack Dane had been succeeded. Jackson Evans had also been advancing now since he repulsed the rebel assault, and a his Angelinians were advancing with ungovernable fury, his right falling upon the rebels left with murderous ferocity.

Along this is point of the Yellow Brick road it was impossible for the glandolinians to stand no matter how they fought, and soon hammed in by a massed force of firing they were compelled to retreat before the mighty ring of the christians closed in on them.

Indeed general Roswell Buser Johnston needed aid. The gallant general Alden Warren had fallen mortally wounded, and general Roswell Buser Johnston made desperate attempts to reform what he had left of his men but such a hot fire was poured into his ranks that reformation was utterly impossible, and soon large portions of his army was retreating in the most disgraceful confusion. He sent a swift messenger to general Charles Brown for aid and demanded of Jackson Evans to aid him too.

General Jackson Evans had received the message and having his heavy reserves inactive he dispatched general Shuterlands Abyssinian divisions to general Roswell's rescue. His Angelinians came up in time, and deployed into line and pushing forward in a perfect wave attacked the glandolinians furiously all along the line, and the glandolinians strove with all their might amid the toppling of thousands of trees to press on. Generals Jesse James Wilson, Galen Peary, and James Wright also arrived from Jacobins reserves, and now Roswell Buser Johnston's line was saved, and the glandolinians themselves were hard pressed. The whole line of battle along this portion was now in a murderous hellish uproar of firing and yelling, and general Tribune glandolinians wavered. Nelson Costello's division was driven back with the general wounded, Wilson capturing two hundred rebel cannon, his men taking possession of the North Bend of the Yellow Brick road near a gigantic Sun flower field.

At this point the glandolinians taking advantage of the Sunflower field tried to form an ambush and a portion of their line came back in a counter charge attacking with the fury of hell's legions and they continued the assault with such violence that the Angelinians were being unsupported had to fall back.

Scores of thousands of more ranks had been moved down, scores upon scores of brigades were torn to fragments, these Angelinians retreating in confusion. The firing on both sides mowed down also the sunflowers by the very thousands. Every column of Wilson's division was swept back from the Sunflower field clear up to Maries Lane near the left of the Yellow Brick road near Aronburg's gun river but here they made a rally. Peary's one million three hundred thousand men was also shattered and their leader killed but it held.

Elsewhere on the same line a great surging tidal wave of Angelinians were pouring over the Yellow Brick road to the right of the big Sunflower field in a panic. Wright's Angelinians had made energetic efforts to advance, but the annihilating fire of the rebels was so hot that he was driven back badly handicapped, and a portion of Baldwin's battery had also been silenced by Leo Costello's costellions artillery storm and Baldwin was severely wounded. No where along any portion of the battle line were the Angelinians having any good luck.

General William Manley who was following Alden Warren who was moving his lines from the low position it had first held to a commanding point at the Vivian Orchard near Conservatory gun from which it extended across a large wheatfield forming a deadly salient at the orchard. Thirty three thousand pieces of artillery defended the orchard alone, and in the wheatfield were three thousand howitzers. The tide of battle rolled on with fearful velocity toward the Vivian Orchard and dashed upon the fatal angle like a tidal wave does upon a town of small fragile wooden houses. General Mustapha Mustapha was killed in the titanic artillery fight, and general Double Day Johnson took command of his division. General William Manley at this critical moment placed another brigade of artillery at this angle giving orders for the Mis-Hollistians to hold the post till reinforcements came up, or until the last man fell. One part of the angle of works along this portion of the Yellow Brick road was on a long high rise of ground, and Ridinghood's batteries struggled up and circled the crest, while general Handonia Wolfe divisions rushed up the rise of ground and came face to face with the Abyssinkilians and Angelinians climbing up on the opposite side. The very glandolinian markets were empty and then there was no time to reload, and the hand to hand fight exceeded all description. General Frank Mis-Gilvery urging on his soldiers up the east side of the rise of ground, was killed and as the Angelinians and winkles climbed the crest general Paul Gato fell dead upon the summit, then general Warren Hansonia Koro Korren, and Ridinghood making a new list of fallen rebel officers. The Angelinians however said all this carnage were out in two by millions brigades by accelerating the movements of the center, and retarding that of the two wings. Leo Costello responded with good effect, to the deadly fire of the christian artillery in the angle in the Vivian Orchard. The main columns of the Abyssinkilians and Angelinians advanced against general Alden's angle accompanied by Morton's six batteries, and the carnage was now fearful, the frontal columns of the glandolinians seeming to dissolve under the fire of Morton's advancing christian batteries, but they stuck to this position at unbearably immense divisions of the Angelinians came swarming forward, changing into one long vast wave of humanity as they advanced in a long line which though continually torn, continued to advance. With an awful roar the fire of the rebels increased, and it seemed as if this one vast wave began to slowly dissolve away.

Already four thousand guns were opened upon the main line and indeed the assailants were being swept away in vast multitudes. Yet division after division of the Angelinians were swooping on to the aid of the frontal assailants. Thousands per minute were mowed down by the rebel's ravaging fire that streamed from the one main line, and trees were cut down by the shells in every direction. Yet on streamed the massive christian lines amid the roar of destruction. One thousand fresh cannon along the enemy's center flashed frightfully through the smoke, fresh volleys broke out anew, and a tempest of grape shot mingled with the storm of shells, solid shot and bullets. Indeed the enemy's wave of defense was one long line of smoke and fire. Baldwin's batteries were thus under way to no effect, but the Angelinians covered by Baldwin's batteries pressed on everywhere relentlessly and as the left of the advancing line closed the struggle was terrible. General Innovations line swung upon the rebels like a long gate and the crash was like a earthquake.

At this moment when the two lines met and closed like two opposing tidal waves general innovation fell mortally wounded. However his men pressed on with contemptuous fury driving the glandolinians back with great disaster, but then an appalling sight was revealed. The pressing success was not long. Reinforcements came up to the aid of the rebels and opened a tempest of bullets and more brigades seemed to melt away. Baldwin's batteries tried to lift their terrific fire, the shells falling like rain, stripping the trees of their branches, and uprooting uprooting them. General Robert Costello too Innovations place and ordered the Angelinians on.

The Angelinians pressed on with more order and seeing the success the rest grew more courageous and the left of Roswell Buser Johnston's line under general Viviana Jontan and several other divisions moved forward. The whole front of costello's command was shattered, and retreating in fragments, the main line was broken up like a wave by the fierce collision, and now Caldwell Caldwell Calso and Stanning Evans swept toward the rear of the enemy's lines opening an annihilating fire as they advanced. Simultaneously a division of five hundred thousand Angelinians under general Vodge Holt car and Estrabrook turned swept forward toward the left flank of the enemy with irresistible fury, but despite the success gained Wedge was killed, his front line melted entirely away before the fire of guns from Lucille Jackson ridge, and Estrabrook was wounded. Five thousand fifty new guns had opened and several brigades moving across the Yellow Brick road went down into mangled and bleeding corpses.

The flank attack was repulsed thrice and the glandolinians became so rally and resist with more greater courage so fierce was the carnage and the firing that logs and trees, and grass and shrubbery caught fire, and burning branches fell everywhere. For ten miles men all along the christian line went down but the survivors along the center had already swarmed over the enemy, and were in possession of the Vivian Orchard. From the heights of Lucille Jackson ridge there now came a sound as if of a mighty explosion and suddenly a torrent of high explosives struck the christian line and torn tore the center to fragments.

And now large brigades of Abyssinkilians and Demodolians under general Charles Mitchell arrived, and then came the battalion of artillery under Shoop James, Hastee Gale, and Odgers Hodgson. These guns opened a storm of fire, and drove Millers guns back almost to Aronburgs Pike two miles west of Lucille. Jackson, Hastee and Odgers were killed as soon as their artillery opened fire, by Glandelinian sharpshooters, but the Angelinians did not falter, and along Joices line now, the Glandelinians could not advance any further, having succeeded in only piercing the line, hundreds more of the ranks of gray having been mowed down, and Hanson Michael also receiving heavy reinforcements managed to hold his ground, and the firing on both sides became as terrific as the firing had been in the region of the Mc-Hollester and Marie Osborne Woods, and the conflict of Carnation Ridge. And to general Jackson Evans Joice wrote to general Jackson Jackson Evans;

"Your Excellency, I have received reinforcements and can still hold my ground, but the attack of the enemy has not abated in the least. The battle has assumed an indescribable fury all along your whole line. I however fear for the safety of your left grand division for upon this portion a fearful storm of shell fire is raging and buildings in the region are tumbling down by the concussion of this horrible shell fire. Hell itself seems to have opened along my lines, all the battlefield seems a Valley of a Thousand snakes, and your whole line has already two hundred and seventy thousand cannon of all make in incessant action, and they are fairly shaking most of my infantry men from their feet with their vibration, millions of muskets are being fired per minute on both sides, and I am almost deaf from the din. My left wing had almost been annihilated before it was reinforced, my right was shattered. Now with a few more divisions I'm sure I would be able to drive the enemy back, and cut him up so badly that you would be able to advance. You ought to just imagine the din."

Your assistant commanding  
general in chief.  
General Hanson, vice."

Masses upon masses of rebels had been mowed down every second along the whole of Jacksons left or whole line by the christian fire, but the assailants though checked at one point continued the relentless assault along the left. On his center the Glandelinians now under general Hor Herald were reattacking with the most stupendous fury, their whole line was riven again and again with large gaps, so that it looked more like a long honeycomb comb than a wave of men and it finally broke back in confusion. The enemy had attacked the center in the face of a perfect storm of gun fire, and the whole of this assaulting wave torn in fragments became panic stricken and retreated in a pandemonium of confusion.

To make it worse for the enemy more reinforcements of Abyssinkilians under general disqualified came rushing in on the right and these new lines burst into smoke the fury of the firing being redoubled the firing increasing to a most fearful extent by this time, hundreds of thousands of volleys seemed to be fired at once.

This tempest of firing checked the main left of the rebel line also, Ott came Hannish at all hold the points he had gained near the edge of Conservatory Run and general Double Day Federal coming up the Aronburg and Costello roads threw himself cold upon the Mc-Hollesterians, under Ott came Hannish Jensen. Still more reinforcements arrived pressing the Glandelinians back and general Hansels Glandelinians being overwhelmed retreated, but the rest though giving way slowly fought with terrible ferocity. This scene made it evident to Huebaum-Wanley that he would not hold Glorianna town long.

The Glandelinians of course along general Jacksons line were wavering but general Leo Costello's artillery honeycombed the massive christian waves with gaps, and even mowed down part of their very front ranks. The Angelinians were now advancing despite their whole line being rent and torn. Jackson Evans was now advancing, so let us go back and see what Roswell Gustaf Johnston was doing.

His troops were moving upon the town of Lucille Jackson, and while his command was moving forward to attack the town Heller Johnston one division of Seodlers and Mc9 Hollostinians were throwing themselves forward to defend Wanleys extreme left and right and put themselves into position on the small section of the Aronburgs run by the main Big Girl Knool or Yellow Brick road and from here the Seodlers first opened fire upon the Angelinians but soon fled. On pressed the Angelinians and the Mc-Hollostinians now opened fire in general and soon this part of the battle line seemed to be on fire also, many columns of the christians dissolving but on pressed the survivors.

The left of the Glandelinian army held the town of Lucille Jackson between Osmania and a Chamberlains his main position stretching near and along the Conservatory Run already so hotly contested for, connecting with the Mc-Hollester and Marie Osborne Woods and a line from Chamberlains to sacrament o garnat ion Lucille Jackson hills and elsewhere already described where the main force was drawn up. So he had ample numbers to place to any point heavily pressed by at a attack. All of the batteries of the Glandelinians in position near and along the Yellow Brick road were opening fire upon Roswell Gustaf Johnston advancing christians. Baldwins main batteries opened on the Glandelinians in answer.

General Angelina was severely wounded four times, and now again a glancing bullet struck him on the head cutting a gash. His last injury was dangerous, but for fear of causing a panic he stayed at the firing line, rather than leave. In the meantime while he was advancing with haste from Dorothy Gale and was within ten miles of the battle where upon he heard general Hanson got this message from a fleet horseman; And this is what he read;

"Your Excellency general Hanson Angelic Ivian;

A big battle is raging at Conservatory Run or Glorianna. General Michaels Hansons who who a whole line has been overlapped and will be driven from his position if reinforcements are not forthcoming immediately. The enemy have opened eight hundred thousand cannon upon the whole line of christians engaged from Glorianna, to Conx Conservatory run, his first army has been practically annihilated, ivianians is annihilated, and whole divisions by the hundreds had been smashed to atoms. The carnage all this time up to one o'clock has been heartrending, and the assault of Haidbrodt Harrys divisions was destructive and tremendous, even many guns commanded by Millier has opened fire upon other parts of the christian line, and Glandelinia is mortally wounded, Angelina is seriously injured, and many other generals are dead. Jack Danes, and Picknells whole lines are overwhelmed, and they are in danger of being crushed. Aid must be sent immediately. Please rush armies to our support or the battle will be lost. Conventon Concentinian Aronburgs army alone is still intact. The eleventh corps under four commanders are also almost annihilated. They also must have aid. It is reported that two new forces under Roswell Gustaf Johnston and Jackson Evans have arrived but they do us no good as they are not enough."

General Abner Anderson.  
Commander of the first Grand  
division of Anglian army."

This message certainly hastened Hansons advance and he immediately sent the message through another courier to King Ivian himself. Jonningtonians line in the meantime had been torn to pieces, it could not reform, the ground was strewn with multitudes of more dead and dying Angelinians, and the survivors tried to hold their ground. General Hansons Joices columns of Jacksons central line were standing their ground also but they Glandelinians were pressing heavily upon him, and this brave general being fully exposed to the enemys fire, his men and officers forced him to lie down. His line of troops however seventy million strong could not be forced, and the firing made a noise just as if from as many drums, and just as appalling was the murderous fire along general Hobert Howens line. Along the main right wing of Jacksons army the Glandelinians under general Spruoder Flynn had moved forward to counter attack also, and a fight of demonish fury raged hand to hand with the enemy closed with them. Hundreds of thousands of muskets were used by one side alone against the other as clubs, bayonets clashed against bayonets in a frightful tumult and there was a brilliant display of sabres, and daggers, and here pistols were fired point blank and each enemy sprung furiously at each other clutched in the most frightful death struggles. The fury of this Glandelinian onslaught caused Joices line to waver, the Glandelinians despite the resistance having charged on with increasing fury, swarming among them, yelling with rage, plowing their way through the christian columns, killing hundreds per second. Still on and through part of the whole of Joices line pressed the rebels with terrific fury, the Angelinians fighting savagely hand to hand to drive them back. Even many of the Glandelinians who were Zimmermannians were surviving with night and rain to reach general Joice, who was surrounded by a body guard of Angelinians. Jackson Evans saw this mighty attack from his place of Observation, and sent general Michaels Walches Entire command of Abyssinkilians to the aid of Joice and these Abyssinkilians soon came into view and rushed to the rescue as quickly as their legs would let them. For a time despite its strength the situation along his line or along his center was extremely dangerous, the Glandelinians over their losses breaking into paroxysms of uncontrollable fury, plowing their way through Jacksons center and general Violetina striving to rally his left was wounded in the leg. It was the most surprising and most desperate fight hand to hand ever seen yet. General Michael now arrived with the rest of his columns and the fury of the conflict became still more terrific as thousands were thrown upon the massive multitudes of Glandelinians, who still outnumbered the christians under Joice, and met them with a storm of fury, and Michael fell mortally wounded. General George Austin took command in his place and restored order in the line. The gray columns however were pressing through a portion of Austin's line with such a fury that they were driven into a panic, general He My Millers Glandelinian battalions also adding to the carnage, and staggered the christian line. However general Jackson sent other divisions under general Robert Rothmann with Granters gatling guns and as these opened fire on the enemy the rebels went down in more frightful numbers.



CHAPTER FIFTEEN  
THE CONTINUATION OF THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE.  
DARGINS ARMY FACES ANNIHILATION. A HELLSH BATTLE LINE  
BETWEEN OPHELIA AND CHAMBERLAIN. THE ASSAULT ON THE  
MID-HOLLESTER RIDGE, AND HOW IT TURNED OUT.

IN the meantime generals Roswell, Juster Johnston and Jacksonia E Evans had arrived from the town of Osmia and reached the battle field of Gloriaanna or Lucillia picken at exactly ten thirty. From the Gloriaanna Heights to which these two generals had mounted to take in a survey of the battle, they witnessed all parts of the great line of this tremendous struggle, saw the multitudes of cannons of both sides hammering away as if the world was to depend on it, and saw whole lines of christians and enemy al alines fourty miles in extent hush forward against one another and come back in fragments. Roswell, Juster Johnston and Jacksonia Evans had never seen such a battle or such slaughter in all their li lives. They also observed that one gun after another of the Angelinians defending Winesfred plains were blowing up, and observed that the generals in command there were having the batteries all withdrawn. They had sent in appeal after appeal for help but it did not come. They observed also that all the slightly wounded had been placed behind the firing lines and ordered to shoot down any man who attempted to flee. And Jack Dances christian army which had been fully thirtythree million strong was only nine hundred thousand strong, and still they were fast melting away. Their front line had entirely disappeared before the terrible fire of the enemy, and every one of their lower rank officers had been killed or wounded. The whole of Conservatory gun, and the Hario Osborne Woods and the Lucillia picken ridges were thundering volcanoes and orators and forest fires in scene and only Conventinian Aronburg was holding his own. Roswell, Juster Johnston decided to act quick.

He sent one quarter of his army to mass on Johnston puebaum Hanley at Lucillia picken to force that town at all cost, while seeing general Anniversary massing large troops against general Hare vivianias right he sent the other half of his army to his r the letters relief, while the third he sent to succor Kane and Viviananna. Jacksonia Evans was sent to take Gloriaanna. Charles Browns troops arrived to general vivianias right just in time and the sudden fire of his own troops caused such indescribable carnage and havoc that the enemy could not penetrate the center, and now vivianias managed to hold his ground with success. Jacksonia Evans by eleven o'clock had moved forward his own massive lines upon the left wing of puebaum Hanleys army which stationed across the front of gloriaanna near the northern bend of the Yellow Brick Road and his whole line was soon also in severe action with a new million cannon like firing of musketry and other explosions, and the smoke along the new line of battle grew so dense that it looked more like a great fire than a battle. The whole of the rebel line along this portion of the Yellow Brick road was also in a most tumultuous uproar, and never before in all thwar did general Jacksonia Evans ever seen himself engaged in such a battle. The columns of the glandelinians and Angelinians combined were now down by the hundred, and the whole left of Jacksonias line was soon rent and broken up by the enemys terrible cannon fire. Seeing this the enemy rushed forward to counter charge and then an i indescribable tumult broke out, the madman of the army being unmanageable, and the front of the enemy advancing christian line having its left wing overwhelmed threatened to give way, but they opened fire with horrible effect however. The impact was so great however, that it soon began to yield, and a division of troops under general Francis Jenningsstonia was surrounded and cut off from the main body.

New piles of dead and wounded covered the ground, the glandelinians attacking the christians with utmost fury and fresh ranks and brigades were dreadfully torn. Indeed the glandelinians in their counter advance rushed forward like an avalanche avalanche of human beings and scattered general Jenningsstonias left. His assistant general Violetdinia tried to reinforce Jenningsstonias whole line, but the advance of the foe could not as yet be checked, two million of the assailants pressing upon the latters left, and yelling with demoniacal fury, and attacking with the most terrible energy. There was only fifty thousand of his one million Angelinians left now, compared to the many millions of assailants. Violet dinias left also was surrounded and infiltrated by the glandelinians. Indeed this new section of the struggle was raging with a fury beyond re describing. The situation of these christians was more serious than ever, and Violetdinias left being overwhelmed gave way despite the attempts of the i officers and the slight ly wounded to stop them by threats, beatings and pleads. Elsewhere the glandelinians were swarming forward like a furious cloud burst of human beings, and Violetdinias whole line of three million surviving out of five was being shattered to pieces by the assailants who now plowed their way into the line of christians and never before did there start such a confused mixup of men and flags. Muskets crossed in deadly earnest earnest, swords clashed, pistols blazed facets and the men even fought with fists and wrestled. Hundreds of thousands of these glandelinians themselves had fallen. Andedidinas situation was all the more serious. The assailants along his line were swelled by fresh divisions and attacked with irresistible fury, despite the withering fire that tore their advancing columns to pieces, crushed and mangled their front line. Yet the rebels did not waver, and it was miracle that these three brave christian generals survived through such a storm of carnage and Angelinias line of Abyssinkilians was crushed by the rebel pressure.

But now a new fire of shells came from picknells and Nanceos cannons into their flank and as they began to bend away from it, they re i received a storm of shells into their other flank (a horse has two flanks) Then the most tremendous volleys of musketry fire came up ripping into their massive columns, vi volleys from the front, and from the flank, and then cannon took the place of the shell storm cutting hundreds of swaths as clean as a mower. Infantry and artillery in front of Aldvill allons brigades of coolers which was at the head of the charge were hanging on the precipitous edge with their dragons teeth as it were, and striking their last desperate maddened blows against those yelling plunging maddened purple columns that strove to repulse them with the fury of demons. Using picknells battery had only one gun remaining and the general was struck in h the chest by the fragment of a shell. Despite his wo n wound he ran the gun forward and cried "I will give them one last shot, and dropped dead with the discharge. General Tealien leaped the works in front of picknells line fol, followed by hundreds of thousands of coolers.

"Give t the christian dogs the cold cold steel boys." o shouted as he laid his hand on the gun of a captured batter y. through the struggling christian line which he had driven back, came two divisions of Winkie Abyssinkilian reserves at a roaring charge and sudden dropped dead, pierced by twenty bullets, while sixty thousand of his men were shot down almost as if in execution. Yet the great force of the Angelinians were compelled to yield, an along picknells center as the horse upon hordes of glo- olist infam and coolers pressed themselves over the christian works and planted their battle flags on the parap pr parapet or what was supposed to be flags but were mere rags. The Angelinians and the glandelinians fought fiercely hand to hand, battling with the one energy of despair and madness. Picknell and Nance were mashing all their disengaged forces on the center and the firing became so murderous that the enemys lines badly cut up began to recoil, but slowly.

"Forward" was the word now, and the christians swooped down upon the massive lines who met them like spartians. Many who were utterly overpowered and reduced to the last stages of furious desperation f/ flung their guns from then and raised their hands in token of er surrender. Hundreds of thousands of others fell on the ground to escape the destructive fire while the main column recoiled slowly in long lines the christians no longer pursuing, but looking down upon the rout if you please to mention.

The christian cannonading had now gradually ceased, but inner Myletzes art illery was still thundering occasionally. Then when the firing did finally stop it was succeeded by a stillness apparently as deep as if all the winds, the rush of water if there in any, and other noises had been checked in their furious progress at such a horrid and unusual carnage. It will be a herculean task to gather in all the wounded, and bury the countless dead fallen in this five hours carnage of the Conservatory gun, and all the christian generals who survived these scenes of indescribable carnage were appal o appalled. All the trees bordering Winesfred Plains were down in shattered bark and limbs, ten thousand of which lay on top of the mangled dead. The smoke still settled over the scene, and general Meldun Gosson a christian a commander was also among those torn to pieces by the shells. Among Baldwin guns lay hundreds of thousands of wounded, and many dead also.

Apparently a sea of blood was everywhere. It was a horrible sight indeed, and it was at all more terrible than the childslavo question ha to be settled by such tititands horrors. Baldwin was withdrawing his guns, while Fredrickson Parson came up to relieve him. General pance and pance received reinforcements also and soon all the christian positions were guarded by more men and guns. General picknell also had withdrawn to the outskirts of Winesfred plains with within divisions which was now being at easily reinforced by many more brigades. Hundreds of thousands of men would be needed to gather up the wounded and take them to a place of safety. This part of the battle had lasted five hours, the fighting along the Yellow Brick road lasting fully an hour and a half. The losses on both sides along this latter part of the battle line on both sides was horrible being 23,456,888 on the christ a christian side in killed and wounded and 36,997,999 on the glandelinian side in killed and wounded making an addition to the fearful losses of the other portions between viviananna and Ma l Hanley. At all points the enemy at ill held their former positions.



Jack D n Dams was now fighting alone being isolated for a moment and a panoramic panorama of swift and horrible revelation of tactical disadvantage became an clear as black lines on a piece of white paper. The whole of the Daisy and Fern covered whinifred plain which was ten miles long and one mile broad, became one of the first worse slaughter grounds of the whole battle, a veritable "No man's land." Jack panned Dams and picknells guns utterly outnumbered were disabled, all the battery horses torn of thousands in a minute were killed, and his whole line strove with mortal vehemence against uneven odds in a fierce conflagration of hell's warfare. Tongues of lightning from scores of thousands of bursting shells per minute in a perfect barrage, scattered the hundreds of thousands of dead and wounded and mangled about like warm butter struck with a knife blade. A tremendous roll of smoke from the glandelinian infantry were pressing in on both sides of picknells almost shattered new line, like a conflagration in a forest, and at points where the smoke drifted away the glandelinian batt le flags fluttered triumphantly while an indescribable tumult of bayonet a hurly for human flesh blooded flags had in the smoke clouded sunlight. Again from under the smoke emerged disjointed sagging lines, broken into bunches, and scatt ered running figures, and battle flags drooping and trailing. Those who did not die before they found the cover of the stone fences paused to show their teeth and fiery balls once more in desperate resistance to the oncoming gray columns flushed with success, who again amid the volcano of flame and din dislodged them, own from the side of the roadway went the reserves their eyes red with the ill for battle. As a river current presses back an ebb tide they regain the plains, but amid a deafening roar of guns, the brave glandelinians surge back over it, while the other reserves help to retake it. Again it was lost and fearful was the firing. Whinifred plain was no longer a field of flowers and ferns. It had become an immense morgue. The flowers and ferns were trampled flat with the rush of feet, it was drenched with blood, while the fresh dread lay so thick that any one could walk across it on their bodies, which still played a part in giving cover for the living, none was not the carnage of Oriental Oren Oriental Fatalism, here in this gigantic rear of murderous struggle, but the courage of the soldiers of Christ. How the glandelinians did yell. A roar a great hall of a fighter fought to the death and directed his men until a bullet broke his leg. There seemed no end to the intrepidity of those glandelinians who seemed to feel the guns going their own way. With the Angelinians it was again a case of hasty mending of breaks, and of patching a patching of weak points before they broke. Every section sent in was instantly engaged. But never heless the enemy was regaining the plains. At one point they were pressing close to the Yellow Brick road and picknells riding back and forth almost too handsomely to be so real and so quick of mind, saw the gray wedge about to pierce pierce his line.

"Up those columns." He shouted. The the Abyssinians sprung from their trenches and threw themselves in a catapult tackle again against the wedges in gray, which staggered under the p impact. When their rush was spent all but eleven per cent were down. Nevertheless the glandelinians displace the line at another point.

And by their yell was deafening but every reserve of christians were rushing against them, and for forward right or left the enemy faced a wall of rifle bolts. They were anguished, and Inner Myltesse had hoped to an end heavier forces to their side. Yet picknells left was overwhelmed in the smoky whirlpool, and the flashes of bayonets was awe inspiring. A fearful tempest of hail. Little again splattered against the rocks and ricocheted hot when the two opposing lines, which were within a stones throw of each other. A The gray line was now reinforced as reserves swept up from Conservatory Run. General August also was on the defensive. And he doubt ed if he could hold what he had until help could arrive. General parramore answered his call by hurrying forward a battery and two brigades, which got its baptism of fire in a regular Niagara of carnage and slaughter. General wide wakened at the head of his columns and their charge increased the appalling carnage, though they forced the christians back at their own front. Regardless of the danger of attacking the fierce Abyssinians general wide Awake stood up on a high rock as he directed the efforts of his men. The Angelinian sharpshooters in the tree tops, and on or among the high rocks were looking for just such targets and as they declared it is their business to kill. Glandelinian officers, they turned their attention from potting the gunners in order to kill wide Awake.

His men were a little dismayed when they saw him fall, and no wonder, for their lines were already riddled. General Maurice Costello Bickering rallied his own christian troops but was killed by a glandelinian sharpshooter, who mortally wounded general Julio Gallo who was with the battery. General Ha set

Oyourske leaned over to take Gallos last message, and fell dead across his body. But picknells whole line was now in fierce reaction from the first depression over the loss of their leaders. Open spaces were bullet swept, saplings were cut in two by the thousand by the hail of bullets, trees in countless numbers were bullet peppered, and lacerated by bursting shells. At close quarters gusts of canister mashed and mangled many scores of thousands of men. For half an hour more this drama of horror was revealed along picknells and Mance's line, and slowly though fighting stubbornly the left of the christian line had to yield as heavier Glandelinian reinforcements accumulated their force against it. General general Hanson Jennings saw this, and then ten thousand Angelinian guns suddenly let loose a terrific fire but still the glandelinians were not checked.

Here their stand was more stubborn, and at the first dash the commanding officer Mance happened to be confronted by a glandelinian general who came on fiercely, sword in hand and big navy revolver in another, and he fired one barrel almost in Mance's face but missed, and seeing the quick sabre thrust at his throat, reversed arms and gave sword and pistol into Mance's hands, and yielded himself as a prisoner. Frederick Mance took him at his word, but could not give him further attention, so passed him over into the custody of a brave sergeant. Mance's sergeant at his side whom he gave the sword as a symbol of authority, but kept the pistols with their loaded barrels which he thought might come in handy, indeed which it did. Many divisions were broken, many retreating before the Angelinians, some hastily threw their muskets to the ground even loaded, sunk on their knees threw up their hands calling out:

"We surrender. We surrender. Don't kill us!" and as if the Angelinians wanted to do that. Charging right through and over these, the christians struck the second line of no enemy soon doing their best to stand, but offering little resistance. Still swinging to the right as a great gate on its hinges the Angelinians swept their front clear of the glandelinians. The Angelinians were taking in prisoners by the hundreds of thousands, but many made their final escape across the Conservatory Run toward the great Lacille pickson ridge or the Mc-Holleston and Mario Osborne woods, but beyond on the right, ten divisions had rallied or rendezvoused, and Frederick took to thought of that part of the fugitives more his men rather than run the gauntlet of general Mance's whole line, had taken to the shelter of the rocks, as they now faced and began storming with fire. It was hazardous to be so far out in the presence of so many baffled but far from beaten veterans of Inner Myltesse men. A sudden rush on either flank might not only cut off the christians, but cut in behind them and seize that vital point, which it was their orders and trust to hold. But it was no light task to get the men to stop. They were under the momentary of their dead. They had to be reasoned with, persuaded, but at last they faced about, and marched back to that indicated crest with swelling hearts. Shortly before one thirty the line disposed itself to meet any new assault that might come from the courage and desperation of the rebel soldiers.

In a few minutes general Inner Myltesse sending reinforcements caused the attack to be renewed. The cold steel of the bayonets, had not chilled their ardor, and the flaming muskets seemed to live, and the revolution of the retreating mood was not yet over and now a new inferno brooded far and wide along the refreshed hostile lines. One force of christians had already used up their ammunition, and had continued to meet the enemy musket to musket, and this gave and take soon finished them by reason of the enemy's superior numbers. Fifteen divisions of the glandelinians continued the onset, and did not regard the posterior demonstrations of the Angelinians as repelling them, and were soon walking over only dead bodies, while a glandelinian division had come upon the flank of a Abyssinian brigade which had been rolled into a zero figure, and swallowed up in the envelopment. Over the wreck strewn fields were scenes of most unapproachable horror. General Jensen of Inner Myltesse command a ran an unheard of risk when he reared his men around to crush Mance's flank with the purpose of making his retreat. He deliberately weakened his center center and had fallen mortally wounded while urging his men in the overwhelming rush that crushed itself against Mance's thundering guns, and which soon saw his undoing. Of the frightful carnage in whinifred plain I will have to relate in detail. General John gurnah was on his horse in a portion of the Mario Osborne woods receiving and sending messages and turning his head to right and left in eagle glances, as he watched his moving and straining lines, and soon was shot through the head by a glandelinian sharpshooter. One of the best christian commanders dead, but no one of those men in grim resistance there under the billowing smoke knew of this. That an illustrious general he gurnah had left the last of his reserves had gone in to the support of that struggling line, when one hundred and ten color bearers had fallen mortally wounded general Alex Smith himself seized the flag.

He fell severely wounded and a private took it, and though, certainly wounded still held it in his grasp as he faced the enemy. All of the divisions had nearly all their field and brigade officers down, and many brigades had been decimated steadily. General Henry Archer, general saw two divisions of other troops of Inner Myltesse army approaching to crush in his right, and then he saw the ninth corps of the Angelinians come up to face all well who however delivered his blow with such a shock that the ninth corps, crushed to fragments under such a storm of bullets could not hold the formation of the battle line along the Yellow Brick road had now broken down to a few stragglers with the glandelinians pressing on both flanks, and Fisher saw that he and Mance must fall back as that he and his superior would be caught as if in a vise. Many of his decimated divisions fell back in order, others fled in a panic. As Jack Dams still held the whinifred plains near the road, a long line of glandelinian cannon were being swung into position, to sweep his blazing columns and the breadth of the plain. Hanson Jennings saw that Jack Dams and Mance were in a bad situation, and ordered them to fall back to an angle but Mance saw that it was too late to undertake the maneuver, as he being already an hour engaged must fight it out till the end. The overwhelming force of the glandelinian artillery broke forth in the rear of a simultaneous valley in a support of Inner Myltesse sudden, coordinated whirlwind infantry attack.

Indeed it needed them both, and both came back with the personal proof of the peril-our undertaking. It was strange that the enemy did not realize that moment, and point of weakness. Perhaps they saw it, as a weakness, and it may have been one of admiration that held them back from breaking in upon that position again. Then that in mad or carnival lullied for so a some strange instinct in human nature and without any reasoning the instant for that can be seen when the battling edges drew as under, there about the once immense christian line, groups and gaps notched like saw teeth, but a sharp steel tempered in infernal heat, like the magic sword of the gothens- the Angelinians were on the appointed and intrusted line. They had as yet held proud at all costs, but had surmised it seemed to the Angelinians that they were all the while while holding their own and had never left it but now that the smoke dissolved, they saw their own hundreds of thousands of dead, and that many more wounded, all laid in front of them, mingled with more of the enemy.

They were scattered in heaps all the way down to the foot of the baffled hostile lines now rallying in the low shrubbery for a new onslaught. The Angelinians could not wait for this, as the enemy knew their weakness now. The appeal must be primal instincts of human.

"All they die there under the enemy's feet, and under your eyes!" shouted Hancock. "Ords like these brokenly uttered eroded from heart to heart struck the stalwart groups holding together for a stand, and aroused them to the front quicker than any voice, huddle or command. These true hearted men, but a moment before buffeted back and forth by the superior force, and now breeding for a most dubious task or test, dashed down the death stream height a or slope in the face of the rallied and recovering foe, and hurled him and tore him from above the fallen, as the tiger avenges it wrong, making the roadway and the region around something inferno. But the formidable Angelinians repulsed the, them, and as the Angelinians hoped despite dispersed some again routed and rolling through the fringe of chaparral on Hancock retreating left, now in cold solid and orderly array, and three times the number of his christians, there was no dash, or no yell, no demonstration for effect, but settled purpose and determination. The Angelinians opened on them as best as they could, but the fire was returned, thinning and cutting the christian line to the quick.

The other scattered Angelinian divisions had rallied on the christian line right who were now enveloped in an inferno of fire and uproar and sure to be overwhelmed in fact when the enemy's front surge struck them. However might be otherwise happened, what was here before them was evident, these far outnumbering confident ranks were columns yet waiting for a sign of weakness ahead. Frederick Hancock could see the bold flankers on his right a starting out and creeping out like under the smoke to gain the left of the christian line thrown back as it was. The christian line was broken and the enemy were in the rear of the whole big girl knoll road, defense artillery, and infantry, and the day seemed theirs. Now too the christian fire was slackening, their last rounds of so shot having been fired, and what Hancock had had sent for could not get to him. He saw the faces of his men one after another, then they had fired their last cartridge turn suddenly toward him for a moment, then square to the front as before, the front, for then lay death in the rear, what they would die to save. Hancock thought a mere running death. He was combining the elements of a forlorn hope, and had just communicated this to general part of the wheezing flank on which the initiative was to fall just then. Hancock's little incident "Up at a brooding cloud of doom with a tint of human kindness, brave was general Melchor whose other staff officers and nearly all his men were down dead, came up and asked if he might take his surviving survivors and go forward and pick up some of his men left wounded on the field, and bring them in before the enemy got too near. This would be a most hazardous move in itself, and in this desperate moment the line could not be broken, with a place he understood, and Hancock answered: "Yes sir, in about a moment I can about to order a charge."

Not a moment was to be lost. The minutes were of such a defense, and the last roll call would sound for them. Separate on the chances were there was nothing to do but to take the offensive. Hancock stepped to the colors. The men turned toward him. One word was enough.

"Bayonet."

It caught like fire and swept along the ranks, the men taking it up with a shout, on not being able to say whosoever from the pit on the edge of the morning. It was vain to order forward. Nor would he wait to hear the grating clash of steel in fixing bayonets told its own story, the color rose in front, the whole line quivered for the start, the edge of the left left wing rippled among tossed among the rocks, straggled, changed curve from straight to sickle shape and the bristling hedge swept swept down upon the sorted host down in the face of three million Mic-Hollatinian Angelinians went eight hundred thousand Angelinians. It was a great herculean right wheel. The lost left wing of the christians swung first. The advancing foe stopped, tried to make a stand amidst trees and rocks, but the frenzied tumult of bayonets prancing forward through every space forced a constant settling to the rear. General Hancock with his detached brigade and the remnant of his sharpshooters who had held the enemy so long in check on the slope of the high ground now fell upon the flank of the retreating crowd, and it turned to full retreat, some up amidst the crags of the hills opposite, but most down the smooth vale toward their main line. This tended to mean then before Hancock's center.

He fairly flew down to bring to in- for ements for this vital place and moment. He came upon pink Helateda bridgehead just going on to a Frederick Parsons relief, and dispatched it heading for Hancock position. Hancock Jennings also laid hold of Baldwin Jennings with his batteries and sent him to scale those heights. As in the power often to master nature. In the midst a the tremendous blow of Tamar Tylister divisions under general Robert Fetrabrook struck the right of Hancock brigades, there was again a regular inferno of flames and din for a few moments, and the brigades rolled back and staggered under the crushing shock. Tremendous confusion followed. Hancock feared that all was lost unless God alone intervened. Sword aloft, and face aflame he rushed among the broken divisions, in desperate effort to rally them, man by man. By sheer force of his superb personality he restored a portion of his right grand division, and urged up the rest.

"Don't yield an inch of ground now or all is lost." He cried when an answering volley of hundreds of thousands of musket shots assailed the very air and his men went down suddenly by those thousands of ranks. "It was awful. In that agonizing moment came a tearing up richardson Helateda brigades, gallant Terry O-purks in the lead. Not waiting to load muskets or form in line, they sprang forward into that frightful turmoil. Hit by a withering fire that killed O-purks and laid low many of his intrepid officers and whole divisions of men, this splendid army, as by a providence saved Hancock men all in that moment of threatened doom.

To add to the terrible calamity to this dark scene, in the midst of it all, the indomitable general Baldwin Jensen was trying to get his ten pounder guns and machine guns up to a working place on the summit above beyond. Finally he was obliged to take his horses off, and lift his guns by hand, and hand spike up the scraggy steep, which he launched perfect streams of death and defiance wide and far round. The roar of all this tremendous tumult reached Hancock men on the left, and heightened his intense determination of that resolute. Meanwhile the flanking columns working around to the left of the christian line, and joining with those before the Angelinians in a most fierce assault, which lasted with increasing fury for an intense half hour. The two lines met and broke, and mingled like two writhing serpents in the titanic shock. The deafening crash of musketry gave way to cuts, and thrusts, and grappling and wrestling. The edge of the mighty death struggle, swayed to and fro with seemingly whirpools and eddies of millions of mermen and at times general Jack Dams and Frederick Hancock saw around them more of the enemy than of their own men, gaps opening, and closing, closing again with sharp convulsive energy, brigades of Mic-Hollatinians who had cut their way through the christian lines, appearing, and disappearing as if translated into dead and wounded. All around, strange mingled roar, shouts of defiance, rally and desperation, and underneath murmured extra entreaty, and stifled moans, piteous prayers, whispers of loved ones, everywhere men torn and broken, at staggering, creeping, gasping on the earth, and dead faces with strong strangely fixed eyes, staring stark into the sky. Things which cannot be told, nor dreamed of, and how men held on to each other, known machines commanding admiration. There was one fine young fellow who had been cut down early in the fight with a ghastly wound in the forehead, and when Hancock thought might possibly be saved with prompt go prompt attention. General Hancock had sent him back to a little field hospital at about 10 o'clock in the morning. Half an hour during a desperate rally Hancock saw that noble youth with the swelling smoke as an apparition from the dead, with bloody bandage for the only covering of his head in the thick of the fight, high brow or horns and prancing on as if "why that shall see death no more."

Hancock shall know him when he sees him again on whatever shore. So too another. In the very deepest of the struggle while the shattered christian line had pressed the enemy wall below their first point of attack, Frederick Hancock saw through sudden rifle in the smoke, the Angelinians colors attacking all alone, while the desperate struggle of the enemy to take it was fierce. At first general Hancock thought it some optical illusion had imposed upon him, but soon as forms emerged through the drifting smoke the truth came to view plainly. The cross fire had cut keenly the center had almost been shot away, only two of the color bearers had been left. And they were fighting to fill the whole space and in the center a stood some one with the colors who to Hancock surprise and fear was Angelina Aronburg or Gertrude Angeline in the uniform of a boy scout. Her color staff was placed in the ground, close to her side, the upper part clasped in her elbow, so holding the flag upright, with pistol and cartridge seized from a fallen soldier at her side, and she was defending her sacred trust in the manner of the "songs of Chivalry". It was a stirring picture, its importance still more stirring.

"That color must be saved and that coster too." Said Hancock. He sent first to his division on the right, but they could not spare a man as they were having all the fighting they needed. He then called to Jack and sent him forward to close that gap somehow, if no man could be drawn from either neighboring companies or divisions to draw back the salient angle, and contract the center. The firing down there at this moment was so hot and incessant, that Hancock thought it was impossible for Jack to get there alive, and he dispatched immediately after him Sergeant general Jenson whom Hancock had made his special officer with the same instructions.

It was a foreboding warning indeed. The enemy had already destroyed Iskhella left, turned his whole line, and Hance left, the minutes plain was like a smoking center, the Great Conservatory Run was a smoldering of smoke, and a force of Mis-Hollatinians was charging upon advanced batteries near the main fields of peace and war, where the dead and wounded lay as thick as the flowers and ferns themselves, while the flanking force was pressing past the base of the unoccupied position all rolling toward his lines in his tumultuous waves. It was a stirring, appalling sight here a whole battery of shot and shell, cutting ragged channels through the forest divisions, flinging hundreds of thousands of men, and thousands of horses like driftwood aside, there fearful almost preternatural rifle volleys at close range, with reeling shock, hundreds of thousands of hands to toss in air, muskets dropped with death's quick reflex, or clutched with death's quick convulsive energy, men falling by great multitudes as if before the scythes, others with muskets, proud and rally there a little group kneeling where a favorite officer slain, his intense spirit abating the fiery steel, pressing headlong with empty saddles, to the van, here a defiant division broken, slaughtered, captured, or survivors were crouching among the rocks for shelter from the terrible cross fire, where here there is no rear. But all the advancing, all the frenzied force, victors and vanquished, each scarcely knowing which, surging and forming toward Hance's positions, death, r around, behind and before, and shrieking madness everywhere. The thunder of artillery, and crash of iron that had all the while been roaring over Hance's position stopped short. Hance understood this too. The storming waves of Mis-Hollatinians which had swept past Iskhella lines had got up the base of the long rise of ground, which his men were on, and under range and reach of their own guns. They were close upon Hance's lines among the rocks unseen, because so near. In a moment more came a most tremendous roll of musketry sounding like a hundred billion drums, and the tremendous storm of fire struck the exposed right center of Hance's line. It was promptly answered, regulated and renewed again and again, and then it reached Hance's central lines still extending into a furious hurricane of firing. Ten brigades of Isner Myelatan divisions of Mis-Hollatinians and a great many more had attacked reaching Hance's right, and while Isner Myelatan units were joined and crowded, in but gradually coming to their shon advance. Soon many brigades were in Hance's front who had now all they could do to stand. Fred Hance's attention was called, now here, now here. As he advanced to his right he saw Jack Dane there with intense poise and look. He said with a voice of awe and as if translating tables of the eternal law:

"General Mis-Hollatinians Hunderman had us placed here on the whole christian right of instead of the whole left grand division, and he wants us to hold the ground here at all costs or the battle is lost."

In the thick of the fight and the smoke major general Henry Vincent a bright officer near Fredrick Hance's center ran up to the two generals and said:

"General Hance, must hang over in doing on in my front behind these engaging us."

In a moment Fredrick and Hance springing forward, mounted a great rock in the midst of his line and was soon able to resolve the mass depression into a positive knowledge. Thick multitudes in gray were pushing up along the smooth side between the position, in a direction to gain Fredrick Hance's rear, there was no mistaking this. If they could hold the attention of the Angolians by a hot fight in front while they got in force on that exposed flank it would be bad for the whole line of six million men, and the whole defense. Now what were doing, Fred and Hance could not know, and they were rather too busy to send out a reconnaissance. If a strong force should gain his rear, the whole line would be caught as if by a mighty shears blade and he crushed and cut. What would follow Jack and Fredrick could realize.

"This must not be," said Fredrick. "Our orders were to hold this ground, and he to be literally interpreted. Our front had to hold at all costs and our rear must be covered."

"Must hang must be done, quickly and coolly," said general Hance. "Our situation is most appalling."

General Fredrick Hance called upon all his officers, and told them of his tactics of keeping the front fire at its hottest, without special regard to its need, or immediate effect, and as at the same time as they found the opportunity, to take side steps to the right coming gradually in one rank, file closers and all. Then Fredrick Hance took the Angolians' red colors with their guard and placed them and the extreme center of his line where great boulders gave token and support, thus bending back at a left angle the whole body, gained ground right way toward made twice the original front and they were not so long in doing it either. Under such a heavy fire it was a difficult movement to execute requiring coolness, as well as hot heat. Of rare quality were his men and officers, who made their to generals Jack Dane and Fredrick Hance admire them for what they did in this desperate crisis.

"No as an important element let our thoughts turn to what was going on to the left of Hance's line. When general Hance's Jennings saw Hance's lines start for the abandoned position, looking still intently down he saw large divisions of Isner Myelatan breaking past Iskhella line amid a volcano of flame and din and sweep straight for the unoccupied position on the long rise of ground. He felt sure this position was lost but decided to save it if possible.

## CHAPTER FIFTY SIX.

### THE RESULT OF THE BATTLE ALONG ORIENTAL. BANDICUS'S LINE. THE MAIN STORY OF THE THEATRE OF THE CONSERVATORY RUN.

A. If this while a continuous burst of artillery from the Mis-Hollatin and Marie Osborne Woods way in front of the Iskhella picked ridge told that the greatest battle of the war was on in earnest. A crash of musketry followed sound ing now like a battle in the infernal regions.

"To the left 'Ordered Hance.' To the left at utmost speed. We must check Isner Myelatan so."

Now to the left 21,000,000 Angolians, Abyssinians and Abissinians pushed, seven bri brigades of Bombolians, nearest to them leading, advancing at the double quick, straight to the support of Iskhella. In their energy the Angolians did not seek the main roads, and did not mind the roughness of the ground, thorn hedges, stone walls, and swept along the pig girl knoll and Ye, Yellow Brick road in perfect waves. As they drew nearer the scene of strife, the sky seemed ablaze with smoke, and the ground seemed to shake. The ground like an ear of wheat. They soon observed that at Iskhella slowly retreat ing divisions were not where they thought they were, but had been moved back to the main point of the Yellow Brick or pig girl knoll road where they were trying to make a stand. The fighting was more desperate already. General Hance pressing along Iskhella rear first got a glimpse of Hunderman's divisions where Iskhella line had been caught between federal Johnstone divisions along Conservatory Run Creek and garrulous corps fast arriving on the Iskhella picked ridge and thence had been terrible.

They passed on to the lower grounds where millions of heads men standing as bright as golden grain were ravaged by the most deadliest fire that had ever faced, and the yellow brick road was paved with dead and wounded.

Here Fredrick Hance had momentary glimpse of Iskhella's left in front of St Michael's creek and the fearful struggle at the center with general Melba's outflanking troops earning beyond. Here general Hance and Jack Hane halted their own commands waiting for a first and second corps on to the roaring and thundering Marie Osborne Woods. In another moment a stiff officer from general Iskhella rushed up with the purpose of firing general Hance's division to at least the continent of Aresburg to bag them to send at least a few divisions to at least make a position unoccupied by christian troops near the yellow brick road before Isner Myelatan surging to the rear should overwhelm it. Other supplicants were in the air calling for aid every where. General Hance, cool and steady and self reliant hearing that his entire out front for that abandoned position waited word from no superior, but taking the responsibility upon himself ordered his men to turn and push for that abandoned work at all possible speed, and dashed ahead to at once have back to place his divisions. His men broke to the right and the rear, and took the double quick, rushing over a rude long bridge over the river, leading to the yellow brick road and prepared the position. Jack Hane to test a running sent word of a half cry of his body to three cold shot into a portion of the Marie Osborne Woods in his vicinity.

The whir of the shells, overhead brought out the glitter of countless musket barrels in the early afternoon sunlight, and in a few moments more a fiercer attack fell upon general Hance's left lashed across the misfired plains into a nothing cauldron, and leaving free a large force of Mis-Hollatinians to sweep past the main road for the Yellow Brick road or near the unoccupied position. They would make short work in the taking of the position on the heights beyond the road, and so Hance's Jennings did like Iskhella in his call for the rescue. Hance's men mounted the Yellow Hill, Federal batteries had him in full view and turned his whole force upon his path to sweep the heights free of the Angolians, till their gray line now straining toward them could take them by foot or hand. Countless shells again and again burst overhead and brought down tree tops as fast as a cyclone does. As the hissing fragments fell or glanced along the shelving banks, and launched splinters of rocks, burning breast driven men to mutiny their terror. A shot swept above their heads their compressed burning breath driving men breath like lead to the bottom of their trenches. As Hance's men heard the music of this high rise of ground around along side the Yellow Brick road the shots as raked the crest, that they had to keep low blow it to save their heads, though this did not avert the visits of flying tree tops, and splinters of rocks and iron.

Fred Hance's men looked toward the great distant Iskhella picked ridge a frowning far above them, not a gun shot away and not raising grave thoughts of what might happen if the enemy should gain a foot hold of the positions near the yellow brick road even if impracticable for artillery. His lines had enough of that as it was for the tremendous cannonade from across Conservatory Run was still pounding the crest of this unoccupied position, happily as yet not striking Hance's lines, which it would have inflicted or inflamed if it got the range.

The other divisions of Hance's army were forming on his extreme right, when it he thought it would be profitable to utilize these few minutes to go to the clear space on the right of this division to take a look of the aspects of things in the Conservatory Run below, and the direction of the advancing enemy on his front.

, with their pale largest brigades reduced into heaps of mangled and bleeding, and now they were under a still more murderous fire of ten thousand cannon under general Marcus Jansons and other generals. Three hundred thousand Glandelinians were compelled to surrender nothing able to endure this any longer, and a dead which many Glandelinian generals boasted they would never allow their men to do. The main body of the center however pressed on, yelling like demons and moved straight on. General H. Hindernine, who when within the forty yards were reached, simultaneously by a most annihilating fire which withered the very first wave in gray, and besides moving down the line of columns of gray coats from the second wave simultaneously. However the Glandelinians responded as fiercely and fired with well directed effect, their own succeeding lines storming with a fire equally as destructive. Everywhere there was a regular swish of battle flags in a long line. General H. Hindernine received Beppo Evans' advance with the same fire all along his own line, and indeed the destructive effects of this very curtain of artillery and musketry were immediately aggravated by such a tempest storm of grape and canister that the whole gray line facing it withered away. A part of Beppo Evans' survivors at this became panic stricken, and broke back in great confusion, many of them suddenly flinging down their arms and accepting mercy at the hands of their enemies. General Jansons was killed or blown to pieces by the bursting of a score of shells round him almost simultaneously and general Cooper Picknell also on the Glandelinian side was wounded by the same shells.

In spite of this most dreadful artillery fire which was now tearing down their columns in such frightful numbers, Beppo Evans' survivors continued on with irresistible fury. When as the enemy still poured on there was suddenly such a tumult of yells and cries as to serve to drive the swiftest currents of general Hindernine's blood from its bounding course into the veins of his heart. He saw even any kind of ghosts could out rival such yells. It seemed for near a minute as if all the demons and the tortures tortured souls of hell were pouring into the air and battling all about them, and were venting their savage fears and hujays and rage and the like in the most terrible sounds. These cries came from the advancing Glandelinians, and it fairly filled the air with a deafening din that was very unearthly and seemed supernatural. The very din was more than a terror, and there also came millions of bright flashes and simultaneous reports of Glandelinian rifles which blazed out in the same deafening roar as before, as they reached the works, now moving down whole swarms of the Christians, and the flash of so many millions of musketry making valleys was quick and close between the two armies. Even at this moment the yells increased with redoubled fury, and hundreds of thousands, nay millions of the screaming hujays, pressed over the works, amid the cathart of the wildest yells that ever arose. Then at once from the depth of the woods and undulated in dying cadences as the firing became general.

The Glandelinians of H. Hindernine's divisions were being forced to yield as the Glandelinians pressed over the works in a perfect mania of men and planted their battle flags on the parapets. The struggle was now the most desperate hand to hand fight of the war both sides fighting with all the strength and reckless courage of so many arts. The whole of Hindernine's line was swung back like a huge gate and the enemy were in possession of his batteries.

"All right," said general Nance, with a salute, and off he dashed. He soon found for a fact, that he could not reach general Hindernine's line, for the way was impassable for reason of charging Glandelinian troops right in the way he wished to go, and here the roar of the struggle sounded as if the world was blowing asunder and here the enemy was aiming for fair playing regular leap frog with the Christians. But forunately general Benedictus was nearer than he had realized for suddenly he came galloping up from another quarter.

"Bicknell is flanked by Glandelinian troops and forced to withdraw as he was outflanked out flanked by overwhelming numbers," said Fredrick Nance excitedly. "We need the aid of your best guns if you have any to spare, and all the men you can bring up, as H. Hindernine wishes you to succor our main line by pounding Beppo Evans' whole wave of assault with might and gain, to turn general Hinderson's generals, Glandelinians from Bicknell."

"Certainly," said general Benedictus saluting. "Go and rouse all my commanders, so that the whole line can go into action. Concentration Aronburg is moving his main troops to support this a battle."

Fredrick was off like a flash. In fifteen minutes many of the generals were already roused, and their own batteries began to blare away, and for a few minutes general Benedictus listened to the titanic cannonading which from its roar seemed to split the earth, and also the million cannon like crash from musketry and explosions, then issued orders by telegraph for all the reserve batteries to be massed all along the line to be brought into action, and within another half hour it seemed as if his own line had broken out in an inferno of hell, and now there was such a

loud thundering roar of artillery that millions of explosions seemed to be crashing all along the line. In a continuous roar the Conservatory gun, the fields of the Deacon and Ferns, the great Bicknellian plains, the H. Hindernine and Marie Osbourne Woods and all along the whole Christian line all seemed swept as if by a world conflagration, and the row hundred thousand cannons of heavy calibre and other material all along a line of thirty miles in extent poured a perfect hurricane of destruction on the still advancing Glandelinian columns, and the losses of Beppo Evans' men became so horrible that at H. Hindernine who viewed the assault was amazed.

Tempest, upon tempest, of shot, shell, grapeshot, and shrapnell now fell with such deadly effect that many hundreds of the thousands of more men and horses singly were dreadfully cut up or blown to pieces, cascades on the Christian side filled with ammunition exploded by Glandelinian shells from the Lucille Pickens ridge, and other war material were shattered to pieces, while a gathering rain of shot and shell now fell so thick in and round the Christian batteries that nearly every one of the gunners seemed to be killed or wounded for several minutes, thousands of the greatest numbers of horses apparently in a safe place were killed or overturned and the guns silenced. The sudden exploding roar of guns from Lucille Pickens ridge shook the earth. For an hour during the assaults over the fields and plains and into the woods the main sections of Glandelinian batteries on Lucille Pickens ridge had been silent despite the terrible scene but they had not been able to fire for fear of destroying their own comrades, but as soon as the Christian batteries were playing heavy havoc upon Beppo Evans' assaulting columns, the whole line of batteries up above broke into sudden action making a noise as if the summit of the ridge had been blown up into the air by some great eruption, and the indestructible uproar adding to that of the Christian cannon was as frightful as if a thousand volcanoes

had been blown in the air. Indeed H. Hindernine had been pressing 87,000,000 men to silence the Christian guns their line of charge in series of waves extending for over forty miles and had advanced in the grandest array ever seen. "Forward" was the order every time the soldiers of some division started to halt. All the Christian commanders were now galloping up to their lines to take full charge of their infantry to help repel the enemy. "Forward on the double quick," they ordered. Then turning to general Nance general Henry Barker said: "Send a quick warning to general Concentration Aronburg on the two Glandelinian Princes of the violence of this great Glandelinian attack. The rebels have got to be checked if possible."

General Nance was off in a flash. In the meantime general H. Hindernine discovered the fury of the Glandelinian attack, noticing that the thickest of the waves inclined toward the center. The Christian guns were still hammering away upon the advancing Glandelinian column, but now the Lucille Pickens ridge was supporting the Glandelinian attack with a frightful artillery boom in whose tempest of shells and high explosives carried all before it. The Christian losses already was something awful. Hindernine in desperation sent ten thousand engineers to place gigantic mines in the way of the assaulting columns. The Glandelinian columns were rushing exactly into the very jaws of death, but their firm and steady step was not effected in the least, and in the face of the fire of the two hundred and fifty guns, and torrents of mines from the infantry the right surge of the rebel wave of attack crashed upon the line and moved like a torn torrent among the guns. The infantry met them with savage fury but were driven back with the loss of a million in a few minutes in killed wounded and prisoners. Still on pressed the Glandelinians on the centre until the first of the advancing columns were in front of Richard Hindernine's divisions whose line seemed to fairly explode

into one simultaneous roar as they poured in a sudden fire with all their arms, and each fearful and most terrible volley succeeded each other in endless succession, and the two trembling waves in gray were frightfully torn to fragments,



special attention was giving by german line of batteries to repel the terrific attacking columns but the glandelinian assault could not be stopped, and the attack only increased in fury. The firing of the batteries was incessant, and it was as heavy a fire as ever poured upon an assaulting column, the whole gray line was actually shattered but the assault still continued, and the rebels attacked with the most tremendous fury, with blood curdling yells, and though now subjected to a most galling fire from the christian infantry which was indeed indescribably severe, none of the divisions faltered, and a color bearer in waving his flag amid the dreadful carriage storm fell riddled by bullets. General Hindernine, who led the assault at the left of the line suffered such heavy losses that he was obliged to retire from the christian front.

General Conscientious Armbrust had in the meantime been awakened to the realization by this terrific cannonading, and ten minutes later his own batteries were one long line of flame when simultaneously seventy thousand cannon opened on the center of the advancing rebel columns and all the long lines of christian positions where the christian batteries were in action seemed in eruption. The din was still more deafening, shot shell, cannon balls, and gang-gang shells mingled with grape shot poured now like a snow storm among the reckless assaulting glandelinian troops. The glandelinians now more fearfully exposed vainly took shelter of all kinds of objects but many hundreds of thousands were badly cut up and killed. The tremendous storm of fire smashed all the rebel columns that dared to face it, blew up whole lines of men, and a long line of waves of men thirty miles in extent who were torn to pieces by the fearful shell fire, brigades, divisions, and corps and battalions were crushed and mangled, and now the whole christian line seemed to be riven by this tremendous cannonade.

At 11,000 cannons were now in action, and the awful reverberating drum-drum reports of all these big guns fairly shook the leaves and earth, and a hundred feet into the air rose the smoke clouds, from an hour long high explosives which crashed among the gray coats pouring down again perfect columns, sending a fearful unearthly roar in their corksplitting explosions. Indeed the din of the frightful cannonade was more than deafening, and many great guns were great craters in the ground beside the works, when they blew up from overhead batteries. The cannonading was fast assuming the most fearful force as many more guns were steadily being brought into action. A mighty column of smoke showed that a great explosion occurred somewhere, and the whole christian line of batteries was filled in smoke and shots of flame.

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By the roar of so many big guns the distant hills seemed to be convulsed as if by an earth quake, and yet as the unequal cannonade increased on in force it seemed as if the ground, bushes, and the bushes and ferns vibrated from the concussion. Indeed the fierce glandelinian assault directed by Manley but led in person by Goppo Rums was more terrific than any other charge yet, and on came the long waves, with apparent irresistible force though the air coat columns seemed to be so decimated at every step with seemingly more dreadable force they still came on, while with the most tremendous fury the right and center advanced, despite the fact that the merciless storm of shot, shell, grape and so on, mowed them down in scores of multitudes. On they came on, and as at all parts of the reserve batteries opened it seemed as though they became increasingly terrific. The surviving glandelinian columns came on with formation unbroken and soon the center reached the christian line. On came the other waves on the left and right despite the fresh murderous fire poured upon them by the Angollian sharpshooters, while now christian gatling guns first silent now did their best to play down the glandelinian columns, and now the artillery did pour as nearly two hundred and fifty thousand cannon were now trained upon the glandelinians and though the first three waves in gray were shattered to fragments, and fell back, the others continued to press on still determined to carry the batteries at all costs.

All of the christian artillery that could be brought to a bore were now in action, and reports came that general Henry Pickens's battery was almost annihilated and he was slightly wounded.

"Order him to withdraw to a safer ground," said general Mc-Hollister Hindernine. "It is as terrible, worse than any I have ever seen or heard in my life. And at all on the way come."

General Hancock dashed off to give a Ricknell's battery, then saw general Richard Hindernine's columns of christian infantry coming hastily back and their was a wild uproar of yells in the direction of their abandoned works.

"The glandelinian assault is impossible to stand before along my own front, and I have lost the quarters of my men and my batteries are captured," he said. "I can't save Pickens as he has been cut off and risk annihilation as a greater gray surge of men is moving to over lap his lines."

Then general Godfrey Hancock was riding up with his staff.

"Isn't this assault awful," said Hancock. "And I never heard such a din."

"It certainly is," answered Godfrey. "Mc-Hollister Hindernine sent us to tell you not to go to Pickens's lines, as he has already withdrawn before an overwhelming assault. But he told us to tell you to find general Benedictus and arouse him to the danger."

General Benedictus commander in chief of the christian batteries watched the display of the christian columns as they retreated across the fields in consternation, and when the last passed beyond to the rear, and the hoisting yelling gray columns appeared through the storm clouds of battle he shouted to some of the officers to signal the rebels to all commanders to begin firing. This was done and all the general knew for a few minutes that he found himself lying flat on the ground, the concussion of so many guns having sent him flat. The roar was deafening, and whole swarms of the glandelinians melted away in a horrible chaos of destruction. Most of the shells from the glandelinian batteries which answered this fire falling intact, did not explode their fuses going out many rolling about like foot balls and bounding along the ground but the shots of the christian gunners was murderous. One of the chief leaders of the rebels was unhurt though he was hoisted bodily into the air by the concussion of a shell that exploded near him. A sergeant general was killed by name of rank, and general Jackson was prostrated with a broken leg and had to be carried away from the region of battle. The roar of cannons along the christian line was louder, and louder, and soon no more and more cannons blared forth the artillery fire became terrific, and whole acres of the advancing rebel columns seemed to be destroyed by the one hundred thousand cannon which seemed to rain a storm of explosives upon the glandelinians.

Soon one of general Fredrickson's batteries opened on the Pickens's line of advancing glandelinians which was speedily followed by the fire of Baldwin's guns, and then Jennings and Maurice's batteries took part and smothered the frightful cannonading to the most deafening warfare of them. Never before did the rebel commanders see the air and fields and plains covered by so many explosions raining at once of fragments in such a manner as to decimate whole brigades and destroy brigades and they were almost stunned by the din but the word was still the same "forward."

The Angollian now opened with all their available pieces on "Fur" Gyltzes advancing columns followed by others which let loose with more than fury, and it became impossible for many hundreds of thousands of glandelinians to move forward under such a horrible fire, and thousands of them had been fairly ground to earth by the explosions of so many shells. The open surface between the opposing lines offered no shelter whatever for heads and arms in the plains perpendicular in scores of thousands per minute, shattered all the trees to earth, and blowing gun carriages to earth to pieces. The christian batteries pounded away to reduce them, to tear the advancing columns in gray to pieces, their hundreds of the clouds of projectiles plowing the glandelinian columns and tearing wide lanes in them, and tearing the elements of men into the air as if they were feathers. Christian advancing columns were also targets of these guns, and it was soon that it was the problem of the Angollian gunners to check the rebels, or annihilate them, one or the other.

Little did the advancing glandelinians realize that the christian batteries were one long chain of cannon barring all approaches across from the extensive field of grass and fern and to and from the "Fur" Gyltzes woods, and when the artillery reserves stationed between and behind the main lines were soon in full action the noise was something terrible but still the advancing glandelinians could not be stopped or even reduced, as their numbers were too great, and though nearly a million had been slain, the survivors had now reached half way across the fields, and nearly the thousand batteries, and the advanced guard of these now swept upon the christian batteries in grand array, and though meeting a most destructive withering they still could not be stopped.

But to general Mc-Hollister's glandelinians it was no longer of forcing ahead but of getting out of the deadly ambuscade into which they had run but as a portion began to withdraw they ran into a number of other masked and fortified batteries that commanded all the ground. The way of retreat was back across the wilderness. In the most thickly strewn with grass and fern and this was suddenly swept at all points by a most deadly withering fire from the main christian line. The other glandelinians pressed on despite the annihilation of so many of their brigades in the wide fields. Then ten rifle and mortar batteries on the right of the christian line of guns took part taking for a target the left wing of the retreating column, and then caused these rebels to scramble back toward their main line with haste, but the officers of the main columns managed to stem the confusion and poured in a horrible withering fire from behind trees and rocks upon the christian infantry pressing after them, that made the air whole line like a fierce conflagration.

As some of the christian columns were forced among the glandelinians that it had yet been saving them and general Hancock's battery riding out under the Angollian guns, attempted with all his might to rally his own rebels which had been driven into confusion, and had just wheeled about followed by about thirty three thousand men and swept on to silence the two fatal christian guns.

All the christian batteries pounded away at them while also the infantry thinned out his line at every deafening volley of millions of musketry. The glandelinians poured over the big plain, but their leader fell shot through the head, hundreds of thousands of his men falling at once, but the others managed to reform, recovered their formation and continued the desperate assault but in vain.

Already the whole loss of Hero and Hanson Jennings alone was 34,552,889 in killed or wounded in the battle of the Conservatory run alone, the other generals had lost twice that many men elsewhere in the same place, while the losses in attempting to force Altonburg Altonburg back, and the assault on Garrison 4300 made the whole loss already amount up to 97,654,324 in killed and wounded on the Christian side alone. The rebel loss all over over just now, not in the Conservatory run alone, but the whole line of battle including the operation 4300, was 47,428,332, in killed and wounded, and prisoners about ten million. A small loss indeed compared to that of the Anti Nationals.

In the meantime while Hero's Virgin men forces were starting the withdrawal an officer was seen coming at a halting gait, and the Christian officers paused an instant, wondering what the excitement was. A startled look was on his face and as he drew near he cried out: "The whole line is moving forward to our crash out our whole line, and hundreds of thousands are pouring across the flowery fields. Hero is giving way having lost more than three quarters of his men, and he is seriously wounded trying to rally them. John Manley is approaching with a vast army from the direction of Lucilla, Jackson and Gloriana." Only for an instant did the officers listen, and whatever they had been doing, they ceased, and jumping on a number of horses galloped for the nearest signal station to sound the alarm and arouse concentration. Before it was too late.

"Notify general Hindernine and Vonburg," cried one of the officers as they galloped toward Richard Hindernine headquarters. "I'll go and report to the two Virgin divisions." As the officers reached McHollister Hindernine headquarters, ten officers present ran toward the stairs quickly descending to the room below to meet the excited officers who had dismounted. As they were they were barely ahead of the other, who dashed up from the lower story, at a charge, shouting and asking for a general McHollister Hindernine. Angelina general arrived nearly every second, and surrounded by the excitement, Hindernine came out his hand in a handshake, while now telephones were ringing at every general headquarters.

"What is the matter?" Demanded Hindernine. "Why is all this excitement? What is up now?" "We are being worried," shouted one of the officers. "The whole of Hero's army is almost destroyed, Melinda Hanson is horribly wounded, and Hero's Virgin army is also and if something is not done the battle will be lost altogether for John Manley is coming to the rescue of his brother. It is up to you general Hindernine to stop the advance of the enemy, to stop the rout and confusion of our armies one or the other. You alone have the command of the other officers were facing general McHollister Hindernine, waiting for him to be killed. The highest officers at the rank of the great general who was in a high rank next to General Vonburg and one of the others immediately said:

"Our army is being terribly crushed and cut up by the hand of the Virginians, under Joshua Manley and Pappa Evans and even I have seen that news to the Virgin. It is coming to the enemy under Baldwin at Lucilla. John has been again been captured by the Glandelinians under Pappa Evans and with them in their names. General they are passing forward to crush your front. Twenty seven brigades of Hero's line have been destroyed, his right wing is annihilated, his center have only a quarter left, besides his left which is crushed to fragments, and his right positions and also Pappa Evans seem to be unmanageable. Something must be done to stop their advance before it is too late."

"I'll do what I can," Hindernine said in a hoarse voice, "but first of all concentrate your batteries, and when the flow of panic stricken troops pass and when the enemy show himself stop his advance if you have to blow up every gun to do so. The air advance must be stopped at all cost go and do the work."

The chief of artillery at the backward flow of the Christians which had stopped their firing, when the Angelinians had managed to carry the enemy works had checked their fire, and also when the other commanders at Hindernine bidding raised their own guns all was quiet.

In the meantime Violet and her sisters who had been leaving the vicinity of Dorothy Gale had just reached Hanson's Virgin army, when they had the sudden sound of heavy firing and grew suspicious and alarmed believing that they were near the battle again they had just left, but as there were from the sound a large number of cannon in position they listened and wondered. "Something is all right at the town of Lucilla, Jackson," said Violet, "and it is already half past eleven. Cannon seem to be in action by hundreds of thousands, and seem to be too severe a noise for the battle we left this morning early." Violet and her sisters asked one of the officers whom they were riding with if he knew what direct ion the terrible noise was coming from. "You are too far south to hear any other battle," said the officer with a queer look. "You had better go very far north without staying with your useless army if you are wise girls. There is a horrible struggle raging north of here somewhere near Gloriana or Conservatory, and between Joshua Manley and your two brothers, a battle which seems to be shaking all the world, and the region is impassable." So ended this short interview.

"To the rescue," yelled one of the officers. "Fools, don't let the question of 'od' be your reward." Hindernine still grasped the flag and general Hindernine ran forward, and he himself grasped the flag and raised it to himself, exposing himself to the enemy, to rally his panic stricken columns.

"Come on you cowards," he yelled waving the pretty red and yellow, and purple striped flag frantically and soulfully. "If you fall back now this battle will be lost."

The Angelinians seemed to realize this, and Hanson Jennings sending reinforcements they began to rally, and stood like a wall themselves, and then Hindernine managed to get to his feet, and was helped over to the line by two men, and had his wound dressed. The wound proved to be painful but slight. His own line in many big columns, of deployed brigades had retired slowly, but the enemy was following at the same rate, keeping up a terrific display of bayonets. The contest was still as bloody everywhere everywhere and the Angelinians trying to swarm over the works met the same dead and silent so continuous fire of musketry and artillery, which however again came on with redoubled violence, and the Virginians were so badly shattered that again they were for a time so demoralized, and the whole line suffered fearful loss the struggle along his line being intense.

Hindernine now had changed with tremendous fury in two long lines six miles long, but the attack on the right had been repulsed with the destruction of whole divisions, and encountering an inflating withering fire the survivors only drew a back. Hindernine's left wing under general Walter Martin was bound to recapture the works at all cost, and a portion of this rebel line charged a battery of one thousand three hundred and eighty cannon, which sent streams of shells hurrying among their ranks with incredible rapidity. General Povich was killed, and Povich wounded, and hundreds of thousands were mowed down, but the survivors still rushed to the assault with the same fury the other wing did and made a continuous and most desperate effort to carry his position on the edge of the Hero's other works, but it was impossible to do so without flanking the Christians, and Hindernine leaped from the trenches in his front, and from the withering curtain of artillery fire from the main position that he led and tore his biggest column to a piece a piece was frightful and inconceivable. The center of his big Glandelinian column still holding fast and steady poured in a fire so hot and deadly, as that of the Christians, and yet general O'Brien was another one on the Glandelinian side killed, and his divisions of six million men were shattered and forced to give way, and general Jarvis striving to rally them also fell mortally wounded. Hanson Jennings and his forces began to follow, and on and on they now surged, with great noise and fury, and began to advance success fully all along the line. The Virginians retiring brigades and divisions had time to barricade themselves behind high piles of mules, fallen trees, and men made of dead bodies, and a frightful noise was the carnage. Hindernine's rifle men fired with the utmost steadiness, and mowed down fury stopping and searching down the front attack, and mowing nearly a million men, but whole divisions millions strong, went far west of them on occupying the deadly fire of the near range guns, but Thomas Watkins of Jackson's ninth corps, who later in the day was killed by a rebel shot from one of his own men, had managed to throw upon the advancing Angelinians, twenty large brigades, while the Glandelinian long range guns fired seven thousand shells per minute into the purple mass, producing noise, the most horrible carnage and destruction.

Some of the long hostile line of flanking shattered to fragments, broke back in confusion, and though the Christians and Federal columns recoiled the oncoming human waves with the most dreadful fury ever seen in actual warfare, they for a time could not check the assault, and would have been forced to give way, had not one of the Christian columns being exposed to the full fire of the rebel musketry, and cannon recoiled, which made a break in the Christian line. Hindernine seeing this break rallied his columns especially those recoiling, and rolled back his own Christians a second time, shattered and broken again. It was already twelve o'clock, and now the firing along general Hanson Jennings center began to slacken, his men having run out of ammunition, and to the Christians this portion of the battle seemed lost, for the Angelinians were recovering, and having all the time made fierce concentration, and now mowing away upon the Christian line at all points, but least or not, Hanson Jennings was bound to save his Christians from a total rout, and pushing on all his reserves across the fields he strove with the one energy of desperate despair to rally the others, and succeeded in halting some of the other columns, who regained their formation, and prepared to repel the counter assault of the enemy, and as the Glandelinians came on wildly the Christians poured in a final fire which swept down all of the Glandelinian regiments by the thousand, but with a terrifying yell the survivors recklessly and madly continued to press on, and general Hanson Jennings falling mortally wounded, the Christians broke finally into a disorderly retreat, and were plowed by the storm of Glandelinian bayonets, and the survivors broke into a terrible panic, and whole multitudes were seen fleeing, and the confusion was as if the eyes of all were upon them and the end of the world was coming.

General Hero's Virginians was now in apprehension for his whole line of forty three million had been reduced to less than nine million, and his whole surviving line was giving way before the torrential advance of the mighty Glandelinian host. They had never known the Virginians to be so terrible as they were now. They proved to be the fiercest fighters in the whole Glandelinian army.

of Hara's flamethrower line also and then Montoya came upon the whole Mexican force  
in the main battle line still braced along Henley's Line. Major general  
Gladier commanding nine of the best organized and equipped divisions was  
killed and Lieutenant General Charles Schoenmaker, and General Schoenmaker who  
succeeded him were shot dead in their attempt to storm back back the fiery Christian  
line, and a moment later General Thomas Federal, killed near the Christian  
line, and Frank Marshall continued leading the Christian line, and another of their  
columns in this mighty battle infirms were severely wounded, and another of their  
staff officers also fell riddled by bullets, but were killed. All the  
Angelsian divisions hundreds in number who had come to Hansen's aid, support, and  
concentrated at the point where these rebel generals fell had long before been  
reduced to a mere handful of men and all their thousands of battered flags had been  
shot to pieces by the storm of bullets. The Christian side  
with Henderson's division were the next to fall wounded, and John Carter was killed. White  
White band was mortally wounded, Genaia was killed, Grayson was badly wounded,  
and Marcus Hara received a painful wound in the shoulder. The continuous withering  
storm of fire on both sides was still as heavy as before and all the trees  
growing before or behind Henley's positions, and elsewhere resembled black hickory  
brushes and all the branches were broken off or snapped by bullets of shells, and  
canister, and hundreds of trees had even been blown off by the fire of both  
sides and crushed to earth, and everywhere by the thousand per minute shattered  
thousands of trees to pieces at once, the whole Angelsian position ran with  
blood, the whole of Henley's line he and Poppe Evans, and Tarr Mylons had  
fired thirty three thousand rounds of ammunition per man during those six hours  
fighting in the land of the Deeds and Fama and in the hands, the hands being  
more terrible among the purple lines than among the gray hundreds of thousands of  
the men were fairly bathed in blood, half of the whole Christian force was out  
to pieces, and torn tottered, and bleeding had laid yielded back to the foe half  
of the positions they had formerly captured. Millions of the dead, wounded, and dying  
of both sides lay piled over one another in human mountains, while many of the  
fields of fallen Angelsians in the grounds of Conservatory run lay five or seven  
days and with few exceptions were all fearfully mangled and stained with  
bullets. Thousands of bayonets were found stuck in dead bodies, broken accoutrements  
lay all around the fallen, while others about them were scattered bones of ammunition.  
Innumerable cannon shot, shells, mass of broken weapons or shrapnel, and hundreds  
of thousands of shattered trees lay down half way across the entire works of  
Poppe Evans line over the fallen made a most horrible sight, and it seemed as if  
the whole battle line extending far sides and miles had been swept by a terrific  
torpedo storm, so terrible and complete was the destruction of trees caused by  
the fire of the Christian batteries from Henley's division main positions on the edge  
of the Conservatory fields.

of the Conservatory field.

In the momentary grave of affairs were going on for Inner Hyetian himself. General Robertson fluted though severely wounded had captured four thousand galling guns and opened fire on the demoralized line of gray lines, while Gailo though also wounded still potent descended, all his brigades in opening fire now, the very air was still clouded with smoke, the screaming color screaming shells fr a other a battery had moved down columns after columns of christians, seventy thousand christians falling every minute and so many columns had been coming to the aid of the glenclintons, that parts of the captured trenches and even batteries, had been recaptured, though every one of the christian columns did well, nevertheless the whole christian line was rolled up and displaced. General Raymond Shells was killed on the glenclinton side, his division of one hundred thousand men were annihilated, and though other portions of the gray line were succored after yielding their work, the christians along this point had pressed on in superior numbers, but no longer had they approached to within three hundred yards of the rallied line, when all of a sudden there was a blinding sheet of flame from two miles of the enemy line, and the whole christian line along this point dropped and lay inheaps and withdrawn and piles every where along the enemy front. General Walter Hennington was charged and killed with grief when he saw nearly the whole of his line melting away, and the survivors retreating in a demoralized condition, and as the enemy pressed forward with a defiant yell, he seized a flag from a dead color bearer, and swung it to the breeze, but he sank to the ground with a bullet wound in the thigh.

well built men in blue and bayonet rifles between the firing lines of Regt Evans and Francis Henderson countless herds of glanduliferous pigs, and sixty hundred nearly steady lay slashed by fragments of shells, and lay riddled by bullets and canister. General Callesano Hanson had been wounded, glanduliferous pigs had also been wounded, and Robert H. Jansen Logan was killed. The news of Angell's men had also lay matted entirely away hundreds upon hundreds of his men's wounds of dead horses being torn to pieces by the red fire, or cut up and mangled until their intestines were exposed to view, and the walls had been cleared of the dead and wounded more than twenty times during the struggle, and now again they were crunched in the fall of both sides as terrible as this carnage was, for few officers in general by name had fallen, though hundreds named in both sides had been killed. The small low rise of ground, the fields of Conservatory run, once strewn with flowers and ferns, the beds of the stream, the Apple Orchard, the Ho-Holler and Mary's Orchard woods had their terrible baptisms of fire and blood, and all the ground in this battle line for miles and miles was like great conflagrations, and eruptions, and red hell scenes of slaughter. Not a flower was the battle raging all over the hill, shell and canister had swept over the dead, dying and wounded continuously, and Tony Sommers, Baldwin, Callesano, Brinsman, Corcoran, Hubbard, and both Syndikus had been twice wounded, but in order to keep their men or from retreating had still retained their positions.

group of the christian waves had broken off from the "Gendarmen" positions they had captured but their lines still interlocked with fire of the main battery, and two hundred and thirty twelve pounds and four hundred fifty pound guns exploded from too frequent use, killing and wounding hundreds. Johnsen had lost one third of his left arm. General "Red" Smith was killed, the brother of the other "Red" Smith, had been mortally wounded, "Mammoth" the brother whose first name was "Antonia" was in the field, had lost his left hand, and General "Admiral" de Gardin, had lost his right arm. General "Red" Smith was wounded, "Panther" "Patriarch", "Red" "Smith", "Mammoth" "Smith", and "Joseph" "Smith" were mortally wounded, General Henry "Red" "Smith" was wounded or killed rather, "Washington", "Mammoth" "Smith", "Admiral" and "Admiral" were also wounded besides Hanson and "Patriarch" "Smith". "Smith" and "Smith" were killed, "Admiral" "Smith" was wounded, and "Smith" "Smith".

The loss of Glendale was generally now also becoming appalling. To the Christian lines were withdrawing from the works, Federal positions himself recovered a shot in the shoulder but was able to retain command and close up his own shattered lines, and crumpled back the Christian attack along his own front. Somewhere the heavy firing had increased in redoubtable fury as three or four Christian brigades went into the fierce action, and Federal position now received a second and more serious wound, and was horned from the field in a critical condition, and Rogers' troops took flight.

Long before this bloody scene had been reached by "Guns" "Guns" divisions, and "Guns" troops had assaulted "Guns" divisions, other columns of Christians had shot back at work bringing up more artillery and hammering away with both the cannon and the fire, and the "Guns" had been driven into confusion by the Christian fire, while the Christian divisions went deep into the struggle, which had undoubtedly reached the rear of the army all along the whole battle line was still like the roar of a thrilling cannon, could you believe it.

and more terrific still was the roar of hundreds of thousands of cannons of every different size. Many of the first second, and third corps of Pennsylvania divisions had not annihilated the remainder of those positions along which the men were fighting so stubbornly caused no difficulty in getting more than ten million into not an atom, but the enemy lines were crowded in many parts twenty deep with reinforcements and the Anglo-Americans were so exposed to their terrific fire that their losses were frightfully heavy, especially from so many cannons a substitution on them



Further columns were placed there with a heavy canon of calibre and a new deadly fire of shells and canister at close range galled the christian line waves time and again, and a explosion within the space of a mile seemed to pierce the air by the echoes of thousands. The air was more terrible than ever, more horrible than the thunder in the wildest tropical thunderstorms. In the meantime the two main lines advancing to storm the batteries had a green cover but the fire poured upon the first line became so heavy and murderous that the line probably seventeen million strong was thinned badly, and the survivors appalled in viewing the sea of dead and dying began to fall back. All about general nero, the storm of canister rained in a furious screaming torrent, the shells rained and thundered with ever-little the crashes by the means, picking out what was by clouds, but he paid no heed, being being determined, to silence those guns at all hazards.... The first line had now made a stand, and did not advance any further, but the other strong line of battle led by general nero himself continued the attack, though at times partly obscured in the thick wreaths of smoke from thousands of shells, and sheets of grape and canister that had already rained down on many poor brave fellows. Thousands of ranks from the advancing line had been been shot down but the survivors rallied not, and the line advanced with a cry roaring crashing musketry fire that stunned those at all advancing with all their eyes. It was now eleven four five o'clock and the whole line of battle had increased its size, the voice of the struggle had increased, indeed becoming one of the most stupendous, passionate, and wildest and bloodiest battles ever seen in the war, and as the survivors of the other line had begun to move forward again general nero had rode up to the line, that had halted, under the severe artillery fire, which had gained upon an intensity that it could not be described, and by words and example managed to push large bodies of these troops to the advance again, until the main wave of attack, despite Hanley's most nothing artillery fire, had been put into motion again.

"I'm determined at all hazards to silence those batteries, or carry them, even at the cost of my life," said general nero. "Forward!" The christian line were disheartened by his get der determined advance of the christian line, who came on, division after division coming to a Hanley aid, adding their reinforcing fire, in a more destructive manner, but still on came the two immense lines, the first already within full range of the glendaliffin batteries.

Two more divisions led on to Hanley aid in the meantime from Koppo River, while several more brigades had been sent by inner uplands and which rode into the battle on there was again a murderous billion cannon like roar, and the smoke which before on account of the high wind, despite the rapid tremendous fire, had been in this wreath only like a fog, was now most intensified by this sudden withering crash of musketry and cannon to such a surprising extent that the whole glendaliffin point soon became a regular wall of smoke of great thickness. All the christian line point soon seemed to erupt, the fire terrifically above the land din of the very christian batteries, and the first wave of assassins of nero line rolled and withered half away, the two other portions went into fragments, and the second main line was shattered, and for a few minutes there was confusion a thousand fold among the survivors.

It was like a storm of hail suddenly gone and upon earth, but two seeing that on account of the smoke that the din of the two armies was very uncertain, rallied his troops with sheets of lightning and other officers, and the christians having pushed on already three quarters of the way under cover of the blinding clouds of smoke gave forth the most horrible blood curdling yells that resounded, and reverberated everywhere all along the line, the whole three waves rushed up to the very muzzles of the long lines of cannon, then suddenly there came a redoubled roar, that seemed to appear as if the whole of the rebel line had blown to pieces, and the whole first christian wave was annihilated. Rescued from the christian line, the christian line was annihilated. Rescued from the christian line, the christian line was annihilated.

Glendaliffin was unopposedly taken was the first to occupy the line and to recall the fearful human surge which moved across the face of ground but he fell off in the terrible confusion, and then opened at short range with the most accurate accuracy, each soldier picking his own man, the purple coats were going down in countless numbers, hundreds of Hanley's artillery horses went down per general, and thousands of his his ammunition wagons blew up simultaneously with a louder crash, the din of the final roar of musketry being just as a terrific as before and the only mounted officer in sight was general ruthen Hanley, charging his his column, hurrying and pleading to them with tears in his eyes, to hold their position, and indeed it seemed as if all of the infernal regions had poured forth the hosts of the evil, and had been with a million fold upon both sides as they saw the battle before.

Three hundred glendaliffin generals had been killed and wounded simultaneously and Hanley had fourteen horses shot under him, one after another, and his coat had been riddled with bullets, while forty holes were counted in his high hat. The moment now was critical, the whole line of batteries and their positions was alive, with scores of millions of fiercely struggling Angolan soldiers for their whole length of ten miles, the works all along that in swarms line being thickly checked checked with dead and wounded Angolians, and to make it worse a large section of glendaliffin batteries, fifty thousand small gathering guns in number were quickly brought up to the rescue, as they had not been in the way of it be christian assault, and then opened at short range with the most terrible volley of double shot of canister and grape over soon along a line of battle, and the whole infantry line of rebels recoiling from the shock of the

terrific havoc, more terrible than any other point of the field was made in the advancing christian forces and indeed never before in the whole war was there over such carnage. Over three million more Angolians already paraded the line of advance and this some was more fit to be called wholesale murder than war. Five hundred thousand of these were killed, half of the rest of the ranks were dying, and many others too badly wounded to leave the fields were carried away in a stretchers after the conflict lulled along this point, though still advancing as they were all the christian commanders realized a coming glendaliffin victory.

On came the Hanley's machine-guns and down they again went in whole divisions, and brigades, the glendaliffin artillery was handled in one subterfuge during this most of unbroken and furious action than in any other battle (rattle) and there were many of the christian generals and other officers themselves, who remained among the dead and wounded rather than be being so foolish as to take the chance of continuing and in the face of that hat merciless fire. General phelan Hanley, amidst a shower of bullets strengthened the long line with the greatest energy, and directed the fire of all the destruction glendaliffin batteries, with the greatest skill and bravery, the guns reaching to the interior of the attacking christian christian line, and plugging them to pieces while many men were still attacking with the support of their infantry the rebels at the point was a general counter advance of a Hanley while whole line was threatening but as yet could not move on account of general nero's christian line advancing to at the Hanley batteries. "When will come the storm" Hanley sent line after line millions strong to continue to repel the attacking purple wall but their lines still stormed with fire, and it was in vain, for the long grey lines made no success as yet, and were only crushed to fragments.

A part of the fearful glendaliffin firing line or front extended fifty-five miles and the advancing christian line surge sixteen miles long was broken into and again at every point by the fury of Hanley's furious artillery fire but the guns were about, and a second line emerged from the right of Generalissimo Armburg attacking line of troops and came on in still heavier columns, all of the still snovite batteries of the rebels broke out with their fury, reverberating the air anew with an ear-splitting explosive din, all the christian batteries responded, eruptions of the fields of battles and yells poured, plains and meadows seemed to seem to rise up before the eye, a explosion of shells, and then came a third or fourth time the horrible sea of millions cannon like roar, that fairly shook infantry lines away off from their feet, the whole battle line seemed to surge into a chaotic destruction, over everywhere in the 150-400 alliter and units of rebels were seen a fiercer forest conflagration and inferno of slaughter and blood, and then the two opposing generals on both sides stood appalled at the violence of the great battle.

"This grand and furious attack of the 'christian dogs' is as appalling," said ruthen Hanley to one of his staff. "It takes this desperate and sanguinary struggle horrible beyond knowledge. We must somehow give them a crushing repulse or our hope of capturing Angolinda Agatha or possibly also is a hopeless chance."

"That is true," said general phelan Hanley, "but you see the end pointing" those two immense columns were to form a two million strong, and in led by that horrible general, phelan Hanley and nero, advancing in power, and neither they are pressing on in spite of the scores of terrible losses and nothing but in their waves of troops troops. We must check them or the battle is lost."

"Hanley realized this, and said above the screams of the terrible din. "I have checked these Angolians many times in other battles by Airborne counter attacks, but they will surely possess themselves of my position this time."

"But good in the firing doing them then, and why all this slaughter?" said another officer. "But or as fall back, and not continue the battle until your father's bullets come again."

Indeed terrible as the galling fire was, Hanley could see that the advance of the christian line was more irresistible and simply transcendent, and though hundreds of whole columns were brought down, the survivors were bravely on.

"Look, look," cried general ruthen Hanley. "All of a sudden Shoemanna had received reinforcements, and the christian line who are attacking phelan are meeting more a stern resistance. Listen to the terrible roar of musketry and cannon in that location. It sounds as if the whole world was blowing to pieces in that location."

"I'm not I doubt of Shoemanna's position," said phelan Hanley. "Look his line are fairly raked through and through by the christian's shooting. Hanley's line of counter-attacks."

In the meantime Hanley's men were hurrying through a gully from phelan on the right, and these heavy columns were spring upon the glendaliffins, with great impetuosity, but the grey line was too cold to be broken or driven back as yet, through their line seemed to be honeycombed with big gaps. As phelan Shoemanna had been reinforced, he seemed desperate and titanic efforts to drive the christians from the arena with all his might and fury and destruction was at its height. One of Shoemanna's divisions crushed and mangled hastily retired before the concentrated attack, and there with ten thousand wounded, the only survivors, of the line fallen recoiled to the rear in a panic retreat.





"Thanks very much," said Herb. "I'll finish calculations and give them all the grapes and caustic that they want. Veridita joins you and take your brides to the hotel. James to go and arouse Housen Jamming near Veridita you stay with me for a minute as I have a message to deliver to general Comendino Anenburg."

"General the enemy is advancing with irresistible force and in heavy column, and have secured the fields a fifth time. Woodruff sent me to ask you to hasten your army, or all will be lost."





THE DAMAGE ALONG THE CO. CONSERVATORY RUN  
ON WHEN THE HAPPY LINE RAN BY. (10)

...you are the person with the right to be heard. "I'm not a person," he said. "I'm a machine."

...and my time at - because so almost annihilated, and the surpluses likely  
prone and, and must have support at the point of my time still in disorganized and  
annihilated annihilated. You was reached me. You cannot be too quick. Said I. I am.

[illegible]

'[ ॥ श्रीगणेशाय नमः ॥ ]'

1920年3月

In 1960 the order, and in the immediate time Vietnam war, approximately hundred  
freely not are buried suffering to the aid of the degraded situation, and each  
order represented true battle dead men, that had not turned back from the enemy's  
fire, though their lives were also nearly threatened. To Vietnam they pressed back  
as he was from the north, the distance was not great from Hanoi, still as night,  
who was also wounded. The distance reached by the night flight, General Brindley  
comprehending the movement in person general about half past one who commanded the  
tenth corps with his major general. When he had also been severely wounded,  
and ordered accompanied himself Henry had his right leg shot off, and general  
Jordan yesterday who had seen the distance had his head broken by a mine.  
but still he did not give up. General Jordan had been wounded, and  
also General Walters. On the battlefield side general James Rogers had been  
severely wounded, Major who was wounded in the leg, and James Mc Kenna with  
himself I was killed dead. They were very dead. General Harry Dargatzis was  
wounded also, while Eddie Greaser and Henry Reeling was killed.

Yates's C&A men knew to men all this movement of the Christians under general Meade, but from him Evans was sent further to the right to general Smith's position. This general having been wounded a few minutes after he did not see him, but his fighting men could answer for him a purpose as well as the men he could find, as he took over to the left at the Smith's quick, and as this new line with two hundred and twenty five ragged flags were moving to and near the other divisions of his line, from his position on horseback he could see general McArthur's brigades under the oncoming storm of fire, slaughter and break. "Now," he cried, "I want to the men." Saw the chivalry. See McArthur's men run. To the rescue. ....

the men saw, and as they swept to their places by the side of Melthearts and returned with fire, they roared, and this in a manner that said more plainly than words, for the deaf could have seen in it in their faces, and the blind could have heard it in their voices.

"...he enemy are retreating, Turkish." ( )

The whole lecture of the advance was now struggling in the tremendous battle. The frightful hail storm soon spread to the east or with incalculable violence, and soon along each hostile front seventy million five hundred thousand bullets blazed and rolled with a redoubled uproar. As this was the point when an infernal torrent of rocks pelted the cities near strategically, an attack on the fire as when the incessant lightning and the uproar of a great Abaddonian Typhoon fringed the windmill was the firing along the Glendallian front. When the Angelina Infantry opened fire, the Glendallian batteries became silent, and this was without their fault for they were full from incessant use. They were targets of the concentrated elevation bullets, and many of them had exploded emptied all the air container, but they were not silent before general. A party Woodruff was killed. Woodruff had also fallen mortally wounded, and General Hamilton concentrated firing along his 1st air container had dropped mortally wounded among his guns, while general Robinson Accompanied his brother was shot through the left leg. The conflict now took on the infantry alone. General Hamilton Wrayley from his point of observation watched the development of the fight from the first fire upon the left by the 1st line until all the Glendallian divisions became seriously engaged.

The conflict now transcended but he had given up reacting in all his line, and Boppe Wrayley told him and an old Texas Ryker said. Regarding how long the elevation they could stand the air container fire, Wrayley was about to turn away when great bayonets were the houses and the largest portion of Boppe Wrayley line in the center. It was taken there by the grasp of bayonets and ends of work on the flight. The elevation fire was no longer a column of Glendallian leading in yards from the cover of the 1st division, and without order or reason, with no mind left to check them, and they were falling back, a few straggled flock of confusion. The fate of the air line upon a sudden burst.

A great, beautiful parade came over Hill. Andrew Hanley at the front, not one that accompanied, or accompanied, but one that followed the pace, and with soldiers, some white and frontally, some black, and some, and gloriously, the symbol of command. As he met the 44th of Illinois on the beautiful colored flags of the American Legion began to follow and front along the ranks the Soldiers had but no decorated, and was one already under the gun of the wounded Americans. But he decorated, and was one already under the gun of the wounded Americans.

Montoya ordered these men to halt, and face about, and then  
and they bowed his words, and prostrated their bodies, and obeyed like good Indians.  
On some unpleasantly hot days, heat, of those not quite of decomposition, Montoya  
saw the fall not light by, and at the touch their legs for country and have returned  
and with a look of general Montoya as if he were the destroyer of angels, as he  
might have been, that is, they again found the Angel Indians General person down to  
his assistance. He was on foot, but he was better, and did all that any could do  
to repair the breach to such a extent, that he was that had fallen back, finding  
the enemy most regarded confidence and having standing. This portion of the work was  
lost and the soldiers had gained the cover of the canyon side, where their line  
was stored with fire. But Montoya, with that Indian in part broken by the  
the sharpness of the great nose bent back into the Angel Indians as if they were a storm.  
Some scores of thousands of the Angel Indians that in their first  
push at the work had decided to cross the first bay night, and those that had  
discovered the guns under Assassinate were promptly shot down, and a speedy  
death met all who raised their bodies to cross again. At this point little could  
be seen of the Angel Indians by reason of their cover, and none, except the incessant  
flash of their muskets and their myriads of differently colored waving flags.

Many red flags of the Angelinos with small impressions of gladiolus-shaped emblems on them were accumulating at the military camp, and they saddened the gladiolus as the same color as the bell. Mexcala man was falling faster than he had ever seen men fall before, but he saw many men to distract them, and encourage them, but however fall they may do with those called Angelinos in front, with more than a thousand flags to Mexcala down it soon became apparent that in not many minutes, they would be overpowered, or that there would be none left for the Angelinos to overpower. Along this part out of three million the three hundred thousand of the church men, the Christians had only three brigades left, and that Virginia must have speedy assistance or the work he was trying to gain would never be taken and all hopes of capturing Lucille as a keen height would be lost.

10. Where is Rickell? Where is General Federal? Some general, anybody with W  
th a pump and will to support this warring waiting line. No general came to succor  
General Manley himself helped general Beppin on water and John Christian line  
crushed to fragments a fifth time withdrew. And Federal and Rickell on the christi-  
an side could not come because their commands were unaffiliated in the same charge  
at another quarter and their officer generals killed. The battle had already raged  
from five o'clock that morning until eleven thirty, and both sides had already lost  
in this struggle for the Mid-Holchester woods alone over 28,436,999, in killed and  
wounded singly in one charge alone.

General Girlanda had after his withdrawal from the fifth assault concentrated with what was left of his few brigades at the stream of Conventary Creek, and now while trying to remain here the remainder of his line was fast melting away before the fire of the enemy, whose line of artillery was again storming with fire night and day.







The fight had been extremely furious and bloody elsewhere since five o'clock in the morning, but here at Conventary Run it was still worse. Even a large part of Maurice Costello's command about ten million in number had been broken in attempting to capture the Marie Osborne Woods but with his right at it untouched, and with the fresh brigades just above, all with the advance of the whole central line, and with a score of Abyssinian divisions already on the edge of the woods beyond, he managed to hold his ground, though the firing along his line was equally as heavy. But Jossé Jennings on the right holding out steadily against heavy odds was at least obliged to give way, and his shattered columns moving in confusion through the ranks of ginseng advanced brigades of Abyssinians, threw it into disorder and back into the second and third lines, which were reduced to fragments by a fearful withering drum fire of ginsengian artillery. The enemy advanced with terrific fury, their yells being deafening, the firing all along the whole rebel line the running with the most murderous effect and down went multitudes of divisions, and a whole line twenty miles long was crushed and shattered. But Hannon's main divisions reinforced by ginseng.

John Jennings advancing having formed to support ginseng and Jennings, ginseng reinforcements were also sent approaching. John Jennings was also reinforced by Jossé Jennings, and the struggle along the center was even more increased with almost greater natural fury. Francis Hannon's columns advanced upon and part way through the woods in the rear in the face of a very heavy withering fire, while the right of the main column under Henry Gale and Augustine St. John deployed and advanced in perfect waves over the bloody fields toward the small stream to extend his own front as far as possible. Jossé Jennings ordered general Hannon to move by the left flank, the maneuver was attempted under the fire of the greatest intensity ever known in war before and the divisions broke into fragments three times, and an ocean of courage and slaughter seemed to engulf General Henry Gale was twice wounded and would not leave the field. Hannon's Ocar one four thousand wounded and the frightful carnage, in the shoulder, both legs, and wrist, and while he lay by the stream still detached his faithful adjutant general Henry Hannon bravely rallying, and trying to reform the troops was shot through the body, the bullet lodging in the spine and he fell from his horse. Other officers and generals vainly endeavored to rally Jennings' columns, but they were too badly cut up and would not stand. Half of their officers of all rank were killed or wounded, a thousand of their regimental colors were shot to pieces or soaked in blood, every color a color sergeant was killed or wounded, and every one of the color guards were either killed, wounded or captured. General Jennings' Ocar was killed by a rifleball while trying to rally the division, Henry Hannon, St. John, and Hannon's Ocar were wounded and their horses killed, and general Jennings' Ocar was killed also. Hannon's Ocar was severely wounded, and no more his brothers Henry, Jossé, and Patrick, and the whole of the Jennings divisions had went into with six hundred six hundred general officers, no more brigades or over ten million men. Sixty six general officers, two hundred and fifty were severely wounded, and one million and two hundred and fifty thousand men were the only or only survivors that could be collected of these splendid divisions.

John Jennings was even wounded, and general William Hannon took command of the division after Jennings had fallen disabled, ordered himself to be taken to the rear, but it could not be done, and he himself was shot down by a rebel sharpshooter hidden in a tree, and killed. Hannon ordered the line to be reformed, and Jossé Jennings sent large divisions of Hannon's.

To stem the tide of disaster but the cost was too severe for the volunteers to troops under or in the face of such a premeditated fire. General Hannon himself attempted to arrest the disorder but too little purpose, and was severely wounded by a grape shot. The bullets of the enemy were even cutting down the ferns and flowers in the fields like a lion mowing grass.

Hannon's position to hold the position in such an inferno as Francis Hannon with the left in that was left to the divisions withdrew them to the rear and once more the field was abandoned to the enemy. Along Jennings' line the attack still continued and here the firing of both a artillery and artillery had swelled to a deafening warfare of titans.

Ginseng sent word that he could hold his ground but that the enemy onslaught against his own line was something terrible. Jossé Jennings while gallantly leading a half shot and division in the face of an overwhelming fire of the most grotesque violence was severely wounded in the shoulder but retained his command, and Richard Felle of the Abyssinian sharpshooters, Lieutenant general Henry Hannon and Lieutenant general Terry Hannon, were also severely wounded but hung on despite the extra entreaties of their surgeons to go to the rear. General John Hannon, Lieutenant general Henry Hannon, and general Hannon, with Hannon's Ocar were also wounded, while Major general Hannon's reader and Lieutenant general Frank Hannon were wounded. General Hannon's Ocar was wounded in the leg at the head of his division, and general Patrick Felle was killed. The loss of general officers was becoming frightful. At twelve o'clock affairs all along the line of the Conventary Run and the Marie Osborne and Hannon's woods had a gloomy look.

Maldon Hannon sent in all his largest brigades to meet the enemy under Hannon Evans and Jossé Hannon, but despite all their energy they could not do the work in that devastating inferno of hell and as suffering the annihilation of twenty eight divisions and their survivors, the survivors withdrew in a panic, leaving monstrous mounds of slain and wounded exposed to view in a few minutes in that great battle conflagration. The field of grass and ferns was becoming a regular charnel hell and an inferno of smoke and fire at the same time. The air here was as if the heaven and earth was going to pieces, or dissolving into smoke and fire and volcanic eruptions, the world seemed on fire, and the slaughter seemed to threaten the whole of civilization and was so horrifying that none of the survivors of both sides remembered.

"It seems as if the world is coming to an end."

General Hannon Hannon called for other divisions. There was not being alone enough now unless he took it from his own right. Jennings could spare no more. Jennings own left might be in danger of annihilation if weakened, and his center was already already threatened with destruction. Not hesitating one moment he sent to general John Jennings.

"I've got your best divisions instantly."

The best divisions came down the hill on the run, went through the inferno of killing in front, through a scathing storm of shells and canister and crushing.

Lines of fallen ferns, over the open flower fields beyond, passing as they went the fragments of numerous divisions shattered by the ginsengian fire and streaming to the rear in a panic and a pandemonium of confusion. General Hannon Evans took his troops very steadily, but now they were under the most heaviest fire but nevertheless they moved forward and formed along the edge of the fields and on the crest of a long low hill. Not a man who was in full view, not one who bent before the storm of firing finished. Firing at first in volleys, they fired then with wonderful rapidity and effect. The whole line which crossed the hill stood out darkly against the whitened sky but lighted and surrounded over in flames and smoke as if they were a long line of black clouds flashing lightning. There for an hour they held the ridge and the others held the edge of the fields without yielding in purpose, and achieved admittance in courage.

There were hundreds upon hundreds of jagged flames and gaps in their whole line continuing continually but it was not bent anywhere. Their general Hannon being wounded severely early in his own part of the fight, they still fought on their support did not come, they determined to win without the aid. They began to go down the hill like an avalanche of lava and into the field like a smoking forest fire, they did not stop to think that their resistance was nearly gone, they were there to win that field, and they won it. The line of "Jossé Jennings" for the second time fled across the bloody field and into the woods, leaving once, perfect fields of dead, wounded, dying lying as thick as the ferns and ferns that grew there.

The second crisis of the fight at this point had arrived. Jennings' divisions vainly endeavoring to advance along their own inferno of the Marie Osborne Woods and exhausted by the effort, and their small supplies of food in men to and generally had fallen but also crushed in fragments. Part of Jennings' divisions of Abyssinians were ordered in to their relief but for a short time there was again an uproar as if a third flood of cannon and then this line a nine million strong cannonback shattered to a fragments and with Hannon and Jennings wounded. The left nevertheless was too exhausted or too extended to be turned and too strong to be broken, and here they were cutting Hannon Evans' divisions columns down like a tornado does the fields of grain and corn. Both sides fought like burning masses of mixed lions and tigers. General Francis Hannon sent word to general William Hannon's divisions that he could not advance but hold but could hold his ground. Hannon had kept his sixty thousand cannon at work in a tree, and a deafening uproar on his center and had finally silenced a ginsengian battery that for twenty minutes had poured a galling withering fire upon his entire central line. There was also a stretch of the Marie Osborne woods in front of Jennings' line which the ginsengian held but not for long but so long as those murderous guns pointed and then they did not care to attack just then with his left then able to take care of itself, with his right grand division impregnable, with ten divisions of ginsengian divisions still fresh and coming rapidly up, and with his center a second time victorious general Hannon and ginsengian divisions, with Hannon's divisions was ordered to advance, despite Francis Hannon's recent report that he could not move forward. Orders were also sent to general Tony Jennings for his own fresh Hannon's divisions to move forward at once, while the batteries in the center were ordered to advance the whole line of the right wing was called upon, and general Hannon's divisions himself went forward. The smoke fire was from all points of the woods, and the fields of the Daisies and ferns, and along Conventary Run was extremely hot, and fresh volleys of millions of rifle shots came whizzing by cutting leaves of the off the trees as thick as snow flakes, and the two Hannon's fall dangerously wounded while their men fell like rain. The tall statue figure of Hannon, the white horse which he rode, the elevated place where he was all made him a most dangerous conspicuous mark that though thousands of men were shot down all around him for minutes, the bullets of the enemy did not hit him. Before him all was a sea of powder smoke clouds and the uproar stunned his hearing.



# CHAPTER FIFTY FOUR.

FIRST OF FEBRUARY. FIERCEST PART OF THE MOST TERRIBLE  
BATTLE AT GLORIETTA.  
THE MARIE OSBORNE HORROR, OR THE MASSACRE IN THE MID-HOLLISTER  
WOODS. THE ANNIHILATION OF GENERAL VIVIAN'S  
RIGHT WING. DESTRUCTION OF VIVIAN'S COMMAND.  
FRIGHTFUL LOSS IN GENERAL OFFICERS. A STORM OF SLAUGHTER ALL  
ALONG THE LINE. DEATH OF GENERAL HEDGECOCK.

AS Gannon slowly advanced, the Gladiolusian pickets withdrew slowly firing scattered volleys, and even harmless shots. On Gannon halted and went forward, and sent forward his skirmishers who came down upon the flank of the rebel skirmishers or pickets, but coming suddenly close to a concealed battery, they were met unexpectedly with grape and canister. Artillery was sent to the front, while Gannon rapidly deployed his infantry on both sides of the skirmishers and went out in front. The veterans went forward compactly, Gannon reconnoitering in person. They came at last to an open field, covered with ferns and bushes and enclosed on two sides with a portion of the Mid-Hollister or Marie Osborne forest. Skirmishers penetrated these woods but were instantly met by shots from Gladiolusian sharpshooters but held their ground, and as soon as they were supported advanced and cleared a portion of the timber.

Beyond on the right and in front tremendous volleys of musketry opened heavily and now Gannon formed his lines with precision and without hesitation. Gannon's Abyssinians divisions went forward into the Marie Osborne Woods on the left, in great force, while General James Gannon formed in the center, Walter Jennings went out on the right planting two thousand of his guns under general Mr Henry Gales on a high rise of ground and opening at once on a Gladiolusian battery that began to infiltrate his central line. A few minutes after this still more powerful firing opened, springing up on the right. Great came rapid and unusually frequent picket shots, then several heavy volleys. Then all at once the whole of Gannon's lines became engaged, one with artillery and the other with an infantry, and Jennings followed with other columns of Abyssinians simultaneously and here began the deadliest and the most general struggle of the war.

For an hour the battle had grown to its full strength along the whole of general Vivian's line, the line of fire immediately being sent on miles long and on extending soon to the extent of thirty, sending neither to the right or left. Gannon men themselves were fully up to their work, Gannon being everywhere in front, near a enemy from the firing, and all the troops believed in their commander and fought valiantly. An hour was passed of the fiercest firing then the fierce Gladiolusian divisions began to retire, a little only a little, but at the first indication of a receding fire, "forward" was the word. On and on went the long line of Christians with cheer and a tremendous rush in a perfect tidal wave of men pushing along an avalanche of musketry and artillery fire in front. It was awful. Back across the body stream fields the enemy recoiled giving forth their frightful devil yells, and on pressed the Anglinians leaving their own piles of dead and wounded behind them, over long lines of fences, and across the Lucilla Gannon Railroad, back into the dark Mid-Hollister and Marie Osborne woods, carrying all before them. Gannon and his division of seventeen million three hundred thousand Abyssinians followed hard and fast after Beppo Evans with live of Zimmarumians followed until they came within easy range of the woods among which they saw that their disappearing enemy and flung themselves against the cover.

But out of those gloomy Mid-Hollister and Marie Osborne woods suddenly came a horrid yell of seemingly hundreds of millions of ghosts, and then came a like hundred billion cannon heavy and most terrible volleys, which smote and bent that eager front and hurled them swiftly back over the fields of Daisies and ferns and over half the distance they had won. But the Anglinians were not driven into a panic, and did not retire very swiftly or very far, for closing up that their shattered lines, they came slowly, a regiment where one million one hundred thousand had been, a score of brigades hardly a regiment, or a remnant of a brigade where in whole divisions had been. The Abyssinians line of charge, fifteen miles in length had been crushed to fragments. They had met at the Mid-Hollister and Marie Osborne woods the fiercest annihilating volleys of infiltrating musketry and artillery from Frank Zimmarumian troops under general Inner Mylitz that had met them and returned them until the whole of Gannon's line of seventeen million men crushed to fragments, and had yielded and gone down before the weight of fire and until their ammunition was exhausted in that immense fatal avalanche. Then had occurred within the space of twenty minutes. In less than fifteen minutes the fortunes of the day seemed to have changed. It was the fierce Gladiolusian who were now advancing, pouring out of the woods in old endless lines sweeping through the ferns and fern stream fields from which their comrades had been driven or fled, and their yelling was so echoing dreadful.

general Hairbreadth Harry to take possession at all costs. The battle was still in full swing along all of Archburg's whole line, the firing still being so furious that it seemed as if there was a million pieces of artillery in action. Missiles were pressed upon Archburg's right, and Hannon's left was imprisoned between Miller and Hairbreadth Harry, more than compensating for Hannon's and his reinforcements. Archie Gannon was at all holding his lines, awaiting the arrival of general Wadsworth Maxwell. So fierce was the struggle here that it seemed as if all the nations of the world were fighting a one day battle. Arch Archie Gannon was not observing the peril from the west and therefore directed general Henry to post Gladiolus upon the Daisy and Fern field, and he was about to do so, when Lucilla Gladiolusian appeared upon his flank, general Henry's army being now engaged with the enemy. General Miller had placed his batteries on a low rise of ground within range of the Christian lines and now these opened upon the stubborn columns of Hannon's one thousand men guns roaring with fearful detonations, and torrents of shells and canister was poured upon the works, and the purple smoke was moved down by the hundred thousand. General Jennings' division received the full effect of this fierce attack of the enemy however could dislodge Hannon's Johnston's.

The battle of Glorianna which had raged along the Archburgs run had now raged only four hours. Gannon's Archburg still had 371,000,000 Anglinians to meet Hannon's 365,000,000 Gladiolusians and for the time it had lasted and from the losses already suffered on both sides it was turning out to be one of the most terrific battles in the war. The enemy had gained possession of the Archburgs run and the towns of Lucilla Gannon and Glorianna, and had stretched their main center under general Gannon along Conservatory Run. They still were in possession of Gannon's ridge, and the Christian works they had carried. The Christian line was now bent back on the left for three miles in a half circular formation again the last ground, Vivian's line he sent carry Gannon's ridge. He realized to do this, he must try with his whole force to sweep sweep back the enemy and drive them from Conservatory Run and drive it into the Marie Osborne Woods near the Mid-Hollister Mid-Hollister. While this he was planning the Gladiolusian artillery had been busy continuing the fire with spirit, until one of the Anglinian batteries under general Hannon was silenced, and the commander wounded severely. Henry Hannon's line was on a knoll. Both where general Gannon's and Hannon's batteries were in position, and this center had found his Christian columns under heavy fire, and it was uncertain during his concentration for the new attack whether Vivian's could make out whether he or enemy was retreating or reinforcing, but their batteries reached in position and as they had withdrawn most of their battered troops from view there was the only doubtful indication of columns of dust in the rear.

At half past ten general Gannon's Jennings was ordered by Vivian to move across the fields of the Daisies and Ferns with his main divisions, and feeling the left of the enemy on Conservatory Run to attack it at once. The position on each side at this point was peculiar. General Gannon's Hannon arrived and advanced under a clattering fire of only thousands of rifles, he found the Gladiolusian deployed and displayed in force on a large present shaped mound. Their lines were then then forming and the escalation of force in front of the ground which they had really intended to hold delayed Gannon's attack, until their arrangements to repel it were complete.

During this time they kept their troops exposed and did not remove them, even to avoid the artillery fire of Hannon's Jennings battery which had been occasionally active. During the half hour that in the battle along this point, the lines of columns which had departed fields and hills crests had been withdrawn and broken and wooded grounds of Conservatory Run concealed the risk of Hannon's Gladiolusian forces. Gannon himself moved on without opposition. Facing southeast the line of Gannon's did not advance on the Christian flank yet, but it was feared that Hannon's army overlapped the left wing of the Christian line under Francis Hannon's, but nothing as yet serious happened. Gannon, crossed the stream of Parana, established his lines on the enemy's left under general Hannon, flanked his position, and opened a severe fire, but this slackened gradually. Jennings led his forces forward under orders from Gannon's Archburg to the right of Gannon's, and cooperating with Baldwin's attack. The heavy work left in Hannon and Gannon's divisions center was left mostly to his batteries. The left of Gannon's division, placing his infantry supports in the hollows on the left of Gannon's column opened an artillery fire which at first was desultory, while Maurice Gannon's advanced to the attack, deciding at once to turn the rebel flank and destroy their line of retreat to in a Lucilla Gannon. All the cavalry were held in reserve. Gannon's Archburg who called himself Williamberger Zimmarumian at the urgent request of his Superiors Gannon and Gannon's Vivian made orders that all the attacks on the enemy's line at Conservatory Run should be made simultaneously but not successively.





They did not fear for themselves, but for their little charges, when these glandelinians would fairly cut to pieces in their frenzy of fury. Yet their signal for help was seen for the large body of Abyssinkilians were coming on at a good rate, and upon the foremost of them reached the fugitives, forming into a battle line. This column of Abyssinkilians also numbers numbered three hundred thousand strong, their line being three deep, which soon became a blaze with pistol firing. The adjutant general of the onrushing Goodlars suggested to general Loudorbeck to take more precaution and to save a group of men to cover a possible retreat, for the Winkles Abyssinkilians were dangerous and merciless.

"General, a reserve! The Abyssinkilians are on Winkles, here, nearly two hundred thousand to our one, and the main line nearly ten million strong is coming quickly to their aid."

But Loudorbeck was the wisest man ever born, no language could describe his anger at then being foiled in his endeavor. He would get revenge for Baldwin's death at any risk for Baldwin was his brother.

"O hell with a reserve!" he shouted. "This is to be a death struggle. Vengeance for my brother's death!" and another officers voice boomed out: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

The glandelinians who had halted then went forward again, silently, but furiously. His orderly charge seemed to be at an end, as the glandelinians were so furiously moved at the death of general Loudorbeck that they seemed willing to abandon the advantage of fire arms and to hurl themselves forward as a living mass, of such momentum, that once launched, was forever beyond recall, that he stopped must be destroyed. Horsemanship crowded five deep, and foot to foot, in a thundering line about three miles long swept toward the Christians like the first wave of a free hot along the level sand of a parched stream bed, clouds of dust whipping aside no idle in quiet and disconcerting the towering mountains, the distended stevedore nostrils and the eyes of the steeds, the flash of morning sun on armor, the faces of men furiously moved to a twinkling red and white silhouette. From snapping snapping the blue and yellow cords he behind them. The deafening roar of pounding hooves was like no other in the world, and drowned completely the crash of musketry along the red line. The gray coats seemed to fairly wither in the face of the Christian fire of pistols, their officer officers tearing into the chaos, shouting commands, and waving banners. The glandelinians who all were Goodlars struck the first wedge of red coated Winkles in a solid mass and the crash was audible above anything. Names who were still hidden, sent and over and in the air, the spheres clashed together together, thousands of pistols were fired simultaneously point blank, and there was an indescribable miasm of purple and gray. Men by the thousands were trampled under the hooves of the horses, and amid the din could be heard the groans of the wounded and dying. Horses gone and reared and plunged on their haunches rearing and fighting with hoof, tooth, and hooves with the horses ridden by the Christians. It was the most terrible conflict ever seen. The soldiers even exchanged blows with fists, or pistol butts, used daggers, and jumped on the backs of the horses, two men sometimes struggling on one horse biting and taring like wolves. At the line of contact even banners, and men, and rifles and hats, and other articles were forced up like spurs on a wave front, or like a wave of men cheering. The first line of red and purple coats amid the dreadful carnage was literally trampled into the dust, and the gray column went over it and toward the second with a yelling rear. From the second line they met more nervous resistance, but the howling, howling gray line of Goodlars pressed forward yelling and hooting like a tornado. There was again a most indescribable miasm the glandelinians p leaping up the attack with appalling fury, destroying, and being destroyed. The Abyssinkilians who had halted and her sisters fortunately were not in this

mass, these soldiers having faced off to bring these little Abyssinkilian Princesses prisoners in the city of Angolia. Angolia from which general Loudorbeck and King Winkles were now advancing to support the Christian fighting at glorianna. The second line of Christians was routed, only a remnant of the three hundred thousand being left. Yet the glandelinians did not pause but hastily retired to avoid contact with the main force of cavalry.

In the meantime after Cassinias charge was repulsed with such great loss of men, million five hundred thousand men, it was found that Hensonia was not so seriously wounded as stated, as he had only been stunned by the blow of a tree falling on his head. He was aroused again only half an hour later and went to general Winkles headquarters. General Winkles was saddened over the bloody failure of the attack, but as reinforcements had arrived from Gossentian Amberg right, he did not lose heart.

When Violet and her sisters reached their fathers tent after being taken to his lines in front of Gossentian Gale they reported of their adventure, and told of the terrible battle raging at Lucilla, Jackson or glorianna.

"It's strange I had never knew you had been captured," said general Henson. "Winkles!" "Or I would have forced your rescue," the Abyssinkilians rescued you, and you say Jacob Baldwin was the leader."

"The general resembles the general of our own side," said King Winkles. "But he was not one of our own side. His name no doubt was Honning Luckwanna Baldwinson and a full brute at that."

Hearty every one of these men went sprawling, only four remaining unharmed.

"Good lands!" boomed one of the officers. "This sounds in a regular hall." Violet and her sisters were lifted up by the four men and stood near the front, looking on fascinated, and the blinding by the smoke of the burning houses. The flying through reaching along was not so loud now, and upon the distant gro: line of battle was now pressing forward, with vigor, the flag waving defiantly before them. The little girls had perhaps that the Angolians would win, and affect their rescue but a second time the rebels had been victorious.

They could hear the constant roar of the glandelinian cannon, but for their fortunate fortunately the bullets, shells and canisters had ceased flying and the poor little girls were being led away by Baldwin and the four men, including the surviving officers, and they had hard time to keep from crying, in their despair of escape. Though so far off, the carnage of battle was overlapping again, and Baldwin hurried away with the little girls, having also the fear that the Angolians signal station men would see them and send a force forward to rescue them at all costs. However in his excitement he had ridden in the wrong direction, being bewildered by the smoke and the din, and the shells bursting round him. He had ridden with his captives for about twenty minutes when he thought he saw a perfect wall of queerly dressed graycoats advancing toward him.

"Strange direction for men of my own side to be coming from," thought Baldwin. "I wonder who they are?"

He also saw that some of the officers of the strange men were uttering something, the bullets began whistling about him, and the others wheeling their horses, dashed off taking their captives with them, Baldwin muttering: "It's those accursed Winkles!"

"It's those accursed Winkles!" cried one of the Winkles Angolians or Abyssinkilians. "We want the Winkles girls, when you leave with you."

In his excitement general Baldwin had ridden in the wrong direction again being bewildered still more by the now dangerous continued on with his captives for ten minutes when as the battle again broke in full fury on his left, again he thought he saw gray coats advancing toward him. He had forgotten the direction of the Christian lines, and now seemed clearly he thought only of escape.

"Wait in the name of God! or I'll shoot you down general though you are." cried an Angolians officer. "You cannot escape us."

"Go to perdition," shouted Baldwin. "If you shoot me, my own men will cut the Winkles girls to pieces before your very eyes."

"Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang," and the general reeled and fell from the saddle, six bullets having pierced his body. Two in his head, one in his right leg, and the others through his brain. One of Violet's captives raised his name to skip Violet open, but it was sent flying by a bullet. Violet tried to draw a revolver, when several bullets pierced his body and he fell to the ground, the horse dashing madly on, with Violet clinging frantically to the rein. The Abyssinkilians opened fire on the horse bringing it down. The other glandelinians in their frenzy to escape the terrible Abyssinkilians who give no quarter abandoned the Winkles girls in a panic and urged their horses on at breakneck speed but a volley brought them and their horses down to death. The foremost of the Abyssinkilians reached the little girls, seven of the men putting the little girls on their own horses.

They had just started away when they saw a hundred thousand Hunserranians glandelinians on horseback under general Loudorbeck approaching toward the Angolians at a gallop.

"I guess when we have the Winkles girls in our possession now we had better beat it, while the beating is good," said the officer in charge. "You many glandelinians in not a pleasant thing to meet with."

The Abyssinkilians urged their horses onward at a gallop, the men with the children going to the front to be out of range of the enemy's fire. The glandelinians under Loudorbeck were coming nearer. Violet and her sisters saw that the foremost of the Hunserranians Goodlars were separating, and realized that the enemy were trying to place their reserves but were too late. The Angolians leader witnessed the same movement and he and the Abyssinkilians went tearing down the hill, pursued by a hundred glandelinians who opened fire. Fifteen of the Angolians and Abyssinkilians reeled in their saddles but the rest kept on in their retreat, not returning a single shot. The Angolians leader in charge of the Abyssinkilians knew the Hunserranians were not pursuing them to capture the girls, but to avenge Baldwin's death. They came dashing down the hill like a swarm of demons on horseback the whole force now opening a furious clattering fire and bullets began whistling about the Abyssinkilians and Angolians and the little girls. They feared that the glandelinians would catch up with the Abyssinkilians for the rebels were a part of the Angolians men and as they were Hunserranians and Gossentian Goodlars they were glandelinians with the most determined and reckless determination of disposition, more desperate than desperate demand, or Rudolph Rosendeale put together. They were coming down the side of the hill with the fury of an avalanche of coconuts and the Abyssinkilians leaders saw that the only means of escape was to signal for help. One of the men unfurled a signal flag and started waving it frantically toward the large host of Abyssinkilians nearby who were appearing, ten million strong far in their front. The Abyssinkilians knew that if the Hunserranians gained on them, they would commit a massacre to soldiers besides the Winkles girls, to avenge Baldwin's death.

All that while, Violet and her sisters saw prisoners in Baldwin headquarters, could hear the distant premonitory uproar of the distant battle. They could also see the apparent fierce conflagration of the battle moving to and fro, and saw lines of men appear and disappear, and men also falling in terrible numbers among what appeared to be blue lines. Baldwin had gone to thousands of nations, but the poor little girls were puzzled just the same. Tristram of Graymont was rushing past the house and the little girls had helped from the very things looked, that the Angelinians were doing the attacking. Before in all the war had they ever heard such an uproar of battle. Wounded were being brought in on stretchers or crossed guns, and one of them was a Gladelinian general. An hour passed and then the awful noise of the firing seemed to be later, the long line in grey seeming to go forward. Flags and banners were waving to and fro and men were still falling. Several Gladelinian officers covered with dust from head to foot came riding toward the house.

"Call the main forces, as quickly as possible to reinforce the assailants," they heard one of the generals shout. "Hurry, there is no time to lose." Three other officers dashed rapidly in another direction, while another force of Gladelinians were advancing at the double quick. Other officers were dashing madly about and the firing seemed to assume its natural firing fury again. This time the din became worse, and a shower of stones scattered against the house and shattered the window pane facing the frightful battle. A certain officer and a colonel were riding toward the house when a shell exploded near them, and horse and rider sank to the ground. The little girls crouched low in a corner, one after another of the guards dropping lifeless on the floor. All the picture hanging on the wall had been hit by bullets and a big time piece was put out of commission. There was hardly a guard watching the little girls now, but the little girls did not dare go outside because bullets and shells were dominating the very near reason outside the house. Baldwin's officer division of men were sweeping by, but regiments of dead men numbered the ground round the house. Three other officers came galloping toward the house and a minute later their horses and themselves were lying outstretched on the ground. A shell exploded on the porch of the house, and several of the pillars gave way, falling with a crash that shook the house to its foundation. The firing was indeed terrific to take effect at such a distance, and bullets sparred against the house so incessantly that the little girls thought themselves done for. They observed a door leading to another room, and decided to make for this to escape the whistling missiles which were making a concert. They crawled toward the door, and no sooner had they reached it, when a shell burst right in the corner they had just left, and plaster and lath and boards came down and the floor was splintered into a mass of wreckage. The smoke of burned powder hid every object in the room for several minutes. The little girls almost suffocated by the oil clouds of plaster dust, and powder smoke, managed to get the door open, and found to enter this room was still more dangerous for it looked as if a cyclone had wrought havoc in there. The floor flew from the building without a sound as if to come down in wreckage, from the concussion of the distant battle, which had redoubled, and whose sound was coming nearer and nearer, the house being surrounded by divisions of men hurrying toward the firing line. And these were different shells, than those used in other battles for the shells falling was destroyed by the fragments of the one which had exploded and the floor, and walls, and furniture also, and already in the corner where the shell had exploded a furnace of fire was burning, clouding the place with smoke.

The little girls were so dismayed and were now determined to risk the outside rather than the fire. Looking out of a window they saw general Baldwin coming at gallop with several officers and a party of men. "The Vivian girls are in that house," they heard Baldwin say. "They might take advantage of the slaughter that is going on, and make their escape. I will then remove them somewhere else." The Gladelinians came in by the entrance, and the little girls were seized, and forced outside. They were again handcuffed, and placed on horses, the four generals mounting their own horses. They had ridden a short distance, the bullets singing constantly, when one of the Gladelinians guarding Violet, and whose name was Phyllis Jackson, reeled in his saddle, then down went his horse, and the officer sprawling to the ground. The horse of Baldwin then staggered, and fell, throwing its rider headlong. "Crumba!" shouted Baldwin staggering to his feet. "Hurry up! Fallen and Shredded, or you will share the same fate. The firing is altogether too hot for us." "Bang!"

A sharp shell burst near them, and the seven horses which Violet and her sisters were riding, were prostrated to the ground mangled and bleeding. The little girls sprawling like balls, simultaneously as they landed on the ground another shell exploded throwing a storming shower of debris, dust, and grass all over them. Violet was badly scratched by flying fragments of this second shell, and sustained a sprained arm. Jennie suffered from cuts and bruises and a sprained foot. Joice and her other sisters escaped unhurt, but Angelina was badly bruised on her left arm and right knee. A score of men came up to help Baldwin, but another shell burst into their midst with a deafening explosion.

He did not fear them in the least, but without their confidence he could not do a thing. He really felt sorry for Violet and her sisters, and had found it very hard to say the words he did. What should he do? He remembered he had two little sisters who had been seized by the Angelinians and had feared for their safety because they had been really guilty of spying, and because of Jennie and Angelina the two girls had been spared. And he also realized that King Vivian knew him well, and for that reason had let him and his two companions go free on a promise not to trespass the Christian line again. He knew before they had been set free, had for the shooting of one of the Vivian girls before they had been set free, had not the very little girls interceded for them, and King Vivian also knew his dear sisters who had been arrested as spies and had been threatened with exile had not the little girls intervened. This filled his heart with a pang. A boy though a Gladelinian was a real devout Catholic, and though it had not been mentioned he had now begun to realize his mistakes in his persecutions of the little girls and felt different. He respected God, and Gladelinian Catholics, and now though he still believed his cause just, he desisted, and dispensed the Manleys, and there fore wished longingly to liberate the Vivian girls and save them from a horrible fate. But could he do this could not openly set them free, for the general sentries and guards were placed at night almost as thick in numbers as flies seen on a dead dog. What if he should give them up to general Stoneheart? If they got in Manley's hands it would be all up with them, for the great general had been learned of the intentions to kidnap to two of his own step daughters so that his plan to overtake them going to heaven would be foiled. To be caught in his hands would be certain death this time. He saw that poor Violet was weeping bitterly, and was going to say something to cheer her when Frederick came in.

"That old general Baldwin is outside, and he wants the prisoners right away," he said with a leer on his handsome face. "I wish I could shoot him the ugly hog."

Stuttering reluctantly had then brought out and to their surprise and dismay the little girls saw a general that looked much like general J. Jacob Baldwin.

"Yes this is general Baldwin," said Frederick as he saw their looks of dismay and sorrow. "And we will take good care that you do not go before Manley," he muttered under his breath.

General Baldwin as his name really was, ordered several of the soldiers to hand off the little girls. The hearts of the little girls were almost broken. Indeed, what had happened? Had their friend Jacob Baldwin turned traitor, and even their enemy would he not even love them any more?

"What are you thinking about now?" The general asked roughly as he almost was a mad wonder.

"Because you have turned a traitor," Violet answered.

"Curse on your falsehoods," he said savagely, furiously. "I knew you girls were cowards, and traitors, from the first day I have seen you. How dare you go spying to betray my doings to the Angelinians and then say I'm Jacob Baldwin? Don't dare to meddle further with us Gladelinians. To-morrow I will make arrangements for bringing you before his excellency general Manley, and try to escape at your peril. I, a Christian dog, that Christian our general Jacob Baldwin. Such an insult you gave me."

Violet and her sisters could see the expression of the hideous face which was filled with contemptuous fierceness and malicious purpose of the creature before them. The little girls were led away by Baldwin men, who continued to handle them very roughly, and cursed and swore at them like fury. Baldwin men were taking them toward their own general's headquarters where their escape would probably be impossible. They fit cure of their doom, and tried to break away from their captors, but leveled bayonets, and scowling milky faces told them off. "If their folly," "Don't get funny with us Gladelinians," growled one of the captors with an ugly look. "We are Gladelinians and we will cut out your organs if you try anything rash."

Baldwin rode with the Gladelinians ordering them to hurry, as they were drawing dangerously near a point where a large force of Christians might charge upon them. Violet and her sisters cowered slowly which angered Baldwin.

"Hurry on you rebellious apes," he thundered. "Or I'll have my men see for themselves what is inside of you, and ridde you with bullets besides. You are my prisoners now, and not that fool of a kid carrying who is in love with one of you, and I'll shoot my own self if you are not my own prisoners to-morrow." It was a long tiresome journey, and Violet and her sisters were almost blinded by the smoke, and deafened by the din of distant battle, and by the dazzling flash and glare of shells which fell all at once burst upon a certain portion of the field and also seemed to follow them every way.

"I believe we are expected in doing something," suggested Baldwin. "We had better despatch or they will now us down with their cannons." Just as he spoke the booming of other cannons let loose, and a shower of bigger shells came screaming through the air. Several landed in the midst of the Gladelinians, before they could scatter, exploding with ear-splitting detonations. The shells however did not kill one though fifty of the Gladelinians were injured seriously. Violet and her sisters were still held by their captors who were scattering for cover, while their own guns began firing. However no more cannons were firing on the Christian side in this section.



the boy who had kissed her sister Violet & Violet, at the battle of Godoromo, but he only gave her a serious look. The other two boys were cowering. Another rush of men passed, and then up came general Hairbreadth Harry.

"These little girl princesses are terrible to our army," he blurted out. "I'm glad they were caught. I'm going to notify general guesman Manley. He will attend to them all right, and place them before a firing squad at that." Starring looked on seriously, then advanced toward Jennie and said:

"Will you please sit down!" Jennie obeyed quickly knowing the real danger of resistance when the guesmanians were about, and they were more repulsive than the kimmermannians. She then added:

"I want to see the inside of your shoes, Jennie."

His two companions looked on sullenly then went off to use their signal flags as the sound of firing had increased.

"Search that little dog closely," said Hairbreadth Harry. "go n't let a thing be missed. Even a dress she may be carrying a concealed map and pictures and papers about her. If she has them we want them ourselves."

He took Jennie and gave a galling made him wince. Yet he searched her closely, inside her white waist, inside her hair, and then requested her to take off her shoes and stockings. Starring found nothing on her, and then asked her to stand while he searched her. He searched her, and gave her back other articles that he found on her. Angeline and the rest of the little girls were searched by the men, then were stood upon their feet.

"You will take them to his Excellency general Manley," said Hairbreadth Harry. "And right away go."

Just then a force of men appeared. Violet indeed recognized Starring, and her heart almost broke as she saw him. A rebel boy scout, but was surprised that he did not any more show the same hostility that he usually did toward her and her sisters. Violet wound, a mere scratch would not have been treated by any of the glandelinians, they not caring whether she bled or not, but Starring secretly wound it up for her. Starring looked at the more handsome in his brilliant dark gray uniform, and Violet and her sisters could not help admiring him. The sound of the distant battle still reverberated upon the heavens, but the glandelinians were shouting "a hero and there joyfully."

"The christian dogs are being beaten. The christian dogs are being beaten." Hairbreadth Harry placed the little girls under the guard of Starring, one of the soldiers drawing a death line around the tent, and placed a number of guards round it. Starring sat at a table writing notes, but nevertheless kept his eyes on the little girls, not to watch them, but he was so struck by their extreme beauty. He did feel bad now that they were prisoners, and he felt sure he would do anything to liberate them if only he could, for he knew that being Abbeismian Princesses the glandelinian soldiers would not spare them. He hated all of the Manleys like poison, and felt that he should do his duty at any cost. But though he was bound to seek it that the little girls did escape, he found no chance, for the guards feared Starring that they would do so, or that Starring would aid them in some way or other, or committed some trick or other, had three guards placed inside the tent, and three at the very entrance of the tent, and they were sharpshooters at that, never missing an object within range, no matter how quick they would fire. Violet felt and at heart, but she saw that the way Starring looked at her, that in heart, he was a secret friend now, and would do anything for her and her sisters if he had the chance. And tears brimmed her eyes.

Starring suddenly remembered the time she and her sisters almost shot to death his companions to save themselves from his wrath and so he ordered Violet to come before him. She obeyed, a guard standing at each side.

"Are you one of the givian girls who shot down my companions?"

he asked. Violet gave no answer but turned away from her head some of her golden curls brushing her face.

"If it is true that you little girls tried to shoot down my companions as I have heard Manley will make it hot for you," said Starring after he sarcastically dismissed the two guards. And I know that you are pining about it. If I had known that you were one of the givian girls, I probably would have hugged you besides giving you a kiss, and remember the time you and your sisters were pursued by boys. Well, and my companions were among them. I hate in secret all the Manleys who seek who they are, and it may be a good fortune that you fell into my hands. As soon as the firing ceases you will receive some money from the soldiers then from me, and when general kachundin Baldwin has you God help you then. You cannot escape the camp this time for you are in the very heart of our lines, and would be shot down without mercy. And if you did succeed in escaping the guesmanians would trail you with a hundred bloodhounds, and shall every place in the drovostion have gone. But if I can help it I'll see that you can be saved. Hairbreadth Harry has written a note to Manley telling of your capture. But through a trick of mine I'll see to it that you won't never see him."

At these words he noticed that Violet's face whitened, then she burst into tears. Her sisters could do nothing and Starring knew that the guesmanians were watching him and the little girls like a lion watches its prey. Starring felt sure his words were breaking her heart. He could not forget the day when he had kissed her and the thought stung him to the heart. But what of his two companions.

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The center of the gray line crunched to fragments in that sea like inferno was thrown back by the force and fury of the christian charge. The progress of the christian advance at another quarter was for a time arrested by the deadly fire of the kimmermannian glandelinians, and new fresh troops arrived and threw themselves upon the Angolinians. Manley ordering his divisions to hold ground to the last, and led the charge of the new divisions. The Angolinians however were swarming over the works, but now the fall of their leaders became known, and back from the flaming crest fell only a remnant of the hero army, which had performed such deeds of valor as could make the whole world marvel and wonder. From both flanks now seeing that this section of the conflict is won the kimmermannian glandelinians pressed in with the ardor of victory, and the whole column of Angolinians faced about. The Angolinians retreated the way they came under the murderous fire, across body strewn fields, while Manley's men with grimaces and skillful interference covered the retreat. There was no good news for general giviananna from any quarter. The great heart was broken but his head was up, and he only looked the inevitable in the face. Giviananna rode up and down among the staggering wounded remnants of his fellow Angolinians trying to rally them. That morning he was hoping for victory, now his only thought was to save his divisions. Every now and then his glances were alert for the flash of swarming bayonets on the heels of the Angolinians, and his ears were alert for the hurrah of a counter charge. Victorious in order of battle, the great gray masses on Carnation Ridge looked down upon the rout, but did not follow and thus is what caused the battle to be won. For then after a while every moment of delay was precious to general giviananna. When all the survivors had returned, general giviananna came forward alone to meet their leader. Hindermine, or guesman, and neither hindermine or any others of their generals came with them all having been wounded or killed, and his heart was at still more broken. Every division, about eighty, had lost all their generals. Of all officers down, ten thousand were lieutenants, captains, colonels, and of other ranks. The two hindermine, and the two hindermine themselves were wounded, and also guesman and other generals.

"Colonel Garmette," said general giviananna. "If you men have covered yourselves with glory ten fold, and it will always be an honor to have been with general giviananna's hindermine men."

"General giviananna," replied Garmette. "All the glory in the world could never atone for the windows and orphan orphans this massacre has made."

Of the eighty generals fallen only twenty were named and they are as follows: Allied: Frank Collins, James Glavin, Herbert Gresham, Hanson, Benjamin, Julia Benliget, Oswald Jackson, Jack Page, Merson, Frank Manston, Godfrey Jacksonia, Evans, John Evans Evans, James O'Brien, Owen O'Brien, Mary Love, David Hater, Lord Salva, Child Jensen, and Herbertson, Hoblin, James Reeves, Goldonia and Hanson Silverhair.

Those who were wounded were, Hanson Garmilla, Hedda Zimmermann, Givian Hanson, Calso Hanson his brother, Rudhart Haldemann, Fred Parsonia, Fredrick Antonio, Reddith Godder, Linta Gwelder, Bernard, Dunn, Imperial guesman, Geringe Gals, Manston Evans, Guesman Hale, George Hanson, Job Hobler, Abner Rose, Poeses Ross, Baldwin Paterson, and George Gredelind.

In the midst of the overwhelming rush of general Chamberlaine's men on the extreme right, Violet and her sisters who had been hiding behind the firing line had been surprised by some glandelinians during the time the christian rear had been attacked, and therefore found themselves surrounded by guesmanians, and Angolinians together, who were fighting like demons. Bayonets clashed everywhere, then before they could realize it, they were seized and carried away. The little girls soon found that they had been captured by general giviananna's glandelinians who were terribly incensed by the horrible loss of so many of their comrades. Shells were bursting with screeching detonations, but the glandelinians with their prisoners were hurrying to the rear. General Stoneheart just then, came riding up and halting his horse, demanded:

"Who are these christian prisoners and where are you going with them?"

"They are the givian girl princesses of Abbeismian," said lieutenant givian. "They are also spies who obtain information for the christian dogs. They were leading flanking assaults against general Harry's lines, when captured."

Stoneheart gave a look of surprise, and suspicion at the lieutenant, then he looked over the prisoners carefully.

"Just beauties," he thought to himself. "I never saw prettier little girls. As pretty in shape as in looks, and look at their beautiful little arms. Were you spying when captured?" he asked without any roughness in his tone.

"Not even leading an assault," answered Jennie a trifle pale as she saw the scowling faces of her captors who were guesmanians. She had been told that she had been given orders to put the givian girls to death, then captured, spying or not. Yet he did not have the heart to do it. He knew the lieutenant was lying to Hairbreadth Harry's men were not in the battle yet. His name also did not mean that he was a cruel heartless man, or a child murderer, and more than that, he hated Man gye.

Manley's heart was soft, and so he had three children of his own, and he knew that if he killed these little Princesses of Abbeismian, he might not only lose his own children through a retaliatory, but the whole glandelinian nation might suffer for it. Suddenly a rush of men swept by, then three boy scouts came upon. They recognized the little girls, who were partly surrounded by the men. Jennie recognized



General Crawford was down, mangled and bleeding, being mortally wounded, and his whole column of a million men withered away. Thousands of simultaneous volleys met Hannonia's columns from the gray Zimmermanian line and his men went down in scores of millions at once. Along the whole gray line the uproar was titanic, the Angelinians fell by columns before the masonry fire, Hannonia's Ketrabrooks line opened its concert of hell, and the solid line of christians was fairly scathed and torn to pieces. Hundreds of thousands of more men were falling. The scene of carnage had increased to ten fold fury, and ranks went down like grass. A scattering fire was opened all along the line of purple coats, when hindernine galloped up, and called:

"Guns firing men. Save your strength and ammunition!" Under such perfect discipline were these Angelinians, that without slackening their pace, they cool reloaded their guns, shouldered arms, and went on at a quick step. The Angelinian artillery from Bellwin's batteries, made an effort to support the assault, but his ammunition was almost exhausted. The light pieces which were to have guarded the infantry had been removed to some other part of the field, and none could be found to take their place. The awful roar of the glandelinian fire had continued and now the Angelinians had fallen in numbers too frightful to relate in detail. Dauntlessly the line pressed forward as grand an army of christians, christian heroes as ever made a battle field glorious. The assailants had been reduced to fragments, yet the brave survivors pressed on, as though the storm of grape, a canister, and missiles threatened to sweep away every large division it struck.

Still more terrible was the screaming, and detonations of the bigger shells, but still on pressed the Angelinians. They reached a long low fence upon the other side, of which and parallel to it a plank road ran straight round or across, and through the fields. It was the work of a few minutes to climb of over the fence itself itself, and there in the road, under the fiery storm of "hell" from the batteries on the heights, amid the terrific almost preternatural roar of battle, and the cries of hundreds of thousands of wounded, and dying men the commands from their company officers:

"Halt as, for an instant! Right Dress." The heroes of Christ aligned, and reformed their lines, and calmly awaited the next command "forward!" At last it came:

"Forward! Quick march." With perfect precision, with all the grace and accuracy of the parade ground, the brave columns of christians took up again their death march. They came on swiftly and irresistibly, like avalanches of men under this rebel fire which made an unearthly crash.

"Faster, men, faster. We are almost there." Thus came the cry from hindernine above the roar of battle. Then he too, went down among the dead and wounded, with the faith of a little child in his own cause, heart, heaving severely wrungled, but not mortally wounded. There was a muffled thud behind, a crash of trampling feet, and Hannonia's brigades from the rear, closed up behind him the shattered and mangled front line. Gallant general Hannonia with his rounded hat on the point of his sabre took command of the entire division, which had been reduced from 11,000,000 men to six million men. As often as the storm of rebel fire made ragged avenues through the thin lines, cheer would come from private, corporal, or lieutenant, and generals alike. The line shortened but never wavered, and closer to they drew to the foe, breaking forward at the double quick, while still more terrific storms of grape and canister whirled, and whistled through the air.

On they rushed toward the stone breastwork, where the glandelinian batteries and infantry were pouring forth destruction. A hundred and ninety yards away a large flanking force of carpylins glandelinians came down on the run, halted suddenly, fired into the purple line, and purple line at this point, reeled and staggered, and the right of this column of glandelinians pressed upon the center, making the column at this point two hundred deep, which wavered to and fro. A vehement struggle now raged, the fighting being terrific. Hundreds of thousands of muskets crashed in mortal combat, bayonets and sabres clashed in a deafening tumult, men fired to right and left, and front, and into each other's face, and they fought hand to hand with axes, pikes, boots, shovels, and other tools and weapons. The glandelinians in front fell behind their guns in whole lines, which were piling up the dead and wounded almost within touch of them upon the shattered, torn, tottered, and mangled christian lines were within a few feet of the stone breastwork. The guns delivered the last fire when the last of the purple line and one whole column three hundred thousand in number of men went down as if an earthquake. Hannonia with sword in hand sprang over the stone breastwork crying:

"Come on boys for the sake of Christ. We will give them the cold steel. Come on, who will follow me?"

General Crabapple mortally wounded as he was, ran his last gun down to the breastwork saying:

"Come on we will give the christian dogs one more broadside."

The battery blazed and the line melted away. Hannonia reeled the battery, his hand touching Crabapple's gun, and two other rebel generals, and Crabapple, and Hannonia fell side by side. The two other christian commanders being generals Benillia, and his brother James came up with their commands and followed the moment they closed with their own enemies.

continued firing as fast as they could reload, retreating and halting at intervals. The Angelinians though probably hundreds of their regiments were already down and a hundred divisions were shattered by the artillery fire from Hannonia's Ketrabrooks line continued to advance not returning the fire of the glandelinians. From some where there was a big explosion, whose concussion almost shook the off their feet. Past the batteries and over the fields they went, and then came the order:

"Left Oblique."

"Look the movements made, the Angelinians hastening onward. A part of Hindernine's main column caught up with the opposing christian line which retreated in confusion, leaving many prisoners. The dead and wounded now for forty miles, lay like grass. From Lucilla, Joken ridge and Gloriamja Heights burst the fire from a hundred thousand guns. Sheets of canister, grape, shells, shrapnell, and a storm of high explosives poured into their very faces as it were, and the purple coats began to dissolve into dead and wounded by whole brigades.

The smoke of destruction seemed to close in on the assailants, Hannonia's men seemed to fall in thousands at every step, the very officers of low and high rank, falling like grain before the sweep of the scythes. The fresh dead and wounded lay in hundreds of heaps, but the survivors pressed on, on whole lines now going down. Hundreds of thousands were wrungled by the furious rain of shot, shell, and high explosives, which tore thousands of ragged shames in the advancing lines. Hannonia whole front had already melted away, and Hindernine's encountering an annihilating fire saw his columns down go down by the hundreds simultaneously once again, terrible torrents of canister, tore through Camillia's line threatening his divisions with complete annihilation, as there was no pause in the awful commanding now. The booming of a far distant cannonading could now be heard, mingled with the grinding and hissing roar of grape, the Angelinians seemed to advance into the turbulent abysses of awful destruction. For the length of the whole battle line the dead and wounded lay in whole windows, and whole brigades still continued to melt away.

Presently Presently came the command: "Front forward."

"Front forward."

And the columns resumed their direction straight down upon the center of Hannonia's main position. The firing of the glandelinian artillery had now increased to terrifying fury, as two hundred thousand guns now concentrated their whole fury of shot, shell and high explosives, and also grape and canister upon the advancing christian lines. Purple coats now went down by the hundred thousand, officers of high rank or low were being fast swept away. Camillia went down mangled and bleeding, his whole division being crushed to fragments, and the survivors continually decimated, many new divisions being mangled and shattered. Along the plains to the left the lines of purple coats were also being decimated. Up and down his lines rode Hannonia's messengers calling out continually:

"Faster, men faster. Go, lose up and step out. But don't double quick."

The terrible cannonading of the glandelinian batteries was at its utmost fury, all the hills being in action except Carnation ridge, and such a blast of artillery crashed and banged, and dominated the whole region with the ear splitting cannonading thunder heard for hundreds of miles in all its fierce and deafening grandeur, and which echoed and roared far and wide, with a prolonged roar as if hundreds of muskets in a continuous clatter. Horror and blasphemies of gun fire was everywhere. As they started to ascend the Carnation ridge a murderous hurricane storm of canister from the summit suddenly greeted them, and Hannonia's main column went down, perfect and avaricious of men. The whole line of rebel batteries, the whole line of three hundred and fifty fifty five thousand guns on Carnation ridge now broke loose with a frightful roar surpassing that of the cannon fire of the other ridge, and seemed to flash volcanic eruptions in a thousand fold violence, thousands of My Ht Entas seemed to have broken out, and probably an avalanche of lost souls and fluids could not be as had as the yelling the rebels set up as their cannon fire took effect. Officers who were on generals, Colonels, and the like like dropped like corn, the hillside was blasted with tens of thousands of fierce explosions at once, scores of brigades dissolved, man multitudes went down all along the line, divisions were destroyed, whole armies were shattered, and gaten and all his evil spirits themselves seemed to be venting their rage and vengeance on the whole world, and the whole line of charge became a veritable realm of terror and butchery.

A rush of scores of thousands except by Hannonia, a rain of canister came and moved them all down. The storm of canister increased, but the Angelinians continued on. The mighty and whirling rear from galling guns and the tempest of grape and canister increased still more terrible. The whole of Trimbles line consisting of six hundred thousand men was completely decimated, and went down mangled and bleeding. The Angelinians were now nearing a long stone breastwork, and from behind this arose a long massive line of Mangaboos and Goodlers, and along the whole of this gray line a long thick sheet of white smoke suddenly appeared, pierced by millions of dull flashes, and as from the very mouth of hell came a continuous exploding roar of masonry and yells resembling a billion devils yelling and clattering weapons.

For an hour the terrible artillery fire continued and Lucille-Jackson Ridge though shatter in aspect still remained silent. Over the ridge on the side of the plain divisions grew weaker and again to General Vivian's hope that the guns were silenced out of ammunition but they were not. Spies, scouts and delations had learned general Vivian's intentions, and they told Manley who ordered the firing to be stopped. Hot guns were given the cool, and fresh batteries were brought up to take the place of those disabled. The Angelinian troops were just forming below the brow of the ridge. General Vivian's twenty divisions were to attack in front, where there was a better ledge of soil. Infantry to reach the Joy and Mic-Hollister kindred was to charge in support and fourth line, with Hindernine, Gannonia to the left. Kindred's division was behind the two supporting divisions to take kindred's place. Hindernine and Jacksonia were to lead the charge in person and Hindernine rode up to General Vivian for orders.

Handon was depressed and said:  
"I do not wish that you would specified general Vivian's plan. I sent a note to General Crawford, telling him to watch carefully the effects of our artillery fire upon the enemy, and that should begin to tell he must in a responsibility and not try to himself to take the attack. He has been attacked by general Vivian of one thousand eleven pounders, and ten thousand eleven pound howitzers, from front, horse, and full cannons."  
A courier rode up and handed a note from Crawford which read:

"General Mic-Hollister Hindernine:  
If you are ready, send at once, or I cannot give you proper support, for the enemy artillery fire is not slackening at all. At least ten thousand cannon are still firing from Mic-Hollister Ridge itself."

Hindernine handed the note to Handon asking if he should go forward. General Handon held out his hand and bowed his head in assent, but did not say anything. Hindernine himself galloped off with a foreboding of evil in his heart and soon, what was to be the first death in the march of the battle began.

Handon went alone to Crawford.  
"I feel the execution will not hold out," Crawford himself said. "Boards of all these gladiolus guns. They seem to be moving the world to pieces."  
"Stop Hindernine and replant your execution," said Handon.  
"It will take too long," said Crawford. "I would give the order to the army, then to adjust itself and there is very little ammunition with which to replenish under any conditions."

Together they stood behind the battery when the enemy's last magnificent column went by the officers at the battle. General Mic-Hollister led the troops, mounted on his spirited horse, galloped, graceful, and courageous as a gladiator. His hair which was long and black floated backwards in the wind as he rode down the slope of death. Hindernine was greatly surprised to see his friend Handon riding at the head of his own column as he had been wounded at the battle of Angelina Heights, and lying in an ambulance for hours. He had made his man put him in the saddle, that he might direct the assault in person, in hopes that it might be a success. Hindernine joined his reds with him a short distance when they wished each other good bye, and good luck, and said a farewell only to meet again at the crisis of this great struggle. He rode forward on his angelic order, like moving walls of purple coated soldiers, all the regular banners, and battle flags waving over them, and at the head of each regiment, waved the national flag.

The advancing columns neither paused or halted in their advance. All of a sudden broke the awful roar of forty thousand cannon and the fiercer and sharper detonation of that many exploding shells. The gladiolus batteries on Mic-Hollister Ridge blazed away in a terrific manner. The artillery fire of the kindred made the very ground shake, the ear splitting crash of shells moving kindred a little. The Angelinians spread out in several divisions and began to rush forward with tremendous fury. Frightful showers of round shot bounding along tore through their lines, shattering divisions. Thousands of shots ricocheted around the advancing columns, and a frightful tempest of shells, darted flashes before, behind, and overhead as they exploded. Then vast volleys of range-cannon-shells, and as a perfect storm of other high explosive blasted the air with their terrific and ear-splitting eruptions. Rushing through and over the country, a million strong penetrated a mighty roar broke loose to their left and columns dissolved by two. Hindernine's main forces ceased in a danger of annihilation from the terrible artillery storm, and now a new and more terrible tempest of shells and high explosive fell fast, torrent upon torrent among their lines on the right. White Rose Ridge, crushing columns probably twenty miles in extent. Gannonia men pushed on Gannonia ridge and Lucille-Jackson ridge was still silent. A new ear-splitting detonation of high explosive exploded all among Gannonia men, and shameful was the numbers of his men going down. Long thick lines of skirmishers, a million strong penetrated on the ground, suddenly rose within fifty yards. A murderous hail of bullets came from the line, following the stupendous crash of that many muskets simultaneously, and many of the foremost christian ranks went down at the same moment. The skirmish line then recoiled, but soon halted and poured in a second murderous storm of fire, and

General Vivian intended to command general Manley centre with all his artillery available to reach the point not knowing that the Vivian's line were there, prisoners of the enemy, having been captured while out scouting the day before. General Vivian's assault was to be maintained by the Vivian's line, told in person by general Vivian and Jacksonia. General Vivian's line learned that general Vivian's line had been captured and that the Vivian's line had started, and Gannonia's line in answer to his question Crawford said:  
"You general, I have been at night, and they have discovered that you have an excellent opportunity to make a movement round to the left of general Vivian's army, and maneuver him into attacking us."  
"But I'm going to a camp Manley's center," answered general Vivian in a calm tone.

"I have been a soldier since I was eighteen years old, and I have been with soldiers engaged in fights in the wars of a eighteen forty one, and should have as well as any one what soldiers should do. It is my opinion that no ten million men ever engaged in a battle can ever the enemy centre. The enemy came from the Lucille-Jackson Heights, Gannonia Ridge, and Mic-Hollister would blow them all up."

General Vivian did not say anything more but rode to general St. Status's division and said:

"General St. Status: I nearly reached the crest while out scouting yesterday. But those gladiolus are an ambush as my spies discovered."

"Do you think you could go there now and carry it?" General Vivian asked.

"No general I think not. I don't think any attacking column no matter how large, could face the chain of batteries from Mic-Hollister Ridge and live."

"My notified is with you and will help us to win a just cause."

"The enemy general the gladiolus have had all these four weeks of this siege of Lucille-Jackson to know and prepare."

At this moment a important movement was evidently taking place opposite general Vivian's left center. The enemy were now concentrating heavily on Gannonia Ridge, and placing great number of batteries into positions. General Vivian rode to see general Gannonia who was with his divisions a short distance away in the rear. General Vivian did not tell him of the effect a but only tried to guess how Gannonia felt. General Vivian's line was a great surprise and thought himself in luck to see the general. General Vivian's line told him that he could not make any delay or let the attack upon his own division on his part, and that general Crawford might know his position he wrote him only this:

"General when our artillery fire is at its best, I shall order Gannonia to charge."

General Vivian then asked general Handon to give the order for the charge, when the first heavy fire seemed to take effect.

Handon answered: "All right general." It is not so hard to go to the enemy line as it looks. I was nearly there with my brigade during the fighting at Big girl. Knowledge is to stay there. The whole gladiolus force seems to be there in a bunch."

It was no quarter to nine, the solemn silence which had reigned over the field in this region, and only broken faintly by the noise of battle at the other quarter, was now broken by several cannon shots.

A few minutes passed and then the Angelinian artillery again sent its ominous message thundering through the Gannonia valley and echoing and reechoing from all these mountain sides as if all these range of hills were new volcanoes in sudden violent eruptions. While the clouds of smoke still lingered over the plain, the whole line on Gannonia Heights became ablaze, there was a titan roar, and every hill armed with christian artillery sounded suddenly like a thousand worlds blowing to pieces. It was the loudest cannoning ever heard during the war, and the explosions succeeded each other so rapidly that the roar was as continuous as from the severest military fire from a million guns. Battery after battery opened in a crashing thunderous ear-splitting roar, and it was evident that the din already so shook the country side for three hundred miles at once. It was worse than the combined cannoning for giving victory in all the battles there, and as the christian guns continued on all was silent for ten minutes on the rebel ridge no one replying. Gannonia ridge was the first to reply and three hundred and thirty three thousand fire launched and sixty two guns exploded in one simultaneous discharge as it flashed forth reply. The detonations were like some mighty volcano blowing up into the air, and as the batteries of Mic-Hollister ridge and the others, except Lucille-Jackson joined in in answer, the din became terrific, rattling in fierce grandeur. The christian line remained steady, although it was exposed to the murderous fire which passed over the artillery, and struck the infantry with terrible effect. It bore down trees on the side of the christian position sections like a tornado. Indeed, also from the din general Vivian realized that Manley's batteries were responding with the most titan fury for indeed the whole of the Gannonia, Mic-Hollister and White Rose Ridge reached as many voices were tearing themselves sunder and engulfing themselves into the earth, and terrific was the clamor.

FROM THEN.  
(A NIGGAR STOLE ME HEN)

[illegible][illegible]

General Leonard A. Wyandt at Wyandotte orders were making preparations to open a general artillery duel on his command's ridge, while General Jackson Evans massed his cannons to pay Lucille's 1st Lucille Jackson ridge, and to concentrate other cannon against Manly's center which he intended to have General's 1st attack if he could not silence the general's line guns or batteries on the three ridges there would be no use to attempt this immediately. A had also intended to open a general artillery duel thing it for nine thirty o'clock and so all his batteries had been placed in position on also Gurnett and White pass after it was reported that the whole main line of General's 1st cannon numbered three hundred and thirty guns were in position to assault here. It was also noted that the Wyandt's 1st was being held prisoners in Lucille Jackson General Wyandt intended to open the cannon then nine thirty, but did not start until Wyandt's 1st was shot. It had been some time.

[illegible]

Domestic detachments of Ange lilians were throum forward to support their own artillery, three hundred and ten thousand, one hundred and twenty seven, at retreating seventeen miles along the ridge--greatest batteries of the seventh corps were also forming above the Sacramento river with the rest of the artillery of this corps that lined near that at the right of general Trimble's lines general gaudons batteries were also stationed General Wilcox guns were posted on the summit of Antelope Hill to the southwest of Mcle-Hollister and Ralston's regiments, and on his left, was Hays' division of Cavalry, and on his right, was the division of General Francis Wilcox and McPherson's division of Infantry of the Army of the Pacific.

[illegible]

who met under an aspen, volleys over described now came ripping into the gray columns and dreadful bombardments of shells along from Spruaders right added to the confusion. Then came the general, moving the gray columns down in lines and long, the glands in the under Harriet reached the center, and general Wagners divisions were in fearful peril. A very heavy overboarded and annihilated the glands in the column along the left which was three million strong became so terribly reduced that they were compelled to give up but the center and right of the Guteslappa and Gwawwonga kept up the fierce attack with the frequency of despair.

Large divisions of infantry and artillery in front of Hanan's divisions which were at the head of the charge seemed hanging on the edge of the precipitate of perdition itself, even with their teeth, and striking their last desperate blow against those falling, plunging purple figures that rushed on in train tremendous howling multitudes to repel them and slaughter a thousand fold horrids seemed to occur.

The scene was like a perfect orgy of slaughter and the Angelenos along this point had only two hundred cannon out of one thousand six hundred remaining when the very lines of the christian fire were undulated in gleefully lurid sheets of flame and the night was so thick that the light of the ridge was like obscurities. The sun and the moon in the sky like the light of the moon. The christian fire the full force of the christian fire seen the Angelenos had only one gun remaining and the survivors of the massacre now reached the coast pouring toward the desperate christians in a loose torrent the awful firing continuing to once fury while multitudes cumbering the coast speedily and furiously this terrible firing continued. General Githen C. Hinchelbush's battery had only one gun remaining. A shell exploded near him and a fragment of the shell struck the horse general held the subsection in with one hand and with the right he ran the gun forward with the discharge he fired down the point. Plankton on the beach along the christian front was killed and captured and followed by the christian front and the fence in front of the christian works followed followed by nine million five hundred thousand men.

The Gladiolins surged upon the works and the Christians were thrown back by the fury of the charge and Henrat tearing the works laid his hand on the gun of a captured Algerian battery, while over his head floated the beautiful flag of Gladiolins when Henrat dropped dead pierced by a hundred bullets, while sixty thousand of his men were shot down simultaneously with the swiftness of an execu-

The progress of the advancing glendelinkins was now checked, while through the swirling purple lines they recovered a charge for the Angelins were the ascendants again and they attacked the Gintencolins with equal appalling fury. The glendelinkins in starting their counter attack had thirteen million seven hundred thousand men now down out of fifteen million and out of Herkrets five million men only one remained, while of Allenbergs seven million only two remained. Out of the thirteen million of the Gintencolins only one million remained and still they not sustained the fierce assaults Baldwin infantry now arrived and promulgated the effects of their firing. The still other divisions arrived and another immense multitude of gray coated soldiers lay everywhere on the summit of the ridge. Thousands of regiments had been annihilated and the line of rebels who began the war was now reduced to a mere remnant. Of the 155,000 men the rebels killed and wounded within three days of the battle of Gettysburg, 155,000 men fell and in the whole battle for the possession of Gettysburg, no losses were reported through over thirty-three million afterwards was believed to have been slain and wounded. The glendelinkins now retreated their assault had having been repulsed. The fighting continued for three days and the Angelins had had fallen to turn their flank of Manley's army. The glendelinkins, Gintencolins and Lucillie, broken had been taken by the glendelinkins and their main line was by their slighter success among closer toward the city of porphy Dale and Grotchen. General Michael Hanson was for making a retreat but his officers would not hear of it. His officers General Francis Camillia's divisions of the Gintencolins General Camillia's divisions of the Gintencolins. The rest of the battle yet was just concluding, the field and it was already ten o'clock.



the shiver of broken trees, yet shells and grapeshot picked their way by a score of them  
thousands of the Anglinians were taking up the sides of Cantoria ridge,  
the glendelinians not under Baldwins fire foot following closely. A large division of  
glendelinians under general Hecolins had broke up general Hecolins

Anglinians, standing upon their rear with some violence, throwing them into  
confusion and then into a complete panic. Most of the Anglinians had already  
already reached the crest of Cantoria ridge where the main body having been sent  
by the commandant of the rebels. The ridge being occupied by new batteries, was  
now armed with five thousand guns but still they were silent though a fierce  
war of a eleven million muskets broke loose from the infantry line. The  
gripping force of the hundreds of thousands of the musket balls was pitiful, but  
the survivors continued to charge up the ridge. The Anglinian columns alone were  
swarming to the defense and to cover their retreating comrades, their long line of  
men pressed by a frightful report as they continued to press with the storming  
five million. The ridge displayed the same success in charge and increased  
steadily and the multitudes of glendelinians under Gola General or General Torn  
was also shattered scores of their columns being annihilated. And the sides of the  
ridge was littered with the dead and wounded. Yet the glendelinians were now swarming  
up to the summit of the ridge, and now along from them a line was  
there was a continuous deafening roar of musketry. But seemed again to send the  
very heavens. The whole first line rolled away, but the main portion pressed over  
the summit before the Anglinians could fire a single shot. The new numbers of  
the angled force was now repelling the wounded falling and writhing upon the  
ground, but the glendelinians now returned as fierce a storm and soon the christian  
works were almost buried in the dead and wounded of their own side.

Twenty five glendelinian generals lay prostrated before  
the christian works being August Hantins, Frank Grant, Anthon Tracy, James  
Morgan, Hanson Gilmore, Kate Hadden, Sir Sturgess, General Ganderberry,  
Morgan Sturgess, Thomas Phelan, Frank Blackheart, Henry Hie Phisdon Gannon,  
Hank Standerson, Clarence Hagan, Jones Boro, Hanson Hecolins, Hecolins  
Hecolins, Hecolins, Hecolins, Hecolins, Hecolins, Hecolins, Hecolins, Hecolins,  
James Federal, Zee Hino, Frank Kendall, Aurandio Gaudin, Herbert Governor all  
who were most mortally wounded.

All these officers of the glendelinians had not time to face the fierce storm of  
fire. The glendelinians had been advancing upon the christian center, where  
the firing was heaviest and on the right. The very air was red with the  
upward and the very sun was gray. Once with the dead and wounded, the wro  
wreaths of smoke shutting out the frightful scenes of carnage for several minutes. A  
About three quart of the assailants along the center had been mowed down,  
the christian fire swooping away every man it struck, but the divisions  
of general Hecolins, and Hecolins alone missed the terrible fire and they  
rushed up on the christian position followed by the division of general Aur  
Anders. As the christian fire opened on them, their two generals  
fell dead, then the division came up and taking the lead urged him men  
to carry the works but he also fell mortally wounded. But despite all this the  
christians were causing the enemy, the Anglinian commanders realized  
they were being overruled. The dreadful firing was at its  
worst the surviving glendelinian columns reaching the works only to dissolve into  
fragments. But up came the rest of Hecolins divisions and a portion of the  
christian line became terrified and panic stricken, and not to be able to meet the  
oncoming avalanche of gray coats retreated. The victorious glendelinians advanced  
in the shape of a black storming over the works, mowing down a whole brigade of the  
retreating christians.

The right wing of the christian line held stubbornly. The noise of their  
cannon almost drowning the multitudes of glendelinians. The Anglinians however  
were being surrounded their own line being torn into large gaps. General  
pursued division all also seemed to be engulfed in a vortex of destruction. Yet  
surrounded as they were the Anglinians fought with the fury of desperation.

The whole assaulting line seemed engulfed in the frightful carnage, but the  
surviving columns rushed over the summit only to dissolve away.

The uproar of the dreadful battle  
had increased, and now general Jondinas glendelinians reaching the summit fell up  
upon the stubborn christian line. The division left under general Allen.  
Jondinas was killed, and as he fell the entire mass of guttenlides under general  
Adelapp Carlo Case, Casey crashed upon the other Anglinian division under general  
Hecolins. Hecolins who made the most serious resistance ever seen. It was useless.  
Those glendelinians had lost more than three quarters of their men in this mass  
assault, and surrounding the Anglinians as they did, their assault was failure.  
But at the christian center the glendelinians were still attacking with  
a murderous fury, and with apparent sledge hammer force. There seemed to be a regular  
intoxicating rush of men headlong to a speedy result without the slightest  
moment to think.

The whole of the gray line was wreathed in smoke as they resumed the formation of the  
battle line. The firing was now more intense and intensified than ever in the whole  
battle since it started, and the very heavens in the direction of the glendelinian  
batteries on Gola Cantoria ridge seemed to be rent by a most deafening roar with  
an stupendous reverberating crash of musket volleys miles long at once and extend  
ing along the whole line in fearful streams of fire burst out by a long general  
glendelinian line in gray, and as new batteries opened up a shell from a christian  
battery hit general Hecolins horse and the horse was killed. As the general arose  
to urge on his men he himself fell mortally wounded. Now indeed the very uproar of  
hell seemed to be going on but the christians continued to advance. Simultaneously  
from another quarter a deafening roar of cannon and rattling of musketry broke out,  
then firing crashed along Allenburgers line and several large divisions of christ  
ians in the advance were instantly cut and torn to pieces, and the survivors being  
terrified, they broke into confusion. The whole of the left wing of Allenburgers  
glendelinians was encircled in smoke, and this line of men were soon fast firing  
so furiously that away the stampede was spread far and wide.

The whole of general christians line was still advancing swiftly,  
though now the men seemed to drop in avalanches of dead and wounded, and at least the  
front individual purple columns under general Hecolins reached the long gray line  
under general Hecolins. Hecolins.

Up to this the purple line had been inactive. Then all at once along his works  
there appeared a stupendous stream of gun flashes which undulated to and fro,  
followed simultaneously by a continuous a scintillating exploding roar resembling  
again a million cannon continually blowing to pieces, when the same firing spread to  
other lines like the movement of a lengthy wave. A writhing cloud of smoke from  
the thousands of extensive withering volleys obscured everything from view, and when it  
lifted, the nearest the enemy were firing blazed appalling scenes was exposed  
to view. Only one third of Hecolins division of thirty three million men was seen  
retreating, and the rest were seen lying down on the ground dead and wounded,  
Hecolins being among the killed. Spruders main line however continued to advance  
into the fierce carnage of the wars mightiest battle, and general Gones  
christian division coming on Spruders right moved upon Gola glendelinians  
whose forces also opened a simultaneous blast of withering fire all along the  
line.

Every Anglinian column, even by hundreds, within range dissolved like snow  
banks. Gones solid lines being fairly crushed to fragments, he himself lost his  
leg, and every where all along the rest of spruders line columns of men fell so  
steadily that greater confusion ensued. The appalling uproar of the firing now  
echoed still further in scintillating eddies. General Archibald who took command  
in Allenburgers place was surprised at the boldness, and recklessness of the  
christian attack. The Anglinians who survived the slaughter were coming even  
nearer and nearer and now general Hecolins, and Hecolins and more  
arrived with all their men, and eighteen hundred pieces of artillery. The carnage  
was now increasing in tenfold fury, the fresh artillery added adding to the  
frightful roar. The divisions of the christians rolled away everywhere  
for eighteen miles along this portion of the battle line there came a new  
scintillating detonations of thousands of cannon and exploding shells. And the whole  
front of general Spruders right hand division was shattered and torn, but  
the survivors at the command of their officers held their fire. They came rushing up  
the slight rise of ground and yet again great avalanches of men spread into dead  
and wounded. Then now a new battle of musketry broke out to the further right. Of the  
large divisions of Anglinians and Anglinians were general pair banks.

Only as reached the rebel line under cantoria ridge front lines opened upon  
the Anglinians like seas of black funnels. Then up came the whole of the remain  
der of spruders line and they both sides dissolved into a cloud of smoke, while  
now from somewhere else further on there came a roar that made the whole line of  
battle fairly tremble and tremble. The awful roar even increased with redoubled  
fury, having the nightness of which no one can describe. Then  
suddenly it slackened. What was the meaning of it? The generals of both sides  
soon saw the smoke clearing away, and the Anglinians were wavering at all points  
hundreds of the purple columns having been shot down, the survivors retiring it  
utmost confusion, the great coats rushing headlong over their own works and crashing  
upon the retiring Anglinians with the fury of avalanches of fiends from hell.  
Spruders had been twice repulsed with the loss of two quarters of his two fresh  
commands, and along both lines of pursuers and pursued volumes of white smoke  
still issued, and new showers of missiles screaming like a tempest mowed the  
purple coats and gray coats down like leaves from the trees in a hurricane.

But now the firing again showed signs of abating. And for the  
length of eighteen miles desolation was everywhere and the ground was encumbered  
anew by the sea of fresh dead and wounded. This fierce resistance of Archibalds  
divisions showed the beautiful courage of the glendelinians, and fate was favoring  
them for their daring. Many to thousands of gaps were torn in the rebel lines  
by Baldwin christian batteries and general Yehs division was shivered by a  
rain of shells, and the positions of Baldwin batteries again roared like a titanic  
series of eruptions from a thousand volcanoes, and Yehs division also received a  
heavy curtain of artillery fire from Hie-Hollister ridge, and grape and chain  
shot from Jondinas battery. Hundreds of thousands of fresh glendelinians were  
crushed and mowed. The glendelinians under general Gones were also checked by  
the shell shells from Spruders christian battery and many of his men grouped under



Along the other part a Spanish division were still advancing, resembling vast multitudes in line formations. Many other companies had advanced to their very annihilation under the apparent fire of the gladiolians, but on came the main line of assailants, though again the fire along the grey line soared like a million cannon shaking the very ground with such force as to send many off their feet. Going down the street terrific tempests of bullets, streams of shells and canister was poured upon the Angelinians in redoubled quantities, many wedges of soldiers dissolving. The Angelinians under general Moon Millan advancing upon general Allenborgers centre met a tempest of grape shot and a storm of gang-gang shells but on rushed the survivors with piercing yell. Millan was killed, and Shrid Shrimple Film took his place.

"Come on boys!" He cried, and fell head down.

However Spruender took command, and the Angelinians continued to rush on with the most indescribable fury coming over the works, then Spruender fell riddled by bullets, his men going down in hundreds of thousands at one volley. Spruender though wounded was able to retain command, and his line almost crushed, groined and fell back with the utmost haste, before the counter advancing army of the gladiolians who had repulsed them. A greater scene of confusion worse than the former, and worse than any general ever witnessed before, now followed. The whole left wing of Spruenders army had been annihilated, and his main line had been completely cut to pieces. They moved in a regular human current, panic stricken and routed many being in almost retrograde motion.

The officers made the most desperate attempt to rally the Angelinians but fell one by one. The other two wings of Spruenders army however did not retire in such confusion and their lines formed with a withering fire as they slowly retired. Several columns even rallied and repelled the advancing gladiolians but an avalanche of bullets from the rebels swept them down as snowflakes fall in the wildest blizzard. Even several more lines of cannon under Baldwin seemed to become like blazing fire from their fierce broadsides, and the survivors were scattered like chaff. Hundreds of thousands of the Angelinians were terror stricken, thinking of nothing but escape, and flight. The pursuing gladiolians meeting no gun fire except from Baldwin's cannon swept on unchecked, and large numbers of wheat and cornfields extending for miles became crammed with purple and red gravecoats as both poured on in human torrents. General Simmermans division of Angelinians and Abner Ahyeninkilians, their leader having fallen long ago closely pursued by heavy columns of the fierce Zimmermanians, who were advancing from another direction, had in desperation made a stand to the last, the scene being more appalling to them over. They had been hotly pursued by an overwhelming force of fierce Zimmermanians in their rear, and a force of Scoddlers had rushed on them from swinging around in their front, and so in attempting to retreat in another way they fought with the madness of despair, thousands even throwing away their muskets, and using their pistols, daggers, or even fighting with fists and at once, and never before in the war was there ever such terrible outcries heard. Blood curdling shrieks rent the air, screams of pain, yells of rage, and screams of terror. The main portions of Spruenders division retreated more rapidly now, without the protection of Baldwin's batteries which he could have afforded them, but if he had kept them in action with the rebels mingled with the Angelinians he would have fired on his own comrades. The enemy's counter advance was now at its utmost. Spruender at this very moment the whole elements of devastation again descended upon the Christians. Though the firing was not so continuous now the smoke was still so thick that nothing could be seen at the distance of fifty feet at some places.

A thousand panic stricken men swept by Spruender who was trying with the help of his officers to halt his main divisions, to make a desperate stand. The pursuing enemy was now within full range of Baldwin's batteries, and shells and grape began to pour through the rebel lines not intermingled with the Christians by tens of thousands of shots per minute. Along some of Spruenders lines also the firing was beginning to slacken, the showers of bullets becoming less terrific. The enemy however was halting his advance at some points for two thousand guns of the galling type were pouring whirling hose torrents of grape and canister upon them. Several of their immense columns had been spreading with the purpose to overlap Spruender but bewildered by Baldwin's gun fire they also halted. General Palo Palcos division still advanced against the Christians however being on Allenborgers right, these Scoddlers yelling like demons, but a sharp fire of grape was poured into their very faces, and with the death of general Palco they retired in confusion. Portions of Spruenders line had rallied and a storming fire broke out anew along this portion.

Allenborgers fell severely wounded and general Henry Watolinia took his place but he too was killed. Seeing that reinforcements again was coming for Spruender and that Allenberger was wounded the gladiolians themselves were thrown into confusion and they began to retire. General Haddon Costello was being sent by Manley to reinforce Allenberger and also Spruender was being reinforced and Spruender having rallied his columns, sent all those wounded to the rear and pressed forward gradually to make a third assault.

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Small and big farm houses and farm houses and wheatfields had been burned away by fires caused by the explosion of shells, which had crashed to fragments every gladiolian surge that encountered it, and yet though columns after columns had been cut to pieces, and the survivors retiring in confusion, and panic, the rest of the sixty million had kept up the fierce attacks with unabated fury still nearly every division had been frightfully decimated. General Michael Hanson who had recovered from the stunning received from a cannon balls wind had given orders to his officers not to allow their men to give way and as the lines had held firm the slaughter had been as ghastly as any where else on the field. Never did the gladiolians as yet succeed in this first most tremendous onslaught of the battle to carry their Christian works, and wherever they had broken the Christian line it was only a mere sever and which was as easily repaired as a break in a boarded fence. Large divisions of gladiolians had been frustrated at every point. The firing along this whole section was beginning to slacken considerably though the continued roar of battle could be heard at another quarter, which gave warning that the whole struggle was on in full way.

Several of Allenborgers divisions which had met with the most terrible slaughter during the advance of the foe when they were victorious, were now marching to the rear, and again, the sound of a fresh and more furious clattering fire made Allenberger hasten his preparations, as he knew that Spruenders army now receiving reinforcements sent to him by general Haddon Costello the main Christian commander here was now preparing to counter advance. Along general Castings line all was silent, many of his exhausted and wounded men hurrying to the rear, all swathed in blood. The Angelinians under Spruender were the first to move forward to follow up the advantage they had gained. Along such an intense, intensely long line of battle the firing broke out gradually once more, and soon became in full way again added by a still more stupendous thunder of artillery all along the line, which seemed to stun all who heard it. The Angelinians having been reinforced reinforced came again rushing on with the most stupendous fury and now again Castings batteries let a loose their rain of hail, eight thousand, eight hundred and fifty also guns opening again upon the Angelinians with deadly effect. Spruenders advance also was magnificent, and the horrible crash of fire of Castings batteries could not check it, and the advancing brigades under general Thompson Zimmerman encountered the same terrible torrent of shells, grape and canister, and as they lost their comrades by lines, they halted and fell back swiftly, unable to stand it. General Shrid Film's purple columns still were striking fiercely through the wheat and corn fields which became like an inferno his divisions coming to vanish into the very jaws of perdition. Then came from Baldwin's batteries a frightful storm of shell fire in response of Castings gun fire and the shells fell among his line of guns but the guns were not silenced. Fresh dead and wounded lay in great numbers among the guns, and the showers of shells and shrapnel also crashed among the main line of infantry causing along the whole line terrible destruction, and making great confusion. Yet more and more of the gladiolian divisions were being reformed, and Ludolph Hillers batteries being drawn into position stormed away in response to Baldwin's batteries, the cannon commencing resembling a new warfare of titans.

The second struggle of the battle was now in full way. Alexander's gunner artillery was also brought up and these were opened upon the advancing Christians with terrifying effect, and general Knablenchian divisions about ten, with the death of their commander, were terribly reduced, and retired in confusion, while gladiolians and gypsies were slightly wounded. A column of fourteen million nine hundred thousand Angelinians under general Randall lost three quarters of its number with the wounding of their general, and general Meagers division of eleven million three hundred thousand men met a scorching fire, and Meager fell mortally wounded, his men also reduced to less than three quarters, and being in terrible confusion.

Generals Michael Watts and Grifield gung were placing large columns of gladiolians under general Guckler, and generals Warder and Hennis Churchmen across the path of the Christian advance, and an immense force of Gargoyllians and Mangabos under Henry Kranda in large orchards and groves, and at this point the impetuous advance of the Nationals was checked, the fire of Churchmen's divisions disconcerting the Angelinians, and the sudden collision into which they had come was doubly terrible, and they also retired in confusion, but not without killing the six gladiolian generals.

Hundreds of thousands of gladiolians hurried toward the Christians forcing the Christians to retreat rapidly. Every one of these twenty gladiolian divisions however lost every one of their chief generals. Those fallen were as follows: General Francis Good Will killed, general Herbert Brooklin, Zander Genders, Anklaton Stoner Stoneman, Alexander Gandford, Gale Schroeder, Abner Mc-Hollister Jackson, Donald Hanson, Gormoo Gicknell, James Ballings, and Robert Jennings all being killed. General Hendro Henley was mortally wounded, and also were the other nineteen as follows, Caldwell Cammonia, Cammonia Golden, Stanek Crawford, Homic Gicknell, Urner Baylons, Mc-Hollister Burger, Go George Costello, Carl Costello, Frank Stanley, Stanleyton Evans, Ottomun Hamish, Geller Johnston, George Conduce, Hansin Crow, Abner Howe, Zimmerman Pedro, Augustina at St. Clair, and Stanklin Petro. All these entirely were from other divisions beside the twenty.

The whole column of glandelinians was now retiring in confusion which became a stampede of thousands of the glandelinians bearing behind them the ear-splitting crash of musketry close behind them fired in a mad panic, breaking in a fearful stampede beyond recovering and which could not be checked, the glandelinians even trampling rocks rockless over their own fallen, while showers of shells added by torrents of canister and high explosives on continually crashed among them mowing them down in big columns, even trees were crushed, bushes were splintered by the bath of destruction, which spread far and wide. A series of mighty roars broke out along two lines of new batteries which increased at the panic, the dead lying in scores of thousands of fresh soldiers over the wheat fields and across, and down roads and through woods the enormous crowds of graycoats vomited itself forth amid bloodcurdling yells, and shrieks. Many officers dreading that this kind of a retreat would mean disaster in its worse form tried to rally them, but officers of all ranks fell by hundreds, though no generals were counted as yet among them. Many other guns other guns were turned upon the retreating glandelinians who had lost one hundred and fifty thousand more. Many divisions of glandelinians shattered and mangled under Major general Hume rushed into a gully for cover from the annihilating fire, but a large force of Angolians descended upon them, and took them all prisoners, except the general who succeeded in escaping.

General Spruider's main columns rushed forward from the works to check the panic, cries resounding from a 11 sides. Spruider fell severely wounded. "Help for Allenberger and Johnston Manley," one one shouted. "Their troops are being routed and destroyed."

"Fall back slowly, and with solid lines." ("Ordered Allenberger to the main line which had still continued the attack as he saw Spruider's columns coming." "No must repel the counter advance of the Federals at all costs or we will be cut to pieces and driven into the same hopeless confusion, like Manley's divisions are."

In fact Allenberger saw the danger just in time. For heavy christian reinforcements had occupied Castorin ridge and that Spruider would probably crush his front and over lap his whole line for a fact. Then all would be lost, and terrible results would follow.

"No must retire or Spruider will overlap us," he said. "We don't want to be annihilated like the old. See how they are firing. They are coming to turn the very world into a storm of blood and fire."

"But if we retire, general Antonio Logannus Alyssankillian division will be destroyed and then what then?" Asked general Juana Gaine.

"I know but if we continue our defence here in this battle conflagration the purple columns under Spruider will overlap our flank. Mark at the storming christian batteries. Not a moment is to be lost."

In fifteen minutes Allenbergers divisions in the tatters were retiring across the half burned wheat fields. Several officers threatened to resign because Allenberger was withdrawing his men but this did not stop him and he only told them they should do what ever they wished.

"Hesitate if you want to," he said. "I'm going to retreat, and that in all there is to it."

His best shattered divisions heisted on guard. The advance of Spruider's forces was fierce and terrific. The glandelinian batteries played on them with telling effect but they could not be stopped. Several of the purple columns the length of four y miles were torn tottered and bleeding but amid the ear-splitting detonation of shells all around them, above them, and behind, they came on. Allenberger was overpowered with doubt and horror. A great catastrophe catastrophe disaster was threatening so fierce was Spruider's advance. It was an awful hour indeed. New batteries opened fire from the left pouring terrific volleys of shrapnell and grape, but the Angolians caught up with Allenbergers rear guard and crushed it. Many more divisions of christians had been shattered and mangled by the rebel cannon fire, but the main division rushed on. One division of the Angolians mingled with general

Heary the Madman troop and they were mingled in a deadly confusion, the two rebel generals, Hec Hec himself and Hec Hecabrook being killed. The dead and wound of both sides along this new line of struggle soon lay so thick that they almost concealed the ground. Large divisions of glandelinians under general Hounding were pushed from John Manley's right to Allenbergers help and general Skidion battered batteries were brought up on the center and opened into the very faces of the Angolians. Many new columns of the christians were cut to pieces and the survivors slunk back at this new fire, and this gave Allenberger it a to rally his men. Allenbergers men were rapidly drawn to cover and placed behind Hemming's main line of batteries which had so dreadfully heaped up the dead bodies in purple. Allenbergers men were now rapidly reforming, but two of his brigades having failed to escape were being surrounded. These glandelinians sought in despair to press back their furious assailants and the maelstroms of carnage, the Angolians surrounded them in overwhelming numbers hundreds of thousands of the glandelinians falling in a heap the survivors vainly endeavoring to escape the massacre by cutting advances in the solid purple lines but the brigades were so terribly reduced, that they had to throw down their arms and surrender, their two generals Roudington Forward and Henry Callines being killed.

mangled predecessors in the gory sea below. The shouts of the foiled and infuriated Goodollar survivors, the groans of the scores of hundreds of thousands of dead or wounded I mean, the yells and entreaties of the dying, and the shrieks of the battle maddened of survivors arose above the din of cannon. The christian officers even lighted the shells and throw them over the parapet of the high works, and the artillery men followed their example. One glandelinian before the repulse came climbed the parapet, and planted the glandelinian flag on the summit, but the glandelinian shout that greeted its appearance, had scarcely left the lips that framed it, when man and flag were in the ditch below below ridden by balls. Another glandelinian repeated the feat, and joined his comrades in death. A third essayed to bear off the flag, and was cloven with an axe. One man entered an embrasure, and was blown to fragments, two more were cut down in another but not one crossed the works.

The dead and wounded were left in the field in a perfect plain of fall on many miles long and the ghastly horrors were rendered sickening by the vain vain cries of hundreds of thousands for water and help. In full view from the embrasures the ground was covered with the windrows of dead and dying. Thousands we were heaped up in the ditch before the long line of earthly bastions, scores of thousands in another place, almost in reach of those who thought their late foes would have willingly heeded their anguish shrieks for water. But yet none dared go to their assistances for the fire of the glandelinian batteries would now down every thing exposed to it.

Indeed he before of Gloriana or Lucilla Pickson was the bloodiest battle of the war. Hec Hec's right wing which stretched along the Arunburgs gun was also engaged simultaneously. And all the while for two hours the fierce contest was continued, and the right grand division of the right wing was broken, the centre driven in, and destruction was a holding wide its jaws to crush the christian wing to a few remnants, or remnants. Hec Hec's gallant left wing however was reserved the dist inguished honor of turning back the tide of adverse battle. For two horrible hours while Hec Hec was raising his already victorious and exultant columns and hurling them as successfully upon Hec Hec's columns in a sea of fire and horror, and with dare devil reckless desperation that in the moment of expected triumph lavishes great oceans of blood and eggs of life to gain the final victory, the divisions under general Josephine Starring held its ground from first to last, amid a blinding volcano of flame and fire for the length of forty miles, and amid all the tumult of confusion around, that seemed as if the end of the world was approaching, and the deluge of damnation and death pouring upon them, completely run over by more than ten divisions of Goodollers and Goodollers, that had been shattered to fragments by the shock, their right and front still held as firm as a rock like a very breakwater against the sweeping tide of ruin and Abbeismian typhoon, seas of mighty surges of grates, and horrid explosions mighty enough to shake the very interior of the earth as well as the surface and the heavens, saw the monstrous walls of the enemy stagger, recoil and break up like a snow thaw in water, and break twenty times within short a pistol range of its bayonets and flees from the horrible massacre. On the fields of Gloriana and close to Lucilla Pickson town the whole glandelinian division under general Hec Hec was baptised in blood, fire and slaughter, a thousand fold horrifying with three quarters of his sixteen million seven hundred and eighty nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety nine glandelinians lying dead, and bleeding on the ground on front of Lucilla Pickson they fought over, Manley withdrew the mangled and torn column in unspeakable horror and refused to take any more part in the "Massacre of Humanity".

General James Francis Vivianus had his big divisions did not arrived on the scene until this horror had spent itself somewhat. Then he received a fierce attack from general Spruider's glandelinians. Along the whole of his line as this horrid carnage was repeated sheets of fire and horror had steadily burst forth with the roar of a trillion cannon, the foe nevertheless having charged desperately on the christian line. Though accustomed to such swift and fatal volleys the enemy had foolishly calculated on an apparent, occasion, to load and run on only to see all their front columns fall to the last man, and still the livid lightnings was not abated. Fortunate men could not face such sweeping fire, and backwards the survivors had rushed impetuously and the ground was held, and the way remaining open along some portions. But before the withdrawal despite the slaughter some of the mangled columns had rushed on with unabated volubleness and burst through the closed line of the christians with an irresistibility equalled only by demon and amid one of the most terrific storms of shot, shell, and grape and whistling bullets that had ever burst upon a moving column, without checking them. The Angolians however were successful in holding their ground.

But now go to go back to general Michael Hanson's force. On the right a slight blunder had caused a portion of his line to be hurled back upon the center and there had been danger of the enemy carrying all before him, and then sweep round to the plains leading to Lucilla Pickson, the only outlet to general Hanson's beleaguered division but fortunately Hec Hec's division was hurled upon the victory flushed glandelinians, and Hec Hec was horrified for the first time in his life and was glad to withdraw the mangled divisions and dread the certain end. The terrible cannon fire of both sides had seemed about to tear the battle field to shreds, while all the din could never be imagined.

Yet the Angelinites advanced with a fury that was amazing, and though the anti-  
line was torn to fragments, the Angelinites did not halt. General Spruener's division  
encountered a fierce annihilating fire, and the survivors were forced to halt, but  
they returned a standing fire of their own from an under cover. The other section  
of Spruener's line continued and increased the fury of their attack, and now a new  
torrent of shells added from general Flaxton's batteries, the firing along the whole  
of Allenbergers line was using the most bleeding fury, but still the Christian  
columns reached the works, and threw them on upon the "landolinites." With the  
fury of demons the Angelinites strove to scale the works but the landolinites kept  
up the resistance the dead and wounded Angelinites lying in now heaps where they had  
fallen. Many companies which exposed themselves melted away, and hundreds of  
thousands upon hundreds of thousands of Angelinites under general Horner's  
poured over the works on the extreme left in their vehement effort to annihilate  
the rebels, and along this point the landolinites under general Clarence Gordon  
tried in vain to check the onslaughts who extreme right of the gray line stood  
no longer a wall of rocks, but they were also being reduced in a frightful  
manner, and the survivors of the rebels stuck to their guns just as stubbornly, now  
ing down great masses of their assailants, but the survivors only mingled with them  
in a land to hand struggle. This part of the rebel line seemed to be in the  
danger of a rout in the path of a stamping as alone as they indeed made a feeble  
barrier before the waves of purple coats, who threatened to carry all before them.

Yet the apparently victorious Angelinites held with ineffable dismay  
that overwhelming numbers of reinforcements of Scodler landolinites were  
rushing swiftly to Allenbergers aid. Many of the captured guns were being  
around on the reinforcements but they could not be stopped, the cannon roar roaring  
in terrible detonations which was echoed back by the sharper and heavier detonations  
of general Spoken's heavy guns as they lifted fearful terrifically  
forth with the most intolerable roar the very earth continually shaking from the  
convulsion of the cannon, and the ear-splitting crash and uproar seemed to be

comprised. Heavy columns of Scodlers swept forward with the fury of a frenzied  
multitude swarming up to the very walls like a surging tidal wave and so a longer  
aid general Spruener's Angelinites think of victory, for the enemy with high  
under universal yells carried over with fixed bayonets. Michael Hanson's Abyssin  
killed was on the left of Spruener's main line and as he too became engaged  
the battle was terrific, and yet the onslaught of the enemy was inconceivably  
terrific in the extreme.

In the no mention general given-mans main line of  
Abyssinians was also becoming engaged but the general was doubtful if the battle  
would be victorious for him or not. Two furious onslaughts had been made against  
given-mans right which had been driven back twice, but the rebels had rallied  
and the landolinites division under general Hanson his book advanced hill ward  
a christian brigade which was forced to retire toward Gesta Hill near a  
building where a ledge had been overlooked. These landolinites came near enough  
they naturally ceased firing, and began abusing, and cursing and a waving at the  
Angelinites, calling them the most out landish names, while others dared the  
Angelinites to come forward and fight. All of these landolinites who thus abused them  
were suddenly fired upon and slain. The vigor and persistence of the conflict along  
given-mans line was evidently also shadowed something more serious behind, and  
such began the feeling of all the immense audience within the fully active christ-  
ian lines under given-mans who listened to the unceasing and continuous crash of  
musketry and cannon. Several times the enemy in full force had dashed up against  
the left wing of given-mans position as if in confident bravado and finally drove  
a large force of Angelinites whose heads were hidden in black hoods from the  
advanced rifle pits, but amid the dreadful carnage the hoods and stumps robed  
Fetorale turned and flanked their assailants and regained the works, driving  
the landolinites back with half their number of slain. Then anavalant  
was hurled upon the disputed rifle pits, the christians were again forced back  
and covered by the Angelinites guns. Two standing divisions of immense size were  
were also enabled to approach within one hundred yards of the christian cannon.  
The christian troops fell in on the left, and the landolinites storming forces  
advanced directly upon the works. Then ensued a scene of carnage and blood curdling  
shrieks which had no parallel in the annals of warfare. Big girl Knoll or  
Phelan's battery, and Godwin's was not one third as terrible. Stunned for a moment  
by the curtain of canister, lead, grape and shells poured upon them by the  
batteries, and long lines of musketry the landolinites beat back hesitating, but on  
they came again in millions upon millions of fierce Scodler soldiers. Again and again  
the deadly tempest of missiles shattered and mangled their torn and extensive  
columns each miles long. Their march was over widens of dead and wounded  
commanded their length of charge. Yet still the survivors faltered not, but onward  
still onward whole lines twenty miles long stumbled over wires, stretched from  
stump to stump and fell amid the dead and dying. Yet still on over their  
millions of prostrate bodies marched and rushed the deadly hordes of that forlorn  
hope. At last the works were reached, and the slaughter became butchery as if on  
a wager of death against mortality. General given-mans and given-mans many batteries  
of guns we swept down the whole half of the assaulting lines as the tornado does  
the corn. The earth was reeking with oceans of blood, men waded in blood, and  
intestines, a scene more horrible than all the child butcheries of the war combined  
and struggled up the scarp, and slipping in blood fell back to join their

At this point a night fire cannon fire broke loose from the summit which loudly  
boomed and filled the air with an appalling sound. The effect was such that  
volleys also broke out, and upon upon were swept by a terrible rain of shells,  
batteries, grape and canister, protruded across were difficult to ascend, hundreds of  
men were cut out by the ball of shells, trees were toppled by the  
storm of bullets and incessant by burning shells, while at close quarters terrible  
quarts of canister and grape rained, and mingled with a mass of human beings, that  
got in its way. General given-mans Angelinites were the first to reach the summit, con-  
sisting of 200 scores of thousands of regiments, but half of these regiments were  
wiped out, and a great gap was torn upon a new in the surviving line, and there-  
fore their impetuous advance was checked, general given-mans falling wounded, and his  
columns reduced to a mere fragment. Therefore they retreated. General given-mans  
Angelinites had simultaneously had advanced upon another portion of the hill, a rush  
here, a rush there, from the cover of rocks and trees, slipping in the blood of  
their fallen comrades, advancing with the ferocity and swiftness of demons.  
Then three, nine three million three hundred thousand landolinites suddenly  
let loose their hell in general, and out of a vast invader's cloud of smoke  
went the storm of murderous shells, grape and canister among these christian  
lines. Nine massive columns of grape-cannon were read into view on the summit  
and stormed with a withering fire, but on came the Angelinites though their whole  
line was up played through and through by the merciless artillery fire which kept  
up an unceasing roar. An ensnared christian, after evasion of the landolinites blew up  
and also one christian after another from being overheated, the christian yell broke  
forth in exultation along the whole line of assault.

The Angelinites advanced like a monstrous wave of destruction, and  
their foremost ranks rushed like an enormous multitude seeking their deaths. The  
Angelinites however reached the summit and had to hand over the breastworks they  
leaped. Landolinites guns were surrounded, and fought desperately, with hand pieces,  
ramrods, knives, cut staves, and even stones. General given-mans officers here he  
gun signalling for help. General Johnston Hancock was still on the watch, and as he  
could spare general Earl Cooke's brigade he ordered them on to Gesta Hill. Cooke  
they had not far to go. Just as given-mans turned the scale at Gesta Hill.  
Hill, Cooke's Brigade hurried it at Gesta Hill. The Angelinites who went into  
action here with eleven million seven hundred thousand men, had now only eight  
million remaining. This division then retreated, but the Angelinites had  
not fallen back at every point. They had not failed altogether, though their gate  
was swung a little further. Another portion of the forces had gained a lodgement  
on Gesta Hill, where for four hours after five o'clock in the morning until  
eight a simultaneous drama of horror had proceeded among rocks, and trees, and  
slowly, stubbornly, the landolinites assailants had to yield as reinforcements drawn  
from General Michael Hanson's center had accumulated themselves against them, and so  
Gesta Hill which had been captured was retained. The whole entire scene of war  
seemed to envelope the groaning wounded, and the voiceless dead, and the blackening  
blood clots in the woods, fields and on the roads. In fact at all points the battle  
had already raged for four hours and already general Michael Hanson had almost  
nine million men killed out of his forty six million and nineteen million down  
wounded. Michael had seventeen million men down. Michael Hanson had been pushed back  
four miles and his line was badly coming out of shape from christian centers.  
After its capture, and during the fifteen minutes till three thousand landolinites  
gun rapidly concentrated upon the summit of Gesta Hill and the  
masses upon Gesta Hill, and soon along this whole line of artillery there  
broke a new and most frightful roar which shook the whole ridge and surrounding  
country, and right among the Angelinites on Gesta ridge poured a terrible  
curtain fire of artillery, and the tempest of thousands of shells, canister, high  
explosives and grape caused heart rending carnage. Torrents of hissing grape was added  
to the horrible storm of destruction, and the Angelinites again went down in the  
most frightful numbers.

It was indeed the most frightful slaughter that has ever yet been seen in  
the whole war, and all this for the possession of Angelinites Gesta Hill.  
Thousands of poor men on every dreadfully torn and mangled behind their batteri-  
batteries and as most of all the captured guns were disabled the Angelinites  
were unable to answer the rain of shot and shell from the landolinites  
batteries became fearful and as the guns were in full play both positions looked  
like two volcanoes in eruptions. The concussion of the artillery fire shook the  
very ground below the hills like an earthquake, and the Angelinites strove to  
answer as their infantry columns were mowed down. The christian generals were  
frenzied stricken and tried themselves to get some cannon into action but the rain  
of different missiles poured among them fast and furious, and threatened them  
with annihilation, and they were compelled to retreat in safety. One ammunition wagon  
after another blew up, cannons exploded by the hundred, all human inflammable stuff  
on the ridges caught on fire, trees blazed up and foliage of all descriptions  
caught afire. General Frank Spruener seeing that his Angelinites guns were unable  
to answer ordered his infantry to charge Allenbergers line with the intention of  
drawing the terrible landolinites artillery fire to another point. General  
given-mans Antonio Hanson advanced his columns down the hill side and they rushed  
forward to storm Allenbergers line, but with swift and intolerable fury the christian  
columns poured upon the whole rebel line seemed swept up with tongue of flame  
and the nearest christian columns were decimated. ....



[illegible]

Henry...(((B))  
As linen again paired the same terrific fire down upon the new assailants who were half surrounding them. Van cont a man strove with all the utmost fury to drive back general Henry but Bagnato's men charged sharply in, and grape-shot was now hurled upon the flankers who thought that the committed horrible havoc failed to check them. The firing was so loud now that the very heavens seemed to be bursting and the air was like fire; increased, and continued to increase as more and more troops came into action. The Argentinian still continued the attack, and several of the Mexican generals began signalling f or more help. The awful screeching noise of purple coats was rushing on through the valley and began to gain the rear of the negroes to kill which was destined by the thousands of plain Indian guns.

About without a single leader retreated in confusion. Chamberlain was left outnumbered exactly thirty three million but now the remainder of their three hundred and ninety five thousand cleaned the valley, and by the Sacramento Lane which they held against the christian attack back to the Sacramento Lane. The christian army was not saved if the Angelinians got Chamberlain's gun and Gasteria Hill which was on the east of the battle line. The whole battle line had already ep many round half way like a big gate on hinges. With these hills in possession of the Angelinians the christian forces could bend the gray line back so far that the gate would be reclosed, and Johnston Jackson Manley's army would have to retreat or be destroyed.

On such a rocky wooded height

outcries filled the air, mingled with the yells of rage, pain and terror.

"General Vincent get your bridges to change up the other side of garru  
greenstone Hill." Screamed Barney. "Holler follow along. We must save it from the  
Angelinos at any cost."

As the frantic appeal for aid, about ten minutes after ten passed then Farmer Jones answered his call. Six thousand men of his army gathered and during the melee on the street he was dragged up and thrown being forced into position to lead the first action. A short range shooting about a block down the hill with the concussion. They reached the summit, the enemy was repulsed, and grappled with thousands of clowns, but they could not reach the front of the attackers who still pressed on. On reaching the guns about six hundred in number also arrived and the assailants received a tremendous shower of bullets which began to pour down all the multitudes of assailants of Angelinos that were within range. The struggle was now more fearful, but despite it all the hill was too overcrowded with Christian troops to cause too much of a wholesale slaughter at once, and the Christians still persisting in their attempts to take the hill were soon swarming like snowflakes over the guns, stabbing, clubbing, cutting, and hacking away at the brave foe.

beginning which were starting to pour the ride with a storm of death and destruction. Regardless of General Guevara's order to stop, he did not stop. He attacked the desperate efforts of the men, however, the Angolanian snipers in the trees were looking for just such targets as being their business to kill Guandulian officers, in just as it was the business of Guandulian snipers to kill Angolanian officers, and they turned their attention from getting the men, as they were laboring to get machine batteries into position in order to kill the men. There were a little dispersed when they saw the men, and no wonder, they were surprised.



in disorder, some in order, and others in pain. The Angelinians now came rushing upon a brigade of Landelinians who was still in formation and there was a mixture of gray and purple in a pandemonium that was beyond comprehension.

"Give up your rifles you rebels. The jig is up. Reb surrender. We have got you."

A flood of purple and red coats engulfed the struggling crowds of grays and took a big toll of prisoners. But general Swell of Johnston separated from his shattered divisions snatched by hiding under a load of wood. More big columns of grays were advancing now to Fritzpatrik's aid and these being under general Dickrell, arriving at nine o'clock rushed upon Michael Hanson's advancing troops with such incredible ferocity, that the Christian forces were compelled to halt; then the left fell back, but the rest stood. Hanson was held at bay however by the new force of nine million Landelinians, but now general Antonio, and Tony Phillips both brothers and John Johnston Jackson, following Michael Hanson, came up with their forces of Abyssinians, Angelinians, and Abbiennians, and rushed instantaneously with incredible fury and violence upon Dickrell's main line of counter-advance, and they would have either carried all before them, or annihilated general Dickrell's whole line.

One or the other, had they not faced a wall of rifle and cannon fire from other portions of the Landelinian front. Jack Gaudens purple line rushed on continually however until annihilated, and general Gaudens' division encountered a murderous fire as they advanced over the whole stretch of the Florida Zonia gun, and they seemed to melt away in swarms of multitudes, and though both their commanders fell severely wounded they nevertheless pressed on unchecked. Even enormous columns under general Zoo was warren like came to Michael Hanson's aid, and Dickrell's line now outnumbered staggered through the smothering inferno, and Dickrell being dangerously and probably mortally wounded was borne from the field, and general Convention had to take command and made great efforts to retain positions, but in terrific surges the Angelinians continued to advance and the whole extreme left got grand division of Dickrell's army was cut to pieces and swept back with the whole line badly wrecked. Convention and general Henderson was killed. General Burns pierced Dickrell's line along the right, and already seventy regiments and two brigades, and one division of Dickrell's command were almost annihilated. The falling of the victorious Angelinians was heard far and wide. One portion of Dickrell's reserve divisions still held and attempted to counter charge, but forward to right or left they faced an annihilating fire. General Gaudens' battalions on Hanson's extreme right, worked their way through a nest of blazing works and gullies, which seemed to have broken out into eruption all surrounded by thick woods, and emerged at the base of Sacramento Hill from which they received no fire.

Sacramento Hill would be theirs for twenty minutes climbing. General Hanson thinking that he was turning general Dickrell's left completely concentrated all his inactive artillery upon Dickrell's stubborn lines and began a titanic din now which shook the ground for three hundred miles with a violence to throw down all the hills in the neighborhood, and which it did. Hanson's officers already imagined that they saw their way from Sacramento Hill inflicting Moulton's defensive lines and now there was more than defiance in the yell of the other section of the still advancing Christians under general Mc-Gentles.

The note among the Angelinians was now of victory. On the summit of Shon Sacramento Hill were a number of child slave places. The terrified children, frightened by the din of battle elsewhere, saw the columns of purple coats coming from Sacramento lanes led by many generals, and the hill was only occupied by Landelinian signal men and small groups of rifle men. And the Angelinians knew it. They wanted to get possession of it before it was too late. They knew it, but were not so bold to do so that hour. General Hattbreath Harry the hero of Cedarline had ascended to the summit of the hill to look over the field of carnage, the terrified children being removed by the general saw the smoke whirlpool in which general Heldon Joseph Dickrell was being overwhelmed, then suddenly he saw the flash of bayonets of a big force coming from Sacramento lanes straight for the hill. The tactical situation flashed vividly in his mind as if drawn with lightning strokes. General Hattbreath Harry saw that there was only one way to help general Dickrell now, that there was only one way to save the Landelinian army from having its main right bent back until it was in the same position as Dickrell's army, and that was to save Sacramento Hill.

General Hattbreath Harry knew that he had no time to ask consent of Moulton, neither time for anything but action. He sprinted down from the crest with the head-locks, hanks of a man going for the fire alarm box when his house is on fire. Not far away general Barney's purple divisions of Henderson's partially defeated corps were forming for a counter charge to relieve the pressure on Dickrell's right. General Murren was the first to reach Barney.

"For the sake of country and home take your troops and defend Sacramento Hill!"

Gasped Hattbreath Harry coming up. "The Angelinians are advancing in overwhelming numbers to take it, and if they succeed Dickrell, and our whole line will be annihilated or captured."

Barney looking that way saw the danger. No matter if Harry did not have any authority from Moulton, no matter if Barney had been ordered to go elsewhere, he understood the explanation in a flash and acted in the next.

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Landelinian broke into confusion and on the Angelinians poured over the wall between 500,000 a survivors retreated despite Moulton's desperate attempt to rally them. When he fell mortally wounded. The Angelinians followed with utmost precipitation, and as they passed the battle line of another section of the field the horrid scene which was revealed exceeded any description. Hardly anything could be heard except the clanking of the countless fallen, and sighs and groans of the wounded. The appalling carnage of the battle thundered and the roar of battle confusion hundreds of thousands were had already been killed or wounded and the wounded were brought from the fields in multitudes, and hideous indeed was it all to behold. No one could hardly take a step without treading on the dead wounded, and dying. Along the whole stretch of the same wall facing the famous town of Lucilla Jackson, and Gaudens, hundreds of broken gun carriages lay, and many horses, including one quarter of the enormous army who were crushed under them. Three hundred thousand of the wounded Angelinians who had fallen in that counter charge lay close to the stone wall on both sides, some having broken heads, crushed arms and legs. The greater number of the dead had broken necks, mangled bodies, or crushed skulls, and vast holes in their bodies, and their entrails protruding. Thousands more of the dead Angelinians who had fallen killed by bullets lay buried on top of one another. The sight was fearful, but there was one yet more terrible the largest proportion of general Fritzpatrik's army, being dead or dying behind the works. Their loss was already 955,000.

This is the scene that the counter charging Christians met as they pressed on. General Bruce's Landelinians had been immediately thrown to Moulton's aid, but they though they formed in a strong line got caught in bad ground, and being under or facing irresistible pressure, this whole division soon crumbled to fragments and was forced to fall back. At Fritzpatrik's railroad crossing general Reynolds' Landelinians having been sent forward met a portion of the advancing Christian troops under general Haggoline and uncountable and fearful as this vortex of killing was the Angelinians could not continue the assault the battle again raging with renewed ferocity.

The last wing of the Christian tidal wave under general Heller and Landelinians pressed upon general Bruce's Landelinians. Kindermine's spreading and extending his front in a threatening manner and the firing made a noise now like a forest fire. Fifteen color bearers had already fallen and when general Bruce himself gripped a stick, and swung it to the green breeze he fell dead, and when general Remond on Phalen also took it next he also fell being mortally wounded, though still having it in his grasp who faced the Christians who were surrounding his forces. Convention and just Gustaf, and Kenneth came to the aid of general Fritzpatrik, and the foe rallying renewed the appalling fire upon the Angelinians, fifteen brigades, and two divisions having all their main commanders down now, ten brigades and three divisions had been almost demolished, and the whole field along this part of the line of the Lucilla Jackson battle and even Fairys valley were involved in the most frightful carnage. The officer general downed in on the side of the foe whose first names were withheld were, Uorwax, Gerard, and soldiers who were killed, while the others were either mortally wounded being Sabot, Colledge, Marshall, Compagnie, Huntington, French, Failent, Santa Anna Aronburg, Gouner, Heldon, Grogan, Johnston, Grogan, Mc-Gentles, Murgatorian Federal, and Moulton's godfathers. These were of the fifteen divisions, and the two others of the two divisions and fifteen brigades also. General Gaudens was also killed. The Angelinians under general Richard Kindermine were now held at bay but as yet could not be driven back. General Fritzpatrik saw five divisions of general Gerdy's divisions of Abyssinians of Kindermine's left approaching to crush in his right. As he had five thousand cannon at hand he opened these upon Gerdy's assailants, but could not check them despite the demolishing done. He then drew up general Evans' forces to face Gerdy's whole main massive line and so fierce became the combat that it seemed as if the whole world was on a rampage. General Evans' whole front ran out to fragments but the Landelinians strove to maintain their lines, but several divisions of his men under general Schudde were caught in an heavy inflame from a new body of suddenly arriving Angelinians under general Farbeck Wilkerson, and with the death of their leader they wavered. On rushed Gerdy's Angelinians. Simultaneously general Michael Hanson's main columns pressing on also delivered a blow with such a violent and inconceivable shock that Evans or Fritzpatrik and Evans could not any longer hold.

From the pressure of the Christian attack, the formation of the fiery battle line was broadening to the shape of an immense and lengthy angle shaped conflagration of masonry and curtain of artillery fire and the din was appalling. Fritzpatrik's front lines had disappeared entirely for the distance of a mile an unheard of destruction of lives, and nature itself seemed on the verge of ruin.

Another portion of the Angelinian column pressed upon general Fritzpatrik's left flank like an avalanche of demons, and now his left being broken into many small fragments he did all he could to prevent the Angelinians from pressing on any further, and though at last he managed to rally some of his demolished columns as they could not hold. Even the whole Christian right, and the entire line of advance was in a defending, tumultuous uproar, many more Landelinian brigades and masses of companies having been frightful decimated, the whole line being hard pressed on both rear and front, and Fritzpatrik saw that he must fall back altogether to avoid annihilation. Many of his disorganized divisions were already retreating.

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only again to blaze terrifically forth with an intolerable glare, fiercer, and fiercer and brighter appeared the horrid carnage. The enemy, are winning. The white enemy are winning. "Hear! Hear! Hounded on all sides. The Christian general, knowing the dangers of this kind of a general assault decided to order a general retreat and in a few hours all of the Christian columns were passing swiftly across the woodlands in the greatest confusion, while the roar of some sudden big explosion in the distance was so terrific that they could not guide their steps without much difficulty on account of the trembling of the ground. Already so dense was the reeking atmosphere that Evans could hardly see the little girls at times. Yet on they hastened with the confused troops. Alas, whither? They could not hardly see a step before them, and when they had gotten to the rear it was nearly two hours before the confused troops had been rallied by fresh troops, General Hanson and Robert Sanders having been wounded. This indeed was a new catastrophe, which added to the horrors made by the raging battle.

"Gracious but this is terrible." Gasped Violet as she took General Evans by the hand. "This is an awful hour indeed and we are losing."

A hot gusty roar of musketry was sounding to their right with a tenfold vehemence while sudden blazes of light from distant cannons darted and quivered among the clouds of smoke like lightening. Amid all the other horrors General Pandora's line was already struck by the advancing line of Glandelinian troops with which had come upon them without much warning. For all day long the battle had made a frightful and terrible scene and how it was wilder, the Glandelinians had finally succeeded in carrying every one of the intrenchments, and one of the fiercest of the hosts of Glandelinians in an enormous column poured upon the whole line of Pandora's line stationed near See Zar. Indeed Evans who witnessed the horrible onslaught, and its result was horrified by the terrible scenes. The awful onslaught continued fast and the imperiled Christian Christians gasped for breath as they fought with the fury and energy of despair, and many swore and cursed as they saw how rapidly the Glandelinians were progressing. It was evident the Glandelinians were really winning the battle. Meanwhile all the rest of the Christian works had been completely cleared of their defenders, which had been damaged in many directions. Pale haggard faces could be seen through the thick haze of smoke. The Christian retreating Christians many millions of them in monstrous waves and lines hurried on in total rout the roar of yells among the victorious enemy being almost supernatural. The rough reinforcements of the reserve reserves General Pandora had succeeded in holding his lines until the end of the battle but as the main line had given way he was forced to retreat toward the end of the night. Again when in so apparently near victory and almost crushing the foe time and again in many battles, the Angelinians had to suffer another disastrous defeat here at Aromburg. The foe lost 125,709,532. in killed and wounded as far as could be estimated but probably was immensely greater.

The Christian loss in killed and wounded was believed to be 89,076,310.

It was evident however that the battle would rage another day.

The Christian forces engaged were only under Viviananna and Constantinian Aarburg and Hannonia Chastonia and other commanders with big armies were approaching. In their retreat Viviananna's army had recoiled toward Conservatory Run near the yellow Brick road between Glorianna and Lucille Jackson, and the enemy was taking up their positions on the Carnation and other ridges known as the Lucille Jackson ridge and other places. On account of the danger that the battle would be more severe on the morrow General Viviananna sent Violet and her sisters under a strong escort to Angel Angolinia Apstia, and asked them to see if their fathers and Uncle's armies were there, and if so to send them forward to his relief before the enemy overtook everything.

General Henry Nester sped off then he reeled and fell with a shot in his head while General Whirly and Colonel fell immediately afterward mortally wounded. Scores of more divisions had now rushed in upon Eldonia run but they themselves and all the conflagration of musketry and cannon could not check the enemies onslaught. The enemy was even pouring over and across the Sandford's crossroads along the main portion of Vermilion creek threatening to hem the brave fighters between two fires and Hanson Sanders pausing to rest noticed the change.

"Great scot! fellows retreat before it is too late." He yelled suddenly; and "We are going to be so outflanked by the enemy."

A frightful stunning roar of musketry broke out at this moment and all that could scramble out of their works and were now pursued instead of standing their ground.

"Cut across the river quick!" Shouted Robert Sanders; "It is your only chance."

The roar and crash of the battle was increasing every moment thick thunderheads of smokesweeping across the plains from the terrific terrific shell burst the men indeed making for the river and across just in time while their main batteries had broken loose in a loud universal roar.

In the meantime Violet and her sisters were still in the vicinity drinking in the delicious odors of the flowers of the country, (This happening at the same afternoon of the battle) which were added by the strong perfume of the fields of flowers when they were all surprised and amazed to notice that the apparent thunderheads of smoke had become very near and threatening while in the distance of the horizon the scene was hidden in dense clouds of white smoke reminding them of the appearance of steam gently raising the lid of a kettle. The very air which was so sweet before was gradually becoming smoky with a thick fog filled with the noxious odor of burnt powder hiding everything from view at a distance of a thousand feet.

The meadows were filled with excited crowds or lines of soldiers armies of them coming tearing through the beautiful lanes screaming and shouting something as they went that Violet and her sisters could not make out. In a very few minutes several run up to the little girls;

"The enemy is advancing in terrible fury." One of them shouted. Jack Evans going out to find was what was up vaguely gathered stupendous news indeed. Which was that Pandora's Christian line was threatened with annihilation. Terrifying waves of Glandelinians had crossed the Pandora's lines all along the right of way carrying all before them. Here and there could now be heard terrific salvos of explosions and all through the fog of smoke which was gathering came a red glare of musketry, while a storm of shells and high explosives began to fall among the Glandelinian columns seen far in the distance the canonister making a hiss as of miriads of quenched fire brands while great pillars of smoke as of small volcanic eruptions rose to a great height. There was a continual dull strange roar in the far distance in the distance among the two consanguineous streams of shattered Glandelinian columns which was sweeping toward the plains at the rate of a mile or more in half an hour.

Immense clouds of smoke in the form of millions of convolutions extended from the horizon a certain height to the sky mingled with white and blue and seemingly green clouds. Above the whole battle field the clouds of smoke hung like a pall and continued to spread. Long flares of musketry seemed to be shooting through the thick wreaths of clouds along the advancing Glandelinian front making the sight more fearful the cannonading thunders of this battle line could be heard for nearly three hundred miles. Adding to all this Mercutian and hundreds of other Galverinian cities and towns had reported that the noise of the battle was heard plainly even there and even Norma and Joan many miles further away had been severely shaken from the concussion.

The detonations of the cannons had been terrific. In deed Violet and her sisters watching the approach of the foe beheld with ineffable dismay and awe frightful lines of Free Masons extending across the plains within their sight. These Glandelinian columns came rolling over the plains rapidly amid the dreadful carnage while showers of shells fell everywhere. Though barred by the strong Christian lines the advancing Glandelinian columns had cut a way through the eastern line and it seemed as if Pandora's lines were doomed. The flashes of musketry shifted and wavered sometimes being fir and brightly and then of shell and dying red

"It must have been terrible," said Violet.

"Yes. It was at that moment when a soldier came running toward his rear making a short cut across the meadows, followed by scores of panic-stricken soldiers until the meadows had been swarming with them all in a regular pandemonium of confusion. Baldwin had felt queer, and wondered what in the deuce was up not seeing the approach of the enemy as yet and though a few minutes had passed and the last of the swarm had passed out of sight he had then wondered what the reason was that so many of his officers had went off leading large columns of men and had found out when he was almost deafened by awful crashes of musketry."

FULL PREDICTION OF THE BATTLE LINE WHICH VIVIANIA SAW THAT SWERVED TO ANOTHER QUARTER AND ITS AWFUL RESULTS.

It had been at that time when a veritable volcano of battles flame and din had been advancing on Pandora the cannonading at this point having set whole seas of prostrated trees into splintered wreckage and the large Glandelinian column having moved in a general northwestern direction had soon formed an advancing ocean of death and destruction and for hours many so solid christian columns had tried in vain to check this serious Glandelinian advance but in vain.

Fearing that this withering storm of battle line was advancing to strike Pandoras front Hanson and Robert Sanders had thrown heavy columns upon these regions and thousands were literally overcome by the smoke of the battle itself. To the right of the town of Pandora an immense battle line was also moving forward making a junction with the other the very scene becoming like a tremendous inferno.

It was the worse kind of a battle that Hanson or Robert Sanders had ever seen and many thousands of men who had been doing their thrilling work were driven from the works by the fury of the onslaught in a single moment and the Glandelinian assailants yelled roared and screamed like a hurricane.

Along the front where general Robert and Hanson Sanders had been commanding the men in a frenzy the battle had then become fiendishly hot and thick masses of Glandelinians on all sides literally melted away the whole christian line of musketry became like a literal mass of flames and many of the officers seeing that there was danger of annihilation had ordered their divisions back from the danger point.

To Hanson such a blaze of musketry and cannon struck more or less dread as he well knew this assault would win the battle for the Glandelinians entirely if not checked.

Hanson and other officers frantically roared commands as several scores of fresh divisions came up to help in the thrilling work. These went to it with a will and at that moment another score came. These too columns did all they could but still on came the Glandelinians. Hanson had also concentrated heavy forces toward the Erminie creek breasting the furious onslaught of the Glandelinians only to be brought up sharply by a wall of storming cannon. Realizing how hopeless it would be to go further the Angelinian columns began their bloody work here mowing down the assailants as they fast as they could fire the clouds of smoke becoming almost suffocating. "Ho you lads with the gathling guns, put them into position over here," shouted one of the generals; "We got to force the enemy back if we can."

General Augustus Plum was soon concentrating many machine guns upon this spot but even before a gun could be fired the artillery men began to drop as fast as those of the infantry firing line itself and even one of the leaders was caught by a gun plume as he fell back with a mortal wound in his breast.

"Your mo. You are mortally wounded General Ronnie van Darsen," said Gus but the man did not answer. He was dead. More and more men were coming to the rescue and even during the battle many of the soldiers made furious assaults on blazing shrubbery and then general Master and Maldon Pike reeled with mortal wounds. "More divisions are coming," called general Hanson Sanders through the smoke haze; "Send general Henry Heater with a message for them to come around to Maldonia Run and set to work in checking the enemy there."

A sunny forest had been burned and yet there were two more still burning. Clothing was scarce in nearly all of Marley's armies and Abbeinnian herself had sent ships to blockade all Glandelinian seaports and destroy all Glandelinian ships that dared leave to send provisions into Calverinia. To insure Angelinians progress the Abbeinnians were determined to keep all Glandelinian ships away from Calverinian shores and supply Angelinia herself as far as she was able with men and provisions.

CONCLUSION . WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

*2nd Evening*  
The next day after the frightful carnage at Aronburgs run general Viviania had noticed that Violet's hair had now a golden tinge which he had never observed before. Her hair was more glossy and he wondered what had wrought the change. Many a time when busy examining plans he could hear the sweet voices of the Vivian girls, talking to some general, or caroling like birds, or pushing out in merry laughter throughout the live long day. What was most wonderful to him he never saw them quarrel with any of the ruder boyscouts of among themselves nor had a single one of the little mortals gone apart in a corner to sulk.

General Viviania had that day set in his tent to examine a note he was writing to general Vivian when he saw the prettiest of children reclining among the profusion of flowers and foliage not yet ruined by the terrible struggle. The day was pleasantly warm warm, the atmosphere bright and the sky without a cloud though yellowish a little. He stole over quietly to where they lay to see if they were awake or asleep. They were not asleep however and one of them arose at his approach. In fact general Viviania was startled at her remarkable dazzling beauty, but nevertheless he sat down by her.

Violet crept near, and nearer to him and noticing it she knew what she was about and had her in his arms before she realized it. He showered her with kisses then said;

"Don't you remember when you first met Evans?"  
"Yes indeed," said Violet; "I even saw him yesterday when our armies were dominated near Ophelia. I'm glad that such a battle is over though there had been some firing to day. I wish all these cruel conflicts were over. I'm even wishing that I and my sisters had not went in the armies at all and I don't see how we can stand such scenes, but then I believe it was from our experiences at Calverine and Andean. I don't see how they could dare butcher children in such a horrible way as they do. That is what probably brought on the war," and Violet spoke with a bitter tone indeed.

"I wouldn't think of such things now," said general Viviania cheerfully; "I may soon be all over now and thinking of them only makes you sad."  
"I know," said Violet; "But I can't help thinking of it. Even sometimes I see those horrors in my dreams, and visions and I doubt if child slavery will be ever crushed."

"Why?" asked general Viviania.  
"Because Glandelinia seems so strong to be beaten. Glandelinia is mighty to day powerful. And general do you know who really started the great battle yesterday?"

"General John Manley did," said general Viviania.  
"Do you know the cause of the battle?" She asked; "I heard that it had some reason for starting with such sudden violence but no one ever discovered and I'm puzzled."

"It had a serious cause," said general Viviania; "General Zimmermann told me that Hindernis was concentrating heavy forces toward Vivian Wickes and first trained his heavy gunnery on them then launched a fearful onslaught. However the range was too near and the shrapnell fell among general Hindernis's batteries. General Vivian Baldwin at the very beginning of the battle had received an order from Zimmermann to withdraw his batteries to a safer place but the messenger was killed by the storming fire and so Baldwin had the time of his life to save his artillery."



It had been more horrible sight than anything I ever saw and the whole battle slaughter as it had swerved to another location would have had the consequences of the worst forest fires heat four men with all the flames of smoke from musketry and cannons and the roar had been something tremendous and though far away as this action had been I had been almost smothered by the terrible sound.

General Viviani raised his head on his hand and did not speak for several minutes. After a while he looked up and went on:

"'Indeed what is the reason in the exceeding violence in the onslaughts made by the Federalism Janays, Tammerlines and other commandes and their freakish results? It is indeed impos-ible to describe.'"

It was now one hour after the mighty battle along Nicholas line had continued and after the successful now his army was in a badly crippled condition, having lost everything. Never before had a land invasion been punished so severely. The preceding actions before the final forcing of the glandelinian force had been comparatively fierce that the bullion in MacWhirther and Aronburg had been literally shaken to the same skin of all the windows by the concussion of the hail of shells during that terrible bombardment of seven hundred thousand cannon. The destruction also of so many fair divisions, the devastations of nearly all the farms within the region of the battle field and the loss of nearly seven thousand officer generals in all had not daunted the Christians.

Even Gertrude held so long that is Gertrude Angelina held so long for so many months by the Glandelinians had been retaken by the Angelinians during one of the christian charges when the surrender of general Walter nicholas army occurred that bloody a afternoon but despite all this great victory the battleclouds that enveloped the whole region for hundreds of miles were of such apparently unrelieved blackness that it required perhaps a thoroughly optimistic spirit to pierce their gloom and discern the blue an sky and sun shine and lie beyond and above.

"You ought to have seen the surrender of general Nicholas." Said general Evans; "I never saw a more brilliant sight. Both armies were drawn up in long lines each army facing each other and only seventy feet apart from each other. But poor Nicholas. He was a sight when he approached. He arrived on his horse downcast and sad and when reaching general Ivanlania he dismounted & being his escort. Heo kniered his sabre which general Ivanlania returned it with words of forgiveness. He then asked for you little vivin girls and though I looked wherel couldlook, I could find you nowhere untill now. But the sight of the armies was the greatest I ever saw. I could never describe it."

"I'm so happy that the battle is over." Said Violet; "I even thought that it was going to last all night. It had lasted about twenty hours altogether. It was terrible."

For facts the cost of the battle could never be described. Nearly every farm in the region of the battle was ruined hundreds of towns blown to smithereens and whole forests consumed by raging fires caused by the battles wholesale destruction. Wholesale destruction had been everywhere the battle of Arnhem run doing more damage than the big volcanic eruption or any typhoon ever raging in Abbieania. Concerning which part of the battle was the fiercest of the entire day, was puzzling, though it was believed that the fighting on the grounds of McWhirther far surpassed them all at as that part of the battle had the greatest losses.

At Chamberlain's gun and Ophelia's gun the greatest losses was in missing and prisoners. And how many were missing neither side would report.

The cost of the battle had mounted to probably nine million dollars and doll are in the waste of ammunition alone and of the heavy toll of lives among the battling armies was not as yet known. Hundreds of thousands of families in one big city alone had been rendered homeless and of the homeless in all the towns and cities they could not be countered, all these being rendered homeless by the ruining of their dwellings caused by the concussion of the roar of the terrible battle. Great famine had threatened before the war an intolerable famine at that and the non-combatants were the chief sufferers.

The Calvinian country had suffered the greatest loss on account of the great battle being almost without the means to build new homes in the ruined cities and towns . . .

appreciation of hardness and brutality when compelled by their dangerous  
 officers. No undisciplined army can for a moment endure the destructive  
 fury of the concentrated fire of their machine guns. It was then that I made  
 this advance on Aronburg and McWhirther. I had the idea that I could apparently  
 free the nation of Nicholas's army at last by trapping and forcing him to surrender.

In my hasty advance I found found may recall that I preserved as they were very valuable. Stories of her great goodness were heard in my ears, but I p cohed, and hindered, and suppressed a great deal of talk on the strength of the army under general "Nicholas until" my manners overcast and I incurred quarrels with Major general Barger who in the end being en raged threatened to resign and also attempted to strike me.

I am a full fledged Jew, but a Jew that never flinched from anything I thought necessary right, and so I put down my foot like a rock between him and his resignation threat. I told him in language perfectly simple, respectful and differential and quite explicit that he knew a little about the Mandelstamian armies and their ways as the hen does about the Geography of the game.

He angrily answered me back, saying that I was a pig faced June, and declared that as I'm his superior he revered and respected me above all living beings but that he would have said this all the same to the Virgin Mary herself if she had come in the way of his argument. Several of my officers rendered aid at the moment, in order to quiet my sympathies. I listened to them with the best discouraging politeness and as an equal ally.

"It always resolves into this," I would say; "Does he know more about the glandelinians than me? The general is the soul of punctuality honesty and efficiency as a throughout manager of business and as human as the general sun. But he can't tell me that Nicholas had a stronger rectifier than me mine that he could get away from me very easily."

It was true that Nicholas had a very strong position but I could close in on him from Aronburg and force him into a trap. But as later observed, general Barge who would not allow to resign under any conditions, was wholly in the right that I was a dunce as he called me.

[illegible]

and bear whole armies of my force as fiercely as a cat would a piece of thread and had to concentrate overwhelming numbers in that direction to prevent it. He could if not stopped in time make army parts of my army bigger than a nation's army of women and children give up in despair. It will never be known even to the last moment what destruction this terrible battle really has caused but Manley has already cast whole streams of armies utterly helpless in his path of onslaughts into an abysses of destruction and ruin. He has already made an end of long sorrow and misery in his whole hell herotten battle line of horror.

What remained of our cities and towns on account of this battle it may be now only ruins. From the start Vanley had started his action with dangerous fury but as the assaulting columns had grown larger and larger his onslaughts had become so tremendous in their ferocity that it indeed almost seemed as if God himself could not stop them. No one can contradict to me what Vanley's army can do because I now know from experience. He never advanced his onslaughts at a rate that could be predicted but nevertheless his columns had rushed and tore their way with all the force of their withering fury into mature beauty itself, and leave the regions visited by them miserable and a desolate.

At the coming of this battle I had watched their approach with so, solemn awe and nothing was so terrible or inspiring. I saw the approach of one big battle line driving the great nation on the day whether on early this afternoon. It had been an appalling sight, resembling the approach of battle gray legions. Fortunately this horrible storm of the battle swerved in another direction but I saw enough slaughter of Christians to make me sad ever since.



upon the advancing christian columns and then Manlaya storm of firing which had been gradually calming its temper and fury reopened with redoubled fury and with a million cannon uproar and the dun din was heard for a thousand miles. At the beginning of this action the christians had managed to throw forward about a thousand massive columns the woodland as well as fire from the fury of the glandelinian fire another glandelinian battery had been silenced and withdrawn and a battery of machine guns placed into position. Fifty of the christian columns were rapidly disabled by the glandelinian fire and then a hundred were mangled and crushed the glandelinians bringing up every gun that could be brought to bear and this caused the rest of the christian columns to slow down in their dashing avalanche like onslaught but the nearest columns their range being perfect poured in a storming line of musketry fire and every where on the battle field could be seen clouds of machinery from breastworks or castworks shooting into the air, here and there a long stretch of woodland woodland in a haze of fresh cannon fire of acres of guns being blown up.

However the christian columns were to encounter the most deadly gunnery from the short range glandelinian batteries these blazing away with a general horrifying roar, and one column after another were disabled or smashed into fragments but nevertheless the situation of the glandelinians on Aronburg Run was in a critical condition as the glandelinian cannon themselves were doing more damage than they received and the city of Aronburg itself was in flames.

General Vanstury's glandelinians of Orianian cavalry men made a tremendous counter onslaught in overwhelming numbers followed by great waves of infantry in reserve reserve and the christian line was soon generally engaged the glandelinians attacking in the most heavy masses ever seen.

By the time general Viviana found out that the glandelinians were counter charging in the most heaviest columns his whole entire line was in action and the glandelinians apparently were full of despair and were already pressing the christian line attacking christian line and back and the most dreadful carnage ever seen.

In order to save his whole active christian line from the destruction which threatened them general Viviana was again compelled to throw his reserve corps on his center into action supported by a terrific cannon fire.

General Sanders divisions of the ninth corps lost three hundred thousand in an assault and was compelled to recede before the christian fire. Next their generals, Vannish, John, Carpenter, Flannigan, Caperton, Henshaw, Carpenter, Frank, Wallace, Wilber, Bruesel and Mellicollen who were killed while others James Sanderbirdburg, Muckerside, In, James, C. Leland, Slackton, Henry Bonnia and Angeliniana who were wounded by cannon, while Hollister, Harris O. Jones, Frank S. Jones, J. J. O. Jones and H. Jones were killed. General McWhirther Gustavus Henriessy and Vane threw heavier columns upon the christians but soon again the glandelinians along the whole christian front was receding the again the Angelinians their line receding, firing rapidly pressed forward. The main center of Nicholas glandelinians was cut to pieces their general was severely wounded and the whole of McHollister Nicholas the main commander line gave way and retreated in confusion before overwhelming numbers.

General McHollister Nicholas then came under the fire of the christian fire as soon as he could brought general Denham and David Henshaw to the rescue of his main center and back the battle was something fearful. To the glandelinians it was a terrible disaster the christian line was forced back. Their whole line stormed with fire and the slaughter was more horrible than we can even think stickn stink.

As quick as the glandelinian columns came on they melted away the christian fire literally tearing their divisions to fragrant fragments. Nicholas however was manning more and more to the assault and general Viviana being fully determined to hold what he gained brought on a part of his main reserves and these arriving resta blished a part of the line that was being crushed and overlapping the assault annihilating columns to pieces cut their main line to pieces and rolled them up in confusion. Once again the christian line was forced back.

Again there came a change. Hic left was overhauled by numerous and yet appeared, and so Nicholas withdrew a good part and once more heavily reinforced the center which

When the men reached the bridge they were startled by tremendous roar of cannon in the south to the right. By the excitement it caused the little girls got away and soon reached the christian lines. The causing of the cannonading was easily explained. The glandelinian batteries having been reinforced had increased the fury of the artillery fire upon the advancing christians who had once more been driven past the city of McWhirther and now there waged the most terrific artillery duel ever seen during the war ever known. The main glandelinian batteries were the first to open fire in a general cannonading thunderous salvoes, then the other chains of cannons, then all of the Federal guns let loose followed by Ricknells and the others all letting loose their storm of hell in a few minutes.

Before they had a chance to return this storming fire six Angelinian batteries of artillery were literally blown out of their positions and nine other commanders suffered the annihilation of their positions and many guns and had their main lines raked through and through the miscels dealing terrible destruction where ever they went. The Abbeannian batteries of the main chain of christian artillery and other powerful batteries were soon hidden by great clouds of smoke smoke which was riven by vast sheets of flame as they let loose broadside after broadside with a roar that shook the heavens and earth and seemed to fairly fairly blast the air.

Explosions of every description and description pierced the air and the ground and made a most horrible din. All the glandelinian batteries joining in kept up an incessant fire the guns on both sides sent to find their mark though the glandelinians proved to be better marksmen on account of the damage they were inflicting and receiving hardly any themselves. General Weinstein Henings batteries of two hundred cannon relieved a storm of shells and put out of commission most of the guns, smashed the breastworks into debris, brought down thousands of men and killed over two hundred for every discharge. Two other batteries were disabled and silenced with the annihilation of all the gunners.

It was not long after that when the christians having found their range too long began to advance to advance their batteries of the main calibre and these poured a curtain of fire upon the glandelinian batteries, two forts of the glandelinians were smashed into ruins and set on fire and the battery of three thousand five hundred big guns was silenced. Within another quarter of an hour all the glandelinian undchristian batteries were in action in general fury and the discharge of so many guns made such terrific noise that the concussion produced literal earthquakes and houses every where in the vicinity threatened to cave in from the shock and the windows were shattered and doors shaken off their hinges.

General Viviana who all the time heard the din feared that the batteries which were so superior in numbers that they would soon silence all the christian guns and so had continually concentrated the heaviest columns he could bring bound to force the glandelinians from forcing the lines at all costs.

THE GENERAL HIGHEST FURY OF THE BATTLE

THE GENERAL HIGHEST FURY OF THE BATTLE AND THE RESULT.

At the same time he concentrated more strongly upon Aronburg Run and Nicholas seeing the action of Viviana withdrew it further back to his main line his lines enshrouded in smoke and flame. Simultaneously general Viviana launched a massive attack upon the fortified trenches on the left of the Aronburg Run, poured through a gauntlet of fire successfully, and struck at last against the massive columns under Nicholas. Every glandelinian front now opened a general fire, the glandelinian columns under general Henry Marcucian, Gauntley, Penensular, McHollister Stanley, and McWhirther Stanley let loose their damanting fire of hell, Tamerline's lines and Federals also opened general fire

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millions of dollars worth have been destroyed. The glaciologists are afraid that the ice will melt and flood the surrounding areas.







for many and which had alarmed him. Along the center simultaneously a foothold had been obtained. In less than a minute the space of a rolling surface of ground had been reached. The storm of death and destruction and destruction and the main line was reached and this occurred just when the main line had started its concentration and then the rear rear of battle had been reached as though the great loss their lullish concert of guns and firearms. Northward and outward the great battle had progressed and, according to McWhirther and Gallitius Run and extending east to McHollister in a horrible drama of battle slaughter and death.

It had at this moment become apparent that the main center of the main center of General Victor Zee Racz army had been damaged to destruction. General O'Hara's battle line along which just had been planted the deadliest cannons were among the first of the left or center of armies to be destroyed. And before another twenty minutes had elapsed the main line of battle had been cut wide as the main line through every one of the magnificent tall columns had been fallen upon the opposing form and seemingly impractical exterior of the main line which surged forward and backwards and to and fro and like a sea saw and tossed. A hot and cold drama of dunning slaughter which appalled all the officers who witnessed it.

Such rapidly so-called battle had at the time of the great center literally stretched itself out for many miles and all four of the main divisions would reach over entire plains and mountains and the defeated divisions time to a sample. Along general Victor Zee Racz's army had also hurried himself with the greatest fury to the headlong attack. The defenders keeping up the horrible resistance until three quarters of the way were done and no rapidly but the main line of battle had been cut wide as the main line through every one of the magnificent tall columns had been fallen upon the opposing form and seemingly impractical exterior of the main line which surged forward and backwards and to and fro and like a sea saw and tossed. A hot and cold drama of dunning slaughter which appalled all the officers who witnessed it.

It was this peculiar progress of the enemy which lent to the great battle a destructive and terrible character. Indeed the Alandellian army had advanced like a sea monstrous tidal wave of unusual size.

The routed columns were sad. Despite their officers, indeed their officers that were powerless, they crowded upon frail cliffs of advantage, as fences and rocky ledges, were propped on wooden piles which fell beneath their weight and hurled them backward and bleeding in the dust. The panic stricken men stumbled over broken riders, and fell and were trampled underfoot. Seized with wild panic they surged together, backwards and forwards in the shell swept meadows cursing imploring and fighting in the pandemonium of mixing Alandellians to get free, with hand axes, tom, pikes, even with bayonets, cutters, fists and daggers and even with musket butts and every weapon they could see and even bite and tore each others flesh. Flood flowed like water, the bodies of men were cut open by thousands by the terrible pikes and bayonets and deplored, and men on both sides were to be seen frozen with fury and slaughter and finally the minor body of prisoners on up with the main line and swept those solitary remaining soldiers of men into the great general tide of ruin and bloodshed. Everywhere, dust, smoke, flame, slaughter, thundering on a sea of scores of thousands of burning shells of every size, million cannon like roar of musketry, hissing of torrents of caustic, peeling of wild devilish shouts, tumult and pandemonium of uproar beyond description horrible.

Many lives were known to have been lost in this time but how many more no one could ever conjecture. The onslaught were intense fury than anything that had ever been recorded in the annals of battle. The main line had finally crumpled to pieces the heaviest of Christian columns. The stoutest of lines, and the thickest of divisions had disappeared like smoke. The whole rear of the Christian line had been rapidly crowded with wave of every description, and running over with jostling men all in a dazed wild inhuman strife for the salvation of self and friends with the main line the deadly hard pressing sea of yelling demons in gray whose faces were literally bloodstained with their victims.

There in numbers it was still still greater in adversity to Manley and that was so clearly an overwhelming disaster was a spur to lighten the speed of its fall in fury in resulting in tremendous onslaughts of war devilish tides of ruin and slaughter and Alandellian horrors. Before the cooling of its guns and temper that represented the destruction of Damnation that rendered home less one million people picked innocent victims by scores of thousands preparatory actions were being made to remove the main enemy lines from the Christian front by the arrival of the mighty host which violet and her sister told general Alandellian was advancing to his aid.

It was all this while that Gallitius run the most beautiful spot in the whole of Alandellia was devastated by this battle which had no precedent save except Big Pop o or Glorinda. In the nine nineteen and three quarters of an hour the whole conflict extended over the distance of one hundred and fifty miles and leveled to the ground by its concussion the most magnificent towns and cities and moved down many columns of men per discharge that covered here and three quarters of a mile.

#### THE FRIGHTFUL SCENES AT GALLITIOUS RUN.

Rit through the heart of Gallitius run for over twenty four hours besides over McHollister run and McWhirther Run and Aronburgs Run, the fury of battle had played its way in pandemonium and devastation for a fury leveling in its trail disaster, destruction, decimation, and death. The real origin of the battle was that always probably remain a mystery although the generally accepted theory was that general Alandellian making concentrations toward Julio Gallio or Norma run was no threatening that Manley and the others had to take a hasty march to stop the Christian advance on these well placed and this of course had caused the frightful battle over seen raging on the very same grounds where the other two battles of McHollister run and even those at the Norma and Julio Gallio had raged.

Whether or not general Federal and Tamerlane having great concernations south of McHollister run came into a clash suddenly, or whether John Haley took a prominent part in starting the great battle by annihilating Alandellian, of what ever else may be it, the fact remains indisputable that the battle had been in full swing long the Christian line under Alandellian for over an hour at two sixteen o'clock that early morning. When the battle was started the first of Alandellian army was worn out by their unusual exertions in repelling another general attack the night before and on the same grounds could accomplish little so great was the slaughter. Manfully every column had labored, not a man struck, common, smoke general Alandellian of musketry they opened their frantic efforts to beat back the onward march of the enemy but for a time it had been of no avail. Strong divisions had dragged heavy parts of artillery to badly smitten lines under hurricane firing and one column after another of the Alandellians had been literally torn to bits by the Christian fire but soon concerted action had become impossible for no sooner was a strong battary placed in an apparently favorable spot than some Alandellian would edge like a column stronger than the other line and blowing lines would burst into a sea of smoke and flame far in advance and a same streaming in surges upon the battery and the artillery men notable to recoil. Where it had seemed impossible for men to stand without destruction, they had plied their weapons with might and main and utmost energy, but the foe had marked carefully for verd like happy storm waves that by the time many of the guns had been blown up by overheating, the Alandellians had been upon the defenders and infantry lines defending the artillery and being almost surrounded by a wall of musketry fire. High ranged like a shell ion cannon were obliged to back out and retreat northward leaving a sea of bodies behind in their rear.

Thus had every inch and foot of ground been stubbornly contested for but for all the good accomplished the soldiers of these battary and torn divisions might as well have gone home and to bed. At this time the battle having raged with unrelenting fury had spread almost due north as far as Alandellian see Racz main center and as this new danger asserted itself there were upwards of twenty lines of cannons put into action and the woodland soon became in flames and this was the terrible roar and din which Alandellian had heard though so

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 having died of suffocation... This also happened to three other children who were thrown into a barrel of tar as they were making their way down the chimney. Landed of well in clandelinian hands... Oh how they did scream! They could not get their breath as long as the others did not for they tried to breathe in the tar but they failed to get in. Their heads moved to swim like a top while their lungs seemed as if they would turn up. Their hearts beat fast and loud and the more and more intolerable became their suffering and indescribable yearning for air. Fiercer and fiercer the children struggled but soon their struggles ceased altogether and they were dead...

Some other children had been caught in the same places of destruction and had sustained broken legs. One of the boys was suffering terribly from her broken legs and arms and another herself was leaning pitifully to the sold soldiers to clear the debris which was pressing down upon her and Aronburg called a christian general was severely injured in trying to rescue them.

"Oh, please turn up the wreckage in pressing down upon us," she screamed; "And the boards are breaking my legs. Oh, oh please hurry up." The soldiers by scores had already set to work clearing away wreckage on top as well as the thousands of boards bearing her down so as to prevent her from sliding. "Oh please hurry and get me out please do," pleaded the poor child her face white with the pain and tears streaming down her cheeks. "Oh, oh, please please get us out. This is too much."

A board jerked under her which increased her suffering and she cried as if she had lost heaven... The wreckage was slowly pressing down and even a large canvas was pressing slowly toward her face while a board was pressing down a slowly toward the back of her neck crushing her neck against another in front.

"Oh please general Aronburg don't let those boards choke me," she cried but her voice was muffled by the canvas which by the weight of the boards fastened across her face and smothered her to death the other two perishing despite the frantic efforts of the rescuers. When Violet and her sisters who had again escaped unharmed in the midst of this wild rush of clandelinians she they found that general Vivianus great army was again in great confusion but that it was being rallied though the carnage was still at its highest fury.

Simultaneous to all this horror a big clandelinian chain of battalions supported a great clandelinian column which again with frightful loss retook the McWhirther Run grounds and all clandelinian prisoner that were taken when the clandelinians had surged over the main christian works only to be driven back were completely drunk and fifteen cannons of the christians had been disabled by the clandelinians. Huebner Vanley had sent in a report to general Vanley that he wished general Vanley to try once more to force vindictiveness front but every pen battle line and every position was rearmen with the greatest batteries of cannon so liable enough to blow scores of columns into the air with their shells at a single discharge and be declared that he would not make further offensive unless he could win completely along his own front. The clandelinians were now again using all their available batteries to storm the christian works with shell fire then the McWhirther Run and then the Abbeville line but when broke into a tremendous cannon din roar in response while again and again the clandelinians advanced in swarms of columns to the charge the christian line blazing a way for all they were worth and as the other a battalions kept up a spasmodic firing continually.

Fort fourteen clandelinian columns were cut down and into fragments there being now witnessed one of the most terrific points of the battle. Thirty Abbeville brigades were crushed to fragments in repelling the clandelinian onslaughts and a hundred disabled clandelinians losing a hundred of their own which were crushed to fragments and two hundred and fifty more brigades were soon disabled it being one of the most frightful slaughters during the battle.

Indeed the clandelinians were facing an annihilating fire but nevertheless at six o'clock the whole scene of battle was really at its highest in fury.

General Vivianus army despite all this frightful slaughter slaughter excelled all other growths and it also had the mournful satisfaction of having experienced and successfully weathered for all that terrible day up to now at least the most destructive battle ever known as yet.

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 Even when reaching to the top of the barrel of tar and tried and struggled. The boys who were falling to rescue her but all their best to comfort her but were unsuccessful. Her a fluttering and return to rest was seen when the red cross created that a small die from the terrible wounds which were like dice constantly. Several tried to stop the blood but failed and their efforts only increased her agony. The sight of angeline's indescribable suffering tormented them to the quick. The child screamed, screamed and screamed and begged the men to have mercy on her. When they did try to rescue her more boards fell striking her head and all in three of the men. Again Angeline fainted and more men tried to free her fifteen having already been killed in this rescue work.

How to go to the cruellest freaks of the bursting shells.

After the fury of this onslaught had raged for several minutes one of the little girls was prostrated among a coil of small but dangerous snakes which quickly wrapped themselves around her neck so tight that she lay limp. The poor child could not stir and a awful choking and with all her strength tried to pull away their tightening coils but failing, lay at the ground and during her long into the wreckage the snakes now crushing her neck with all their might.

Her eyes seemed as if they were going to fall out of their sockets and while her tongue struck out. Her head pained her and an unbearable to catch cough seized her but she could not. The snakes seemed to take delight in her awful suffering. Her desire for air and the snakes to let go of her neck was indescribable and when the pain in her lungs. Again she tried to pull away those choking coils which were crushing her under their.

Then seeing it useless she bent firmly with her fists at the heads of the snakes and seeing that she was failing to smother them with her hands she tried to smother them with her feet. But the snakes did not let go but fastened on her until her head was thrown and thus afflicting her snakes to get a finer hold on her. If she had suffered terribly from the awful five minutes choking before it was worse now. Her eyes bulged out and her tongue struck out and she lay in a horrible position. The snakes now had a better hold on her and she lay though the horror unspeakable the snakes still on her neck until they had the flash of all their.

And a streak of no worse and occurred to her sister who had been thrown through the wreckage by the force of the same shells. It had been a level in reaching the child the child was broken. The child had suffered terribly the child having struck her with the force of the same. Her body had been badly torn and bleeding. The storm of wreckage had struck her and she was suffering worse than any we could ever know of. The child lay on the pile of wreckage and the child's face was a terrible sight. The child's face was a terrible sight and the child's face was a terrible sight. The child's face was a terrible sight and the child's face was a terrible sight.

Staggeringly tried to free herself as the pain of all this was dreadful. She gave forth stifling screams and vehement struggles to get free.

At this moment the flames had reached her and her suffering was so awful that it was like the agony of a hundred deaths. There was no friendly face anywhere to comfort her and she was alone in the darkness. The child's face was a terrible sight and the child's face was a terrible sight. The child's face was a terrible sight and the child's face was a terrible sight.

Another freak of the storm just as terrible occurred in the vicinity of a hot water tank which the storm of shells had raised. But four children were crushed to fragments in the concussion of the shell. They fearfully tried to get out of the tank of hot water but its sides were so high from the surface of the water that they failed. Their suffering was horrible but short the children being killed to death.

At another place a couple of children were buried into a barrel of rain water head first by the concussion of the same shell and wedged so tightly that they could not move their legs. From the fury of their fall their drags were fastened about their faces and they could not open their mouths to cry for air a death they smothered. On account of their intolerable suffering and desire for air the children made vehement efforts to kick the barrel over but could not move a leg and were thus unsuccessful. Their struggles for air became more feeble and more feeble and soon ceased altogether.



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 I took the horse in for the Hussars men to reach the general, but when they met there  
 the condition was the presence of the general. The Hussars men  
 with him. But the Allied Abbievians were still fighting the Hussars men and  
 the Hussars men were still fighting the Hussars men.

"Your excellency General Mac-Hollister Hindernberg;

Federal Von Gluck and Tamerline is in possession of the entire line of work  
 or your side. The Hussars men had not mobilization and the Hussars men had  
 to the last. It will take the mightiest force and the greatest energy to recover what  
 is lost as I cannot recover it alone. I am.

Your obedient servant  
 Henry, Marquis Durbach.

General Hindernberg was startled when he read this letter. He did not know what to  
 do. Here, general John Manley was storming his entire line with all the strength he  
 could muster and now his left flank was exposed. The field was divided into  
 wiped out and unbroken. The Hussars men were still fighting the Hussars men.

He had the Hussars men in a trap. The Hussars men were in a trap. He needed it for  
 for other parts of the line which were in critical danger from the persistence  
 of the Hussars men. He had also lost already several thousand men. Half of  
 what he had lost and Manley's column were still a fresh. The battle on every side  
 this point he had lost not for fair but Hindernberg was not going to give up hope so  
 easily. He telegraphed to every general officer along his right flank and  
 to the Hussars men. He telegraphed to every general officer along his right flank and  
 to the Hussars men. He telegraphed to every general officer along his right flank and  
 to the Hussars men.

When the first column arrived at the scene of the  
 found Hussars men already crushed to fragments and the Hussars men were  
 the Hussars men. The Hussars men were in a trap. The Hussars men were in a trap.  
 the Hussars men. The Hussars men were in a trap. The Hussars men were in a trap.

As he threw his own column upon Federal Gluck and Tamerline,  
 he sent a message to warn general Hindernberg but the messenger was killed  
 between the plains and woods where a great force of the enemy was swiftly advancing.  
 However Violet and her sister who had once again been engaged with the Hussars  
 concern saw that something strange was going on in the north and leaving their place  
 of observation for the first disaster in the second reported the Hussars men to  
 general Mord Viviani. Himself who forwarded the warning to general Hindernberg  
 and Hindernberg.

But Hindernberg only answer was;

"I'm bound to die even if I am executed. I know general Manley's action  
 before he was killed. He was a great man. He was a great man. He was a great man.

It was true as he said but Manley the wild fox that he found in this trap  
 and soon halted all the columns in the north, and three his army were not  
 general Hindernberg who whole line. So far in the scattered form of the Hussars men  
 along his front, and the Hussars men were in a trap. The Hussars men were in a trap.  
 that Hindernberg plan was the Hussars men. The Hussars men were in a trap. The Hussars men were in a trap.

Violent and her sister who had once again been engaged with the Hussars  
 and that was. If general held his ground against Federal Gluck and Tamerline to  
 the last he would be well. Oh how they prayed.

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 The Hussars men fell in about three twenty miles long he, he, an indestructible confusion  
 and mixture of and sprawling horses and men but the Hussars men fell in  
 about the Hussars men. In charge of these Hussars men were general Hindernberg and  
 Andrew leaving the captured works in a state of dead and wounded. In the meantime  
 general John Manley who was engaging Hindernberg had planted all his artillery but  
 also had Hussars men on the Hussars men which cut down and routed ten million  
 Hussars men and notwithstanding the success all along the other parts of the  
 line the Hussars men soon saw the time of hell as Manley was soon having his main  
 force in action. It was toward noon when the greater part of the Hussars men  
 army was threatened with annihilation, Hussars men and Hussars men alike  
 when general Henry Viviani arrived with the remainder of the force and threw  
 them into action against Manley effecting all along the line a simultaneous  
 check which amazed all the Hussars men. This produced a general firing all  
 along the battle line while the crushed and mangled armies were withdrawn to the rear  
 and the Hussars men ready for Manley's tidal waves.

About one o'clock Manley's army had broken into fiercer  
 action by the means of the most formidable assaults yet ever seen delivered by  
 the Hussars men. Their massive battalions being moved down by the Hussars men as with  
 a hammer. All throughout the hour the battle had raged with a close close alarm felt  
 and held for probably two thousand miles or more the rain of shot and shell  
 and as more and more Hussars men continued to come in to reinforce the broken lines  
 Manley had again desisted of his own accord but one of his main wings had failed to  
 withdraw.

The other commanders under general John Manley continued to deliver fierce  
 assaults but desultory attacks but soon these assaults also were in general action.  
 The Hussars men and other parts in continuously increasing numbers bore heavily  
 on the point of junction of the Hussars men and Hussars men which formed the main  
 artery of the position but the Hussars men fought well against very heavy odds  
 and withstood the most violent attacks ever seen successfully and one  
 leader predicted that his army destroyed a Hussars men column of five hundred  
 thousand within two hours and repulsed every fierce attack.

The importance of the stand in these portions was difficult  
 to exaggerate because had the Hussars men succeeded in pushing through they would have  
 cut off the retreat of the main force of Hussars men as well as of the  
 Hussars men and would have inflicted grave reverses. Since then the Hussars men  
 pressure had relaxed at this point though it was increased along the left and  
 center and where the attacks were as steady as the wildest snowstorm and  
 slaughter of men as steady as the fall of the flakes. Along the left the  
 Hussars men troops under Federal Gluck and Tamerline Van Buren made overwhelming  
 assaults under the most deadliest fire they had ever faced. Van Buren always  
 tried to a critical Federal Gluck in the fury of his assault which made it  
 pretty hard for the Hussars men to hold their own successfully. Federal Gluck  
 perceiving Tamerline's energy to succeed before his redoubled his own energy to  
 rush and extend his lines so that his Hussars men could not hold.

So their line was cut to pieces and rolled up in the greatest confusion and  
 with the loss of all their artillery. Some of the Hussars men fresh divisions arriving  
 at this moment rallied a part of the retreating columns but could not get the rest to stand.  
 In vain did the Hussars men officers beat their backs and threaten them.  
 It was of no use and the Hussars men were left to the Federal Gluck and  
 Tamerline Van Buren alone.

Federal Gluck in advance of Tamerline struck the Hussars men and Hussars men  
 line like a surge but encountered a storming fire that threatened the decimation  
 of them all.

Federal then slackened the fury of his onslaught but the Hussars men  
 Hussars men line could not advance as the Hussars men undulated in sheets of flame  
 and smoke. Then as Tamerline came on Federal renewed the onslaught on  
 the Hussars men line with redoubled fury and oceans of blood were spilled. Federal  
 Gluck's lightning was wiped out but reinforced by general John Manley. The  
 Hussars men Hussars men line the Hussars men now no respite at all.

General Hindernberg perceiving the condition on his left sent general Mord  
 Mord Viviani which was ineffective to the help of Mac-Hollister Hussars men who were  
 so gallantly standing their ground a great example for all.

















This is what Jorjidized Vanleia army when it seemed to be on the road to complete success.... Indeed in all glandelinian there probably was no soldier more than general Manley.... He fumed, roared and blazed like a volcano. His wrath over the threatening outcome of the battle.... He even told general Phil'ine Tamarline for the whole thing any... that he had no intention of holding when there was danger of a crushing defeat like he was realising.... Bicknellian and Commensian had become so concentrated in their own fire,illery fire, fire, fire, that general Vivianie right wing which had withdrawn to a stronger position under heavy fire from Glandelinian batteries began to threaten and demonstrate in heavy force which made Bicknellian and Commensian start some heavy firing of unusual intensity but and to the concentration was continued despite the threatening attitude of the Christians....

"Let them threaten." Is what he had said; "But you and I have demonstrated with all his force and I will not stop/I have as much a right to concentrate as he has to demonstrate and if he attacks me after all his force already afflicted it will be the last time I'll assure you how...."

But general Vivianie did not attack..... He was wise enough to know the nature of general Bicknellian and the fury of his troops and while his whole line of available artillery broke loose in a thunderous concert heard probably for a thousand miles he began a furious concentration all along the line himself. HHE

Bicknellian feared that something was up and something pretty serious for he never in his life of while he was in the service of the glandelinian army heard so such a thunderous roar of artillery which had broken out all along the Christian line. He reported to Manley of the threatening attitude of the Angellians and of their terrible artillery fire firing which was ten times worse than the drum-drum fire which was causing incalculable damage and terrible loss of life and that unfortunately his own guns not being up he could not answer and was in a terrible condition.

"They are also concentrating back on me, and opening fire with long shots of musketry and other gunnery." He said; "What shall I do to stop the peril?"

This was a question that Manley found difficult to answer.... What should be done to stop the Christians under general Vivianie from concentrating back? After holding a council for a few minutes Manley thought it best for Bicknellian to remain on the defensive under any conditions, but also to try and make some demonstration to compel the Christians to make an attack or withdraw.

Bicknellian decided to do this, and soon the threatening demonstration was discovered by the Vivianie girls who at once hasten to tell general Vivianie of the trick. Hearing of this from the little girls general Vivianie had an overpowering desire to go for them.... But after conferring with the little girls and his general staff.... Reaching a high hill they climbed up and reached the summit after a few minutes climb on horseback and facing down toward the main region of the battle field, saw multitudes of brightly colored flags and banners moving back and forth and saw great puffy clouds that shot from the woods like geysers. On the left side there seemed to be a nothing mass of smoke as from some great conflagration extending as far as eye could reach and increasing swiftly while from that distance they could hear a strange muffled roaring above the louder din of the battle along other points of the lines....

At once general Vivianie replied. His spy plane on the hill was so thick that he could not distinguish anything and he was puzzled.

"Quick." He gasped to the little girls; "Hide with all haste to the grand divisions on the main Christian center.... I'll remain here until you return if you are not gone too long."

The little girls quickly shrouded their horses and dashed down in the direction of the strange sight. Within half an hour general Vivianie saw them coming back and at a tearing gallop their hair all loose and carrying their arms frantically.

"It is a general storming attack on your main center and in overwhelming force at that." Shouted Violet as she reached him; "Maldonia, convention, Adela-degarre, Ambrose vulgar and smash-int-ahend, are attacking in full force and with new commands. The battle now is something terrible."

"So somebody else has attacked?" Said general Vivianie; "Well they must be stopped at all costs."

General Vivianie immediately rushed down the hill giving orders to his various

Calla whole line opened fire which instantly played awful havoc among the gray columns and one column after another with yells of "Down with the children of God!" stormed the Christian lines with the persistence of the waves of the sea in a storm but were shot and to fragments and with the loss of general Pan bdn who was killed. But the main columns and the dreadful carnage swarmed to the assault and the battle literally raged with unbelievable fury.

All three of the Christian armies were in action repelling assaults that were as irresistible as tidal waves. Line and again Calla men threw themselves on their knees and continued to pour a murderous withering fire upon the assailants mowing their ranks down by the hundred and causing some confusion among the foremost columns.

One of the glandelinian columns having lost three quarters of their numbers recoiled in the face of that ralling fire causing the main division in the rear to fall back the Angellian cavalry divisions sharpening their retreating glandelinians and cutting their columns to pieces before withdrawing under cover....

Tamarline's main line continued the assault with unabated fury the Christians literally pouncing the gray columns with storms of shot and shell tearing them to pieces. At the same time the main batteries opened fire with the roar of sixty thousand guns on and twice that number of rattling guns making a frightful sound and as slowly over eighty thousand glandelinians were mowed down continuously.

The discharge of the Christian artillery was deafening and the shot so severe that it broke windows and caused laths and plaster plaster to fall inside the houses in many places. Fifty miles away.

The gray columns were mowed with raining volleys of shot, shell, grapeshot and canister and so frightful was his losses that Tamarline did not know what to do, to stop the Christian fire. However he had brought his own batteries in action and then the din of the tremendous cannonading and much musketry firing was frightful on both sides adding shot and shell for all they were worth the black and white powder smoke floating away in great clouds. Assault after assault continued with murderous fury but the Angellians held their ground like Spartans keeping up a storming withering fire with both their firearms and cannon causing the most frightful struggle. The glandelinians attacking in overwhelming numbers were soon swarming among the brave defenders like hordes of bees but the Christians held so desperately that the glandelinians were forced out of the breastworks leaving a hundred thousand dead and wounded in them.

So far his success Calla decided to press on in a counter charge to demonstrate Tamarline's army and carry all before him no matter what the risk so he waved his sabre and shouted as loudly as he could:

"Forward men we must give Tamarline a thrashing."

The large forces of Angellians now pressed on after the glandelinians. Onward and onward pressed the Angellians with their bayonets fixed until reaching the glandelinian advance along this quarter. And of course this enraged general Manley and learning that Bicknellian and Commensian were concentrating upon Tamarline ordered these generals to keep a lookout for the movements of the Christians and attack them as soon as they could get their forces ready to do so. Most of Manley's army and all the dreadful storm of carnage was barred by the Christian forces storming with fire along the Mc-Holleston, Mc-Whirther and Angeline run river banks as the Christians having crossed first had destroyed all the glandelinian divisions who attacked them thus placing general Manley in a deadlock.

These rivers at these points were almost impassable on account of the bodies of the slain that packed them to their utmost.

The cause of the situation along Manley's front at this point was that a column of Christians had been attacked while damming bridges on the Mc-Whirther Run and the enemy during their backward flow along this point had to destroy all the very bridges they had tried so desperately to save in a vain effort to check the counter advance of their furious Christian enemies....

me I do. And it is no easy matter to be a great general as I am. I am the danger of making an attack at that point and that is why I just advised you to cancel the foe, until reinforcements could reach you."

"Your excellency I'll try to do better next time," said Callahan, "for my word on it."

"All right," said general Viviania, "Don't let it happen again for your sake as well as mine."

With this Callahan was dismissed and returned back to his firing lines. In his officers of his interview with general Viviania, none of the officers were in agreement with Viviania and Callahan could say but little. Despite the successful defense of the mines, Vanley foolishly did not follow up the advantage gained, thus enabling general Viviania to crush one of his main and best columns. Vanley followed up his advantage at this point. Vanley could have compelled general Viviania to break into an unprepared rout but now it was too late and within an hour Viviania had been heavily reinforced and Vanley could do nothing to reform his broken and mangled wings. Whether this was true or not it seemed to encourage the Christians a little giving them hopes that the Vanleys downfall would soon come and that this terrible strife which was causing such horrible loss in lives and such wide spread desolation would soon end. Hicknell and Hermann's armies were moving across the northwestern sections of the Aronturps and toward Pandoria set storming Abibian. In line these Abibianians giving the most fierce resistance they could muster and which Vanley indeed was trying his best to crush first.

The Abibianians had already reinforced general Viviania which had now giving him hopes of repelling Vanley with better success.

An hour after he had written the note to general Mc-Hollister, "Hindernine the commander of the big force in action he got a note from the same person which read;

"Your excellency general Viviania

"I'm sorry to say that I cannot supply reinforcements within the time you mention. The main thing for you to do is to withdraw as much of your forces as possible and make a stand at Pandoria where you can make up an impregnable position. As to the petition I'll have to see the one who wishes it granted and if you are compelled to resign give me notice before you do so so that I can get a new officer in your place. But I advise you not to lose any hope and faith in the threatening success of the enemy, and his success may turn at any minute now. I myself have been holding out successfully all the time the battle started and don't resign or think of resigning unless you absolutely see that there is no hope. I know of the blow that you suffered near Calvernia and of the death of your main supreme aid general Hanaonia and the destruction of his army but you may be able yet to make Vanley pay dearly for it by and by. Just hold on until you see no hope before resigning then resign. If you must as I would not like you to be disgraced by giving up to your sword to such a wicked man as Vanley himself."

His excellency general  
Mc-HOLLISTER, HINDERNINE.....

In the meantime general Viviania had done or started to do as told while general Callahan and Call under his instructions to pick up his positions on every Elion Run to cover his withdrawal and repelled the maneuvers under the "Hindernine" general having had orders to stand their ground at all hazards. He rushed along his lines yelling to every officer he came upon;

"Stand your ground like fury and see that the foe never crosses these plains. Don't let the men fire until until the Landelinians are near enough."

General Callahan gave orders for his cavalry forces to mount and charge the enemy which his artillery was quickly unlimbered and made ready for action.

General Hanton was the next to discover the actions of the enemy and ordered his men in lines of battle and nearer came the enemy and with wild yells;

THE COLLECTION OF THE MOST FRIGHTFUL CONFLICT OF THE CALVERNIAN SOY SOIL AT THIS TIME OF THAT BLOODY YEAR. GREAT SCENES AND ADVENTURES OF THE VIZIAN GIRLS. THE TROOP OF SLAUGHTER.....

General Call had only retreated before overwhelming numbers and before a hurricane of fire. General Viviania had now lost hope of losing this battle and the war too and had previously sent a note to his main superior general Mc-Hollister, hindernine threat ending resignation the note being thus;

"Your excellency general Mc-Hollister hindernine;

"It is not my duty to surrender to an enemy, God or of God and if you ever intend to send me any reinforcements within an hour I'll have to resign my command even if the battle is going against me. I will never surrender to God's earnest enemies even if I go to my death. It fills a month's shame. I have also discovered proofs that the loss of the Aronturps and the picture is causing this disaster. Can you help to cause its recovery in some way for general Hanton and sent me the reinforcements before it is too late."

Your assistant general  
Mr. Viviania... ..

General Viviania

General Viviania learning that Call was responsible for the upsetting of his plans ordered the orderly to summon general Callahan to his headquarters right away. The orderly obeyed and soon came back with general Callahan who was immediately summoned before the great general who said;

"This morning before this terrible slaughter began I gave you orders for you to stand your ground and not to attack the enemy under any conditions without waiting for the other forces I sent to your aid did I not?"

"Yes I remember that very command but-----"

"You have not only failed to obey my command," interrupted general Viviania but have also caused a bitter threatening defeat as well. I intended to strike Vanley a blow when Hindernine got into general action on Lanquet Run before he could strike me but your foolhardiness prevented me and now my whole army is crushed to fragments. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I was compelled to do so your excellency," said general Callahan. "They were advancing on me in overwhelming numbers and if I did not attack in overwhelming force first they would have crushed me."

"Grumble you indeed! No matter what your excuse may be you have disobeyed my command and if it was not for need of officers I would take away your command right now and give it to some one else. And if you had not been a fool, you a FOOL you would have retreated."

"But you did not give me any orders concerning that," said Callahan little irritated. "If you are as gentle hearted a general as they say you would not have called me down for a simple mistake. I right here resign my command, instead of you a fool you are to take it from me. Here is my sword."

"You don't say," said general Viviania fusing the sword. "Under such circumstances as now during this battle at least no officer is allowed to resign his command unless I take it from him. Carry on like that and I'll have you shot for insubordination. And why man don't you know that it is something very serious. Your actions would irritate the best hearted general in the world and in fact you your foolhardiness had completely broken my heart. For mistake as you call it has endangered my whole army. I have dealt with you fair and square and you ought to do the same to me. And if you were in my place you would feel the same

of battle flared with fire as they let loose their great content of hell. About one thousand masses of smoke and fire were sent from the cannon and artillery fire. Hundreds of thousands of men on each side the front and rear of the line of battle. A simultaneous roar of millions of firearms blazing forth from all sides of the line in desultory rolls but the Christians were finally driven back with great heavy loss that they could not reform....

Amid the blaze of cannon and musketry and deafening roar of the hurricane of musketry fire all along the line of battle general divisions were sent up with more artillerymen filling the gap made by the other retreating columns formed an immovable barrier against the Christians who had been pressing on with irresistible force and meeting them with a withering storm of fire all along the line....

The slaughter as intense annihilated the first column of the Angelians became panic stricken. The main column however continued the furious charge despite the frightful slaughter while various main right wing in the meantime had been driven clean out of its position but upon receiving heavy reinforcement it rallied and gathered against the Christian assaults with an overwhelming numbers repelling them with merciless and indomitable fury.

General Gallahue's right wing was threatened with annihilation as the whole thrust of the Christian columns concentrated upon it at about the same time, the struggle as it increased being more cruel and sanguinary than at any time before....

Two of the veteran divisions of the Christians were shattered by the withering fire of the Christians and the desperate desperate charge of their dragons, and battalions under Jan Jans and Angelickiana were also annihilated....

Right hundred cannon were in action upon the Angelians to their right aiming to shake the main heavy heavens and down upon all planes that the war of the elements could ever make during a great storm.... The whole of the enemy force was pushing close upon the Christians instead of being pushed back during the charge having followed each other in a succession of walled regions were filled the with the explosive storm of shot shells mingled with the constant clare of lightning like flashes of fire explosives and burst of thunder and the smoke of battle was like clouds....

The whole line of the Christians was forced back by overwhelming numbers, the enemy having come upon their flank in a fierce attack. The retreat soon became a rout. The Angelians in leaders were filled with rage and flung over their total defeat but anyway it was an indecisive victory as the rest of the division of the foe did not follow to far and this would enable them to rally and be given time to be reinforced.

"We can't force them from the mines as yet but by God's help they will not hold them a year long." Declared Gallahue....

The Christians had however advanced on but were checked at Sully's creek with heavy losses. Part of general Hancock's divisions lines in turning their way and storming with fire.... The losses that Gall and Gallahue suffered about one hundred thirty thousand, annihilated and nine thousand killed and a million in wounded. The two had seven million men together. The enemy losses were three hundred fifty five thousand nine hundred ninety nine. This conflict before the Christians had won had lasted for about an hour and a half....

General Diviana was provoked over the outcome of the conflict at a point along his lines seeing that Gall had made his counter attack too so near that if he had only waited for reinforcements which were on the way to support him he would have won his ground and captured the mines. The real fact was that Gall was in a near the enemy lines so near to the enemy that he had been in danger of annihilation if attacked and only escaped destruction by making the attack himself which he did and which if he had not done would have proved very disastrous....

The Christians the same attacking but soon ran off from the Christians with great loss. By midnight, General and General divisions and could not make a junction with the Christians. The condition of his army was critical and the loss of ammunition other famous commanders who had fallen in that terrible struggle which had already lasted six hours and one quarter. He had with out dispute reversed against vanley at Perthshire. But this and again again the enemy had reversed in turn. The Christians with the rest had reached his headquarters and after some time and violent wounds were attended to Angelina reported to the lowest officers of the situation of the engagement and the divisions of the foe, the officer stating that General Diviana with most of his staff were at the fighting line and had also seen this and did not know what to do.

General Diviana himself knew that general's divisions were fresh and so he ordered them to move upon the Christians along the mined region fill the gap made at that point and gave his orders to hold his ground at whatever cost. General later his divisions of Christians had already been making a faithful onslaught when he reached the scene, the Christians having formed the Christian positions at Perth / Ross and on a forest forcing them to across Jan Jans Hancock's the fierce resistance they met from the Christian divisions.

The Christians had also been active in and around Mondina and having crossed the Angelians in leaving a sea of round and lead behind them, capturing five field fortifications after a successful decisive conflict capturing many prisoners. All this had occurred within half an hour while the Christians had been heading for general divisions lines with the rescued children and the rest.

#### THE BATTLE ALONG HURRICANE RIVER.

Gall and Gallahue near Perth Perth and despite the terrific hurricane of firing going going on around led his forces to a furious counter attack upon the Christians. All at once once the most fearful fire ever seen along the enemy lines during the whole battle was opened upon the Christians with a million cannon like roar who despite their fearful losses surged forward in an unbroken wave, and they were only repulsed when their left wing overlapped and crashed....

Gall was wholly determined to win and despite the increasing fury of the hurricane of flame and fire he stood his own ground then again counter-attacked the Angelians sweeping on with great gallantly and enthusiasm giving forth the louder than the screaming roar of land-iron and musketry.... About one hundred cannon were trained upon the Christians their destructive fire mowing down the masses of the hundred per minute but on they charged and the crashing of thousands of falling trees, storms of volcanic shells, torrents of shot and shrapnel. The left wing of the assaulting column made such a wild frenzied assault that the right of the enemy columns suffering by both the scorching fire of Christian batteries and the desperate attack so combined were cut to pieces and rolled up with the loss of twenty generals and hundreds of thousands of men.

These twenty generals were all captured showing names: Shoemunkishin, James Crackthorn, Graham Crackers, Menda Rensitt, box in the ear, Washington, Frankington, Robinson, Apitoon, Stant inia/ Bellied et as, George Gall, Ball, Phat Gall, James Gall and Fredrick Gall all brothers while the rest were Hendon Jan Jans, Fred Gallahue, Melinda Hancock, Fred Henry Smith, and Gallahue Janington.

Then a part of general Antonio's army had under the command had thrown forward great forces to another point of the line and every attempt made to call them to reinforce them seemed impossible. Despite the full fury of the hurricane storm of Christians fire the battle progressed with continuous and unrelenting fury and the Angelians by making furious maneuvers and fearful charges succeeded in forcing once more another part of the enemy main line. For half a day and tremendous slaughter fearful losses occurring on both Christian fire and attack held their ground stubbornly fighting with the fury of desperation. Cannon of all calibre were trained upon the assailants and the whole line



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it had crushed his men into fragments. This had been the most daring exploit of the battle and of the war or nothing like this ever happened before. It was an occurrence that surprised the soldiers and the news was spread from end to end. Violet and her sisters had after this not want to join those behind the mine and though they had surrounded the children the mines nevertheless had been surrounded with about forty thousand French Glandelinian troops or four million men who had tried fiercely to smash every Christian line at this locality and retake the children and were even repelling every attack as the mine upon them as the Angeliens were determined to destroy the mines.

The struggle along this point was terrific and four times the Angeliens column had been repulsed and driven back.

The left wing of the main column had been crushed to fragments and General Los Jendings who led the charge had been severely wounded by a fall from his horse and in peril of being taken by the Glandelinians whose whole front was storming with a scathing withering fire.

General Tabor went to his rescue with fresh forces and these Angeliens managed to hurl the assault assaults back though Tabor was killed. Violet and her sisters saw that these Angeliens troops had gotten themselves into an awful fix, for they had struck against supremely overwhelming numbers and had lost about five times the number of men that the Glandelinians lost.

The whole Glandelinian column was now pressing on to crush the Christian line to fragments despite the stern resistance made. One large brigade after another struck repeated blows against the Glandelinians under general command but were crushed to pieces themselves and could not hold out. Over three hundred thousands had already fallen in the desperate attacks on the Glandelinians at this sector of the bloody battlefield and out of one division of forty thousand men there was now only twelve thousand left at the last having fallen during the engagement.

The Glandelinians were pressing the Christian lines on both the rear and front in a furnace of fire and smoke and the Angeliens had to retreat or be annihilated for no reinforcements were coming though some officers had been sent for them. Violet herself had been wounded but managed to escape the enemy's clutches. The attempt of the Christians to carry the Glandelinian position in the region of the mines had been a failure a crushing failure and this had made a severe break in the main Christian line itself.

The Christian officers did not know what to do the slaves at the mines had been the hardest sufferers and though they also had been rescued the Christian officers had wished to see the destruction of the mines or their capture at least but the Glandelinian position in that location was discovered to be impregnable. The officers would have dared to bring another and much larger force but from their observation point, they could see that these Glandelinians were a part of general Federal Glandelinians concentrating there. That is why the position could not be taken, and more and more of the Glandelinians were coming every minute and now they were coming forward themselves to reoccupy the line that the Christian Christians had struck them.

Violet and her sisters could even see that the Glandelinians were were starting to fire numerous cannons, while one large force shaping a like some monstrous wave to them was moving forward with a great rush. This new movement of the enemy seemed surprising and the little girls watched it for a moment or so though some of the officers had advised them they were too far near the firing line and that a storm of bullets would liable to bring them down as now the firing was being redoubled in violence. More and more joined this great column of Glandelinians and advancing like a yelling avalanche and immediately Violet and her sisters realizing what it meant hastened with her sisters a batch of soldiers and the children to where they could find Vivian's headquarters.

There was no need of telling general Vivian of the new situation, he saw and knew the intentions of these advancing columns. Into general Vivian's army was in a serious condition for much as Vanley had unexpectedly received large reinforcements from the coast near planket Bay these being some of those who had been sent to strike at the new African line but who had been repulsed and sent orders from Vivian's headquarters to join Vanley.

General Vivian was at a loss of what to do for this failure in the region of the mines left a great breach in the Christian lines and even to withdraw or retreat would make a disaster worse than along his own main right which had been annihilated.

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and the later we saw them do here was enough to kill anyone but led from hour to hour without a moment's rest, they had labored or scolded, temptation thrown from one place to another, food and drink was had tried to rest they were hauled out across the face with a whip or a almost choked to death. The little children could hardly bear all this torture but nevertheless were unable to help themselves and we ourselves could do nothing in our behalf for he we interfered we would have been suspected as spies and then our saving them afterward from these horrors would be in vain even if we had enabled us to get away in the bargain.

From the mines we were applying around the factories finally entering one as the others were but barred against us. Here were sad, sad, sad, horrible scenes. The children here had been forced to make powder and shells for Van Manley's armies and the horrible roar of the machinery of every kind was deafening more shrieking in their ears than this very fact itself.... The machinery seemed to shake the immense mill.

Every scene here could not be described but the children who did so I can describe. I set on again and again. Even many times we had seen the children for stopping a moment to rest stripped naked and thrashed in the most brutal manner with horrible iron piked lashes that tore the flesh till the blood ran like water. We had heard from one of the overseers that in going in contact with the powder these three victims that were scourged literally died to locked jaw locked jaw and powder poisoning.

Well we will have to do something about this indeed. Said Marger with an inconsiderate grunt. These sights of cruelty the shocking of the victims as you say you and your sisters see it, the cruel beatings and tearings of flesh and the purpose of making thousands of them then for life with overwork is very much to be unconsiderable indeed. I have succeeded in being in bending my assistants westward along one part of the line and so I may as well we will show these children that I'm going to be better and fail to rescue them. And he finished this with a chuckle.

The Glandelinians along this point where the slave houses were standing in the far distance were now at a standstill and now these Angeliens forces forces about one million in number and under the personal command of Louise were ordered to press forward under any condition while other forces just as large were ordered to advance to the rear of the line of the enemy and to place them between two fires. Within a few minutes after this new concentration all the child labor fact factories known were in sight of the advancing Christians who steadily pressed the stubborn fire foe back in a furnace of fire and through their ranks because the officers could see the children still at their hard toil for instead the children though conscious of the great struggle raging so near their prisons had no hope of seeing their own men ever coming.

The Angeliens soldiers were anxious to get to the factories at once but the Glandelinians showed such stubborn resistance, but their leaders had told them that things can't be done at once. It took an hour for the great turning movement commanded by Marger to be made and when this was accomplished the mills and other mill houses were surrounded in a terrific onslaught of carnage. One of the doors of the factory had been opened and the children and boys cut to escape were fortunately seized by the nearest Angeliens who quickly took them to the rear of the firing line.

Thousands of the Angeliens marched toward in the doors of the factories and swarmed inside the machine shops yelling for the Glandelinians there to surrender or die like dogs. The Glandelinian overseers being outnumbered and unarmed saw nothing else to do but to give in and nearly ten thousand solid slave masters were captured without even a fight inside the factories. The Glandelinians were mad as hells however and if any devil in the infernal regions could beat them at their blasphemous and imprecations they can have credit. The leaders threatened the Vivian girls who they knew had caused this and heaped volumes of imprecations upon them. However the Angeliens were more surprised than their enemies for they had expected that the Glandelinians inside the now burning factories would fight like tigers even if they were not armed. The children themselves were paraded with amazement and joy at this sudden occurrence and surprise over this unexpected deliverance. Nearly a hundred thousand child slaves within an hour had been freed the whole procession of children and prisoners being marched into general Vivian's lines, the Glandelinians to banishment or execution, while general Marger

"Now be careful all of you and aim good," came the command. "See that every shot finds a mark and each boy pick a man only aim nicely at to make heavy loss. We must stop them once if we can in heavy losses."

Nearer and nearer came the Lancelinians horsemen shouting and yelling in volumes. The boys stood behind trees and rocks where they could not be seen plainly by the enemy and then as the Lancelinians moved into sight the boys saw to their horror that many scores of thousands were rushing forward to toward them than a mere thousand as they had expected.

Then just as the words seemed to blaze up all sides there was an awful double roar and shells by scores landed among the Lancelinians a tremendous roar of musketry shaking the air and to the surprise of the boys the words were swarming with Angelinian soldiers. Nearly seven thousand Lancelinians were killed and over twenty thousand more shot down from their horses at once while horses and riders sprawled everywhere by more thousands causing the greatest confusion their three leaders braken and the more got only trying to get to the rear. The main body of troopers warrening on however and they made a furious dash into the words charging the Christians fiercely but the boys and children with the nuns had managed to pass chiefly to the rear while Violet and her sisters as they watched the fray heard some Lancelinian beller.

"I thought those queerly dressed soldiers were Angelinians. Didn't I tell ye so."

Violet and her sisters were hugged and congratulated by the sisters while the firing inferno of slaughter was going on in the words, buying the little girls for bringing them out of the danger that threatened them so closely. The rescued children girls and boys waved their arms and shouted and sung with praise as they saw the troops on in the words finally surge forward driving the Lancelinians slowly back.

"The enemy had feared that we and the whole procession were a queer Angelinian soldiers and that is what made them hesitate long enough for us to get to this word where I knew the Angelinians were to be hiding," laughed Violet. "In our retreat toward this word we have then some fine pre-acting and continually retreated out of their range. I heard their leader tiking that we were Angelinian troops harrying that way and so by our formidable appearance we made them believe they were right."

"You certainly are great children," said the nun. "And God will bless you for this deed."

"The only blessing I ask is that this frightful slaughter will end soon," answered Violet. "And no matter how it ends as long as it ends." And she pouted.

#### THE DARING RESCUE OF THE CHILD SLAVES:

As to predict in the meantime Lancelinians and main armies had continued the onslaught upon hindering and driving but at one great section the battle had reversed in an opposite direction and the Lancelinians had been thrown back with horrible heavy and overwhelming slaughter. Violet and her sisters had made their way to another point of the field after rescuing the nuns actually looking for more adventure and discovered to their horror that big Christian forces and Lancelinians were fighting fiercely for the possession of a row of child labor houses, and here Violet and her sisters saw the real horrors of their lives.

Before the great battle had started great armies of telling children had been marched from one mill to another amid the most outrageous treatment ever seen. Most of the children had from the effects of the hard toil had been seen marching with bent shoulders and each one not only chained to each other but also handcuffed and under a well known guard.

While the lot of the child slaves was this point of fiercer and with terrible violence the Violet herself told the her story:

"General Darger we had before the battle on pretence of being Lancelinian boyscouts had followed one of these sad processions into a dark foul smel like mine

one thought the foremost when they would reach the procession would play an ace of spades with them as to call it. Violet and her sisters decided upon quick action.

"Quick you nuns and even rose to the nearest hills and signal the Christians not to fire their shells in this direction," said Violet to the two chief leaders of the boyscouts. "The rest of us will do our best to save the fugitives."

Harry and even quickly dashed off to do her bidding while the little girls followed by the boyscouts raced off toward the procession yelling to attract the attention of the Christians and pointing out to them the approaching peril.

The nuns knowing who they were by the dark color of their uniform and their flags understood and hastened the children on as fast as they could run the boyscouts covering their retreat and defying the advancing Lancelinian horsemen who now came on with a dash yet in like fiends all bent upon the lives of the helpless children.

The whole procession was now running running toward the north as fast as the holy nuns could urge them.

The foremost Lancelinians were enraged by this and started firing but the boyscouts about four thousand in number had formed into lines in the shape of arches and their ranks blazed with an answering withering fire many of the surprised Lancelinians hitting the dust. A series of yells and exclamations burst from the foe the boys now retreating with the children so as to shield them as much as possible in case the Lancelinians should open fire again.

But the foremost Lancelinians now realizing that the fugitives were under the support of a strong guard and not knowing whom the Christians may be come on more slowly their yells changing into howls of rage.

"When they come near enough give them another good volley," said Violet. "We got to save these children with our lives if need be."

The main column of the Lancelinians had now joined the others and as the foremost provocate hesitated it gave the boyscouts a chance to outdistance them. Violet who had sharp hearing heard some of the ones of the Lancelinians say:

"Isn't it as if we were going to be repulsed by those Christian troops over there looking so much like children in their clothing? General Darger don't let them seem to be overwhelming in force also."

"It is soundfounding," hissed the general. "Here we were sent on the way to reach the Christian position and our car carry their batteries and to make blood run from the bodies of simpatons when these new and mysterious forces looking like little girls come to stop us. Damn those blasted Christians. To hell with such luck."

"Let us make an attack anyway," suggested the first speaker. "We can rush in overwhelming numbers and we may manage to get some of those boy scout rabbits cut out up any how. We have got to do something as it is humiliation to go back to our commanders with the report that it failed."

"But it is risky in all this smoke," major general Larson said to the other general. "They may be a part of some great ambush laid for us."

"Maybe we can follow them," said the major general. "My but I am ashamed to get at those kids the officer told us about and this is the first time I was allowed to join in the childrens execution."

"Murder, no execution you devils," thought one of the boyscouts. "How would you like it if a savage horde deced upon your own children and massacred them?"

I guess we ought to try and make a wild dash anyway," said the major general. "We could attack them in full force and rout the Christians by a sudden irresistible dash. You know general Richard Sumnerline order us to get those orphans at what ever cost what ever they are and where ever they had gone to. Those Christians harrying our way have got to be sent red."

"Well then we will make the dash," said the general and he ordered the men to advance at a rush. Violet and her sisters immediately warned the boyscouts of what was coming and instantly they all drew their pistols again and made ready for the assault having taken defense on the fraze of a word as far to the rear of which they could hear the thundering roar of thousands of Christian cannon.

It answered to the dismay of the boyscouts that the Lancelinians were all horsemen as a thunderous cannon filled the air.

General Manley himself was dumbfounded by the obstinacy of the christian lines and did not know what to make of it. While he had been hurling on a great onslaught after another against the christian lines in spite of all the fearful slaughter already inflicted general Raymond Richardson Federal had sent a message to general Manley;

"Your excellency general Manley/;

"I have almost succeeded in annihilating all the christians that opposed my lines as you requested and drove the rest into hopeless confusion but cannot under any means check the rolling tides of the christian hosts under general Belloni and having failed to crush Vivianian do not know what to do.

One of general Vivianian's supreme commanders by the name of Mansonia was killed during the fierce fighting on the Mc-Hollister Run but I know failed to cripple general Vivianian or indeed, despite the practical annihilation of general Vivianian's right wing under Mansonia at Mc-Whither and Mc-Hollister Run.

Here the fiercest conflict I have a over seen occurred. My armies are already demoralized from the losses and I hardly can stand stand against the other armies moving on me for I'm overwhelmed.

I have intended to show fiercer resistance at Mc-Hollister Run if I can but will need new expert leaders and heavy reinforcements to make the stand successfully. At the first I had been greatly victorious over general Vivianian at Calverline itself along the point of his extreme center when I had destroyed Mansonia's army and had also overlapped general Vivianian's right extreme centercut it up and rolled it from the field but despite the wildest fury of the attack on their extreme left and center of the main center itself they held by means of a as severe a drum-drum fire as along Vivianian's lines attacked by Tommas Federal and Richard's Tamarline which they had maintained upon my divisions and I had to abandon the attack or suffer annihilation. After that we made some small successes and drove the christians along his extreme left northward but while my host were gallantly and brilliantly cutting the christian troops in the greatest disorder he managed to once more reassemble upon me in overwhelming numbers and after annu sanguinary fighting along the Wotherys Run I was again compelled to retreat before a much superior force in a terrible inferno. A large force of munition had also tried to blow up My Calverline by means of mines to check the bloody christian onslaught in that direction but they were stopped by that christian general Henry Johnson on the Run.

If you expect me to hold my little army I will be obliged to withdraw as the christian troops are now hammering me as hard as battering rams....

Your assis assistant

General Raymond Richardson Federal, Commander of the extreme

left wing of the Glandelinian army.....

While the battle was in progress also at other points of the line Violet and her sisters with a force of their boy scouts and Jack Johnson's wonderful procession of children approaching guarded by nine or ten nuns. How many children there were Violet and her sister sisters could not tell as yet but they notified the boys as they saw far in the rear of the procession large columns of troops approaching on the runbut coming on silently and indeed they appeared to be monstrous lines of graycoats. Jennie Joyce and Angelina hitting the column of boyscoats came to Violet's side and seeing the prog procession and the danger that threatened were alarmed.

"It is funny they come right in the way of a bloody field like this said Violet to Jennie; They are foolish and before that know it our soldiers will land among them besides the danger threatening in the rear."

Violet and her sisters saw the fl. flourishing of sabres in the rear and though these Glandelinians were really coving on to make a frightful

do thing them more experiences than any battle during the war. They fit their losses keenly but tried persistently to hold back their grief that was tearing at their hearts like dragons claws. Her sisters scratched and maimed during the chase, every best friend gone and it was only where no one saw them they went bitterly but before soldiers and the like they appeared so cheerful and many had really believed that little little did not care about the deaths of Evans their best friend had they not detected sorrow in their eyes despite their cheerful aspects.

As five armies of Concentinians had now concentrated upon the enemy attacking Glandelinians front Manley had to send five other armies to content with them while he himself continued his assaults on general Vivianian and the advancing Abyssinilian armies. Reports came in also that Mc-Whither Run had been abandoned by the christians again and also the Aronburg Run and that the christian forces defending their ground had been crushed to pieces.

This news brought great fear among the survivors of general Vivianian's army and indeed Violet and her sisters had no hopes that the Angels could ever win the great battle as Manley had already struck a successful blow when Federal destroyed Mansonia's army which consisted of general Vivianian's main right wing. Everywhere on the line of battle there was the scene of the wildest desolation. Fields were laid in blackened waste and transferred into bloody morgues houses were in ruins and the worst regions had the appearance of volcanic but volcanic sea level raging for weeks.

Millions of trees were lying on the ground smothered and withered with the mangled bodies of the soldiers buried under them. The Glandelinians but battle lines had moved forward time and again in great and long surges and indeed nearly the whole of the region where the battle raged was laid in desolation and near Calverline, where general Manley's right wing had been in some of the fiercest action nearly ten thousand Glandelinians had tried to blow up My Calverline by mining it but a great force of christians had charged them and forced them to retreat thus preventing the terrible disaster that would have followed in the volcanic destruction and would have destroyed hundreds of miles of country had she been blown up and sent to death general half of general Vivianian's army.

Over four hundred thousand fell on both sides over the fighting about the volcano which raged near the town of Wandora and the Glandelinians in this vicinity being routed.

By one o'clock general Manley had finally withdrawn some of his exhausted troops before overwhelming numbers but he had however massed all his artillery and every every attempt on the side of the christians to advance was frightfully decimated. During the battle general Vivianian had extended one of his wings toward the town of Wandora whose inhabitants had fled northward at the approach of Manley's army destroying all the stores of grain and blowing up all the military stores and burning a all the child labor factories so that the Glandelinians could not use them. At the approach of the christians most of these inhabitants returned thousands of the men insisting into christian army. In fact the men refugees had insisted in the army before the great battle had started to avenge their losses upon the Glandelinians who had long before this murdered all the poor children they could lay their hands on. Way before the battle began hundreds of child refugee refugees had been picked up by the christian armies every day and what these little innocents had lived in being questioned horrified the christian soldiers.

Even before this great battle had been fought more than a million little Calverline Glandelinians had been sinking deeper and deeper into a dull helplessness and hopelessness that was stupidly and savagely Satanic. Entirely robbed of their clothing made to forget laughter and play this great army of Calverlinian children seized from orphan asylums, from mothers arms, or nurseries made to tramp their way to a most horrible and bloody death. For outrageous hours general Vivianian had planned to put a stop to this continuous child murder at all costs and this probably is one of the many causes that brought this horrible battle into operation and what at what a result.

Part of his left wing heavily reinforced by Concentinians had managed to overlap a godly portion of the assaulting force of Glandelinians and demonstrating soon made Manley halt his battle maneuvers at this point driving their columns back Zimmerman and Wandora Run and across like so many millions of refugees but nevertheless the other portions of the enemy still held the field.

"Curse on the luck!" He muttered angrily to himself; "I brought myself into this scrap so I must fight to get out."

He wheeled his horse sharply around and made a headlong charge upon the nearest pursuers led by the children with drawn sabres but a resounding volley brought his horse down the general being thrown headlong into a bush. Before the Angellinians could reach the spot where he fell Tamerline was already on another horse dashing full speed over a field recklessly leaping over barbed wire fences across ditches and across the headlong over a hedge. Still the Angellinians did not give up but followed by the main road reaching the other end of the bridge before Tamerline was half across. With well aimed shots Tamerline brought down seven of the Angellinians among them Jennie's horse and the of voice and wounding Jennie slightly.

Taking advantage of the confusion he caused he dismounted from his second horse and rejumped the reins remounted again and headed for the railing and both horse and rider dived into the river swimming across to the other side just as the main body of pursuers under Darger arrived.

"Intercept him quick," shouted the Christian general; "He must be caught dead or alive. Jennie's voice was hoarse the railing in a moment and turning excitedly to the men she had been leading she said; "Some of you men follow on both banks of the river. We can catch him then all right."

This was attempted but suddenly a big force of Llandelinians suddenly appeared who poured a withering fire upon the Angellinians as they dashed upon the bridge. The Angellinians being outnumbered retreated the Llandelinians following furiously.

Violet and her sisters at the sight of the Llandelinians who came upon the bridge at a thunderous gallop quickly dived into the water reaching the other bank in time to reach the fleeing Christians. The Llandelinians were apart of Ambrose Fullers advancing army general Clybourne being in the lead and as Tamerline reached them puffing and blowing, and cursing in volumes like a history he bellowed;

"What did you let those kin kids escape for. You men could have easily shot them down the little fiends what they are."

"They were too quick for my men," said Clybourne; "They had made the dive before the troopers could fire."

"Hang the talk," growled Tamerline he was in a rage after this occurrence; "They were too dog-gone afraid of killing them after the chase they have given me for them. I was after them myself and it turned out this way. Why did you not shoot to them you a crack shot?"

"Well your excellency general Tamerline," snapped Clybourne; "We are of Ambrose Fullers command and cannot slay a child without orders. Besides you are an ungrateful wretch a fool ten thousand times. We came to your rescue against us unseen odds and you carry on like that. Why do my men did not shoot the vivian girls is none of your business. I'm superior over you and will take no actions like that out of you. Go your way and say a not another word."

Tamerline did so but mumbled to himself; "Damnation, and infernal regions. Perdition and Hell but those vivian girls are a curse. I will give my entire command to see them killed. And you, you I would like to find out who my men were who gave them up to that fool of a Shoemannia. My if I would not make it hot for them. Besides I'll report to Federal of Clybourne conduct. He let them get away on purpose. My how my hands are itching to crush their n-necks, the little rats. I'll get them yet too or my name is mud."

In the meantime Dargers pursuers had rejoined the main column and once more the Christian lines were receding but their lines were even not anyone hidden in smoke and flame. Violet and her sisters had reached the Christian lines hoping to find general Vivian but learned that he was in the rear trying to send in new reserve forces to the support of this crushed and mangled center. To them things had changed since the battle began. Evans was really quite broken their best friend friends to the rear. The conflict now seemed to be

treated as no military."

"It just depends whose hands we fall into," said Jones who overheard her remark; "Even in Tamerline's army there are some good men and officers."

At this moment there was a sudden burst of gunfire of firing a rush of gray swept past the window in a roar and then the door opened and Shoemannia himself stood before the little girls with several officers and a squad of men.

Then men swarmed about the little girls while Shoemannia said; "Take these little girls out of here mighty quick. Tamerline is coming in this direction with a force of men to repel the furious Christian advance and had also learned what happened and will search this place for the children as soon as he arrives. Out with them quick. I'll fool that cowfaced rascal."

A score of the men quickly took the little girls out and away they went general Shoemannia following closely. Not far away there was a small pit into which the men gently placed the little girls then they threw a shower of branches and rags on them and said;

"We are hiding you from Tamerline. Don't say a word and he won't get you. As you are now able to walk and skip about again it is best to find your way alone but do not do so until the surge of carnage passes this region. And he threw a bunch of pistols down for each and three belts of live bullets hands. "Kill every devil that tries to get you." He said and then away he sped.

When Tamerline hastily arrived with his warriors and seventeen general officers he found the cabin deserted.

"That is funny indeed," he said; "I thought some of you men that that the vivian girls were concealed in there."

"They surely was," said one of the officers; "And O! have proofs. Hey have literally had them or had been rescued."

Despite the outcome of this Tamerline could hardly express or interpret a smile at the officers' funny words.

"Then he retorted;

"You sir ought to learn to talk better. You talk like a fool."

Then he ordered the men to search the whole vicinity while he concentrated the rest of the forces with the help of his officers to storm the advancing Christians.

"Search the whole vicinity for them little brats," he said; "I'll get them all right even if I have to go down into the depths of hell for them. The little mice what they are."

The soldiers scattered everywhere in the rear of the main firing line and a persistent search was made but no where could they be found and finally a shell landing in the midst of the searchers killed nearly every one of them which showed indeed that God would allow no one under any circumstances to do these little girls any harm. Others of the men reached the pit and at this moment the surging line of purple coats moved in view through the smoke and dashed along the gray like an avalanche crushing it to fragments and scattering the survivors.

"The Angellinians are forcing our lines," cried one of the Llandelinian soldiers running up; "Look see their uniforms bursting through the wall of smoke. A whole sea of them."

"(GOD)GONE THE ANGEL TUCK AWAY," growled Tamerline clenching his fist in a rage "We will have to duck back for our line is crushed. Sound the alarm and have them retreat in the instant before a disaster comes."

His command was obeyed the Angellinians already engaged then, the gray coats fighting fiercely and driving them back in a cathecomhof slaughter hand to hand and general Darger was in the lead.

"Critic that Tamerline," he shouted. He is responsible for the Arunburg murder. He must not escape. And with his loss the Llandelinians will have to stop their attack."

Tamerline saw his danger and mounting his horse dashed away at breakneck speed followed by the panic-stricken Llandelinian soldiers. After him went Darger and hundreds of horsemen full tilt while the rest of the Christian troops were smashing down the Llandelinian defenses. Tamerline was indeed in a desperate situation for among the men were his most daring enemies the vivian girls who were dashing with a troop of men in either direction to head him off.



The trenches were filled with the offending mass of mangled flesh and everywhere on the little field could be seen mutilated bodies. One of the christian generals estimated his losses as being four million and five million and thousands only in cluded those who were fallen in his own command alone and more than 9,255,581 had been thrown into confusion ten times. The christian fugitives in the wild countryside fled to the rear of the christian line at the rate of at least a hundred thousand per minute and thousands upon thousands who had rallied to face the furious clandelinian assaults done so at their death. It had been a death stand as they were not to escape as multitudes went to a terrible fate in fighting desperately to for their country. Indeed by the battle the very cradle of christianity was being desecrated.

General Viviana had received previous tales of the frightful battle raging along his lines. One general Vandenberg came lurching into the lines with a dirty piece of cloth around his eyes. The poor Belverinian and three of his staff officers prostrated themselves before the army chaplains and were crying for mercy in the most heartrending manner. The general had vent insane from the din of the conflict as well as his three staff officers he himself having lost his eyes an explosion of a shell having dug him a eyecut of their sockets. General Viviana had untied the dirty cloth that was hiding the sockets and one look was enough, he could not look at them again.

He procured a clean piece of cloth which he tied around his head hiding his repulsive looking eye sockets. Finally general Viviana succeeded in convincing the insane general that he was his friend. He had extended his arm hand to a little girl also brought into the lines by an Angelinian and the little girl had stared at the general without responding. He reached with both hands to take hold of the little girl's hands and felt dull dumbfounded when he grasped two empty sleeves soaked with blood.

She had no arms a shell burst having blown off both her arms as she had been in her bewilderment ran right late between the battle lines after having strayed from the multitudes of fleeing non-combatants.

Another little girl who was about ten years of age had her right leg cut off clean to the hip. Of all the christian columns that had fled before the enemy's advance before rallying to show their teeth once more in that fiery furnace of battle only about five hundred thousand had survived and the scenes of the battle had horrified all the generals who witnessed it.

Great Ahyerinkillian armies on general Viviana's left had concentrated to avenge the murder of the other soldiers while large hosts of Belverinians made a junction with Vandenberg and Villane with the main right wings and the clandelinian columns under Collyerine, Stonckerline, Imporia and Melkingburg had been crushed to fragments against these new christian lines amid more frightful carnage.

#### TAMERLINE'S GREAT FEAR AND HOW HE ESCAPES.

During another onslaught Violet and her sister had again been captured by the clandelinians being in the hands of Tamerline men this time who to their surprise had dressed their wounds and treated them among Shoemann's lines. As the clandelinians were retreating before a fearful counter charge of the christians some of the clandelinians left the little girl behind in a house saying: "Don't you see whatever let this look out as you will get us and Shoemann in trouble."

"We won't let you see," said Violet with a grating grin. "You have saved us little girls from Fegert and Tamerline and maybe some day we can be able to repay you even if you are enemies of Angelinia."

The clandelinians then left saying that the Angelinians would be there in another shake of a leg. After they had gone Violet who was still a little lame said to herself:

"This is a surprise for a little girl. I never knew that we would be

into them dashing into the multitudes of christians and like the harvester with his keen edge as the no the clandelinians on horse back and on foot waved their sabres used their bayonets and mowed down the christian troops in a terrible manner only to be slaughtered in return. Straggled men and children were even found on the little field by thousands many children who had been tortured beyond measure, choked or smothered to death and literally cut to pieces intestines and all.

The horror of christian and clandelinian cavalry combats was worse of all. Hundreds of thousands of clandelinian and Angelinian cavalry men and drove them and threw themselves into the deepest slaughter and even trenches filled with soldiers fighting fiercely resembled some great slaughter of children instead of a battle.

Merciful fathers, who could bear to hear the deafening heartrending roar of the cavalry contests and who could have watched this work of demons action with serene satisfaction? The shrieking voices of the fallen caught in the storm of canister, and the hur or stricken yell of the furious combatants made a sound as hell was let loose without a minutes warning. It was an orgy of massacre instead of a battle. It was like a heinous nightmare in which poor weak infernal human beings grappled with the demons of other regions. Now happy indeed were the women and children from the deserted towns when they reached the Ahyerinkillian border in time to escape the frightful scene of that great slaughter. Violet and her sister could still see the flaming thundering lines of cavalry, the smell of blood of flesh and burning flesh, and not far from here where the little Anna Aronburg child had been murdered the clandelinians on the under Ade-la-Carte and smash-in-the-head whose leaders before long had been wounded, had buried the trenches in more than three hundred thousand dead cavalry horses and almost countless number of men within a short space of time and who could call this frightful massacre war?

What had made it hard for the enemy was that all the Belverinians no matter how many there were had long before Aronburg's Run initiated and joined Vandenberg's army against the brutal Free Masons and if the christians would establish an overwhelming victory in this great contest they could sweep the clandelinians out of Belverinia. One large force of Belverinian cavalry was fairly crushed to death and many thousands of wounded buried up to their chins in earth thrown up by gigantic explosions due to horrible torture but those who failed to die fast enough enough lingered in torture much the more longer, and the cavalry forces of either side fighting furiously among one another and crashing into each other wildly rode multitudes of dead christians.

The clandelinian christian cavalry forces fell victims to the clandelinian sabres throughout the entire northwestern and southeastern section of the furiously fighting christian lines while the christian divisions of the other portions of the line went to their deaths in the same fiendish manner fighting like fiends incarnate and all the catholic churches, all the missions properties even Protestant and Lutheran and Methodist churches were now desecrated heaps of blackened wreckage which was thickly intermingled with charred bodies of Angelinians who had died fighting in these great buildings. Out of eight million cavalry men on both sides the greater number had been slain or wounded and those fortunate to retreat safely to the christian lines received food and care for their many wounds.

Even thousands of mothers who had their children tied to their backs had been also overtaken by the clandelinians and slain and hundreds of mothers who escaped had to be taken to the Ahyerinkillian front and have their dead children separated from their bodies by the merciless christian soldiers of both sides in this battle were killed or strangled by frightful numbers.

The generals who had withdrawn their crippled divisions after fresh ones had been placed had reported that they had found hundreds of men on the roadsides with children also whose eyes and teeth had even a leg and arms torn away by shell fire and who were sitting like stone the dead like so many worms their whole bodies being covered with blood, which showed that fleeing children had been found and bewildered by the forest fire scenes of battle had been lost in the channel houses and not caught in the torrents of shells from both sides. The whole of the little field was like a vast grave yard ruined and desolate.

It had been some time during the battle that the little girls had been taken prisoners by the -landelinians but they had not been handled roughly by the guards though they had remembered their experiences among the -landelinians before and this indeed had seemed strange to them. The guards had been armed but they never threatened or forced them to do anything. They had been led to the rear and even some of the men had carried the little girls when they were tired and when a rush of -angelinians overwhelmed the -landelinians at this point these guards without protest had forthwith gave themselves and even the little girls up to the -angelinians and who were allowed their freedom for their kind treatment of the little girls.

When the outbreak of the great -landelinian recede the population of the city of Calverine especially the christian -angelinians, women and children felt quite uneasy as they had known full well that their country had now been one of the greatest slaughter grounds in their history, even if general viviania was winning. General viviania's army during the advance had been reinforced by Alaschikian divisions and immediately fierce hordes of -angelinians, -angelinians and Alyssinkillians and -angelinians poured into the regions evacuated by the -landelinian troops but in the face of a storming inferno and no sooner had the ill fated christian non-combatants observed the vanguard of the retreating -landelinians coming their way they became stricken with terror. The non-combatants of the city of Calverine were safe but not those south of the -angelinians. All the rich and poor, thousands of young and old, strong and infirm every christian or non-combatant whatever hastily snatched whatever they could and possible carry and started on the train tracks far before the retreating -landelinian hordes all bound toward the southeast.

When the reverse came the christian columns then were driven toward Calverine and even from the region with horrible loss within an hour and a scene of horri horror came from that section. He and his gration unassumingly until its armies of ill fated christian men women and children covered every inch of ground of the districts to the north almost stunned by the far distant crash of the mighty approaching battle. Thousands upon thousands of shivering, motionless children lay in the tracks of their mothers whose bare feet drenched over the wreckage strewn fields their scanty household utensils dangling from the backs of the prommups.

Hundreds of babies driven with the bat of the Calverinian summer, thousands of other children hungry frightened and weeping, countless old men women and children led in leaning against their sticks and carrying burdens that would ordinarily have crushed the strong youths, hundreds of young women who had purposely disfigured themselves with the fear of falling into the hands of the savage -landelinians there and many other terrible scenes rendered the plight of the -angelinian christianhood the most pitiful of all its long history of agony for their faith.

Violet and her sisters saw all the scenes of the horrible battle itself. They cried loud and long and pray prayed to the Saviour to have pity for the poor suffering christian soldiers but ("forgive me oh Lord") a even is appeared to have abandoned the christians. So fearful was the slaughter....

A SCENE OF BRUTAL SLAUGHTER RIGHT AT THE SPOT WHERE LITTLE ANGELINA WAS TAKEN PRISONER.

Even though these savage -landelinian columns under general Tamarline and federal had not succeeded in forcing the lines under general -angelinians "Cath" Whirther and -angelinians, they had been the former foremost in the pursuit of the retreating christians and of general viviania's army but now greater and new forces barred their way and like howling roaring wolves the -landelinians charged

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whose every inch of ground was played by storms of bullets, hurricanes of shells of every descriptio description and soaked by seas of blood and intestines.

That was the underlying cause that contributed to the christian victory at this point. That was it that made every christian boy a hero, made the oldest man forget his mid and the privations he was enduring. The principal factors that made for success are the value of iron discipline which was overwhelmingly demonstrated.

It was safe to assert that the most highly disciplined christian army is the most successful in action. Youthful enthusiasm may be undermined, patriotism may be forced into temporary abeyance by hours of cruel continual shelling, worse than that the -angelinians had become used to the horrible witches could not endure drum-drum fire of the -landelinian batteries.

It is then that discipline asserts itself. One thing more. Those who survive the great battle agree in saying that without a firm belief in God they would never have been able to live through those harrowing hours, and to the millions of -landelinians who lacked faith came to death destruction and a hellshovers of shells, and during attacks of bayonets. Let us all meditate upon this and take it close to our very hearts. Then in spite of what our own enemies say and do the prophecy contained in the old folds verse may yet be realized;

Christain greatness

Christian greatness, Christian to truth/  
may some day save the world in south.

GENERAL VIVIANIA'S ADVANCE UPON HADLEY'S RETREATING  
FORCES IN A MIRROR OF THE ADVANCE OF PLANE AND HIM.  
THE BRITISH MASSACRE...

During the time that the enemy could not even force his lines general viviania called upon the whole line to advance upon Hadley intending to keep them on the retreat before they could rally and reform once more. General viviania sent an order to general -angelinians telling him to continue his attack and not advance until given the opportunity but he had received this answer [ ]

"Your excellency general -angelinians my engagement at the front of Calverine is very serious and it is impossible for me to advance under any condition just as my right is in no condition to even move forward an inch and one of my left grand divisions is threatened with annihilation. I count it very unfair and a cheat for the enemy to follow up this terrible slaughter in my condition and they ought to be satisfied that they won thus far along my left. The -landelinians have fairly pulped the senses out of my generals as to say with their horrible way of inflicting losses and I will never be able to advance until reinforced.

Yours very obedient general.

John Richard -angelinians.

General -angelinians took nearly an hour to get his forces front but however for the -landelinians there was no rest nor either was there any flight and the whole battle left a scene of waste cities and towns burned by shell fire oil wells were set on fire grain elevators were destroyed and where there had once been large and beautiful farms were now nothing but vast morasses. Violet and her sisters who were with the christian army were forced to go to the rear to be out of the way of the enemy's receding storm of fire.

was directed principally and successfully against the christian position of the left wing of the ninth army corps where the world seemed to come to an end from the fury and violence of the latter's frightful uncanny roar. At the same time the Glandelinian Glandelinians concentrated the attack upon the outer left wing of the ninth army corps and the main line of the eighteenth reserve corps degenerating in a desperate mad wild struggle like of hell's legions, hacking madly at each other for an hour at close quarters amid tumults of bayonets pikes and sabre blows nay even the close quarters fighting in the Christian Christian Crusaders against the turks was not on a one third as horrible as this. Before this maddest of attacks had begun Vanley had issued an order that the these christian positions must be taken at whatever cost cost. They paid the cost suffered horribly; suffered overwhelming losses, offered hecatombs of victims and though they had forced the whole line and taken the position and even the second line of trenches with the severely wounding of christianian they did not hold it thanks to the heroism of the arriving Alyasinkilian reinforcements under Guthinghouse McWhirther who massed themselves upon every point of attack, raised the panic stricken christian columns and gave the christianian a position fronting the main line or part of the McWhirther and Aronlurga run was the most seriously menaced point of this part of the field of wholesale slaughter, and accordingly the new forces of Alyasinkilians and Abheamians and unchristians were installed there, which together with the rallied forces of christianians, Glandelinians and christianians performed deeds of the greatest valor. True to traditions of their race they withstood the terrific onslaught made by the hordes of Glandelinians on slaughtering for the making of which the Glandelinian generals continually sent out fresh divisions under the storm of drum fire.

Those who escaped the horrible fire of the artillery and the machine guns fell under the bullets and the blades of the christian bayonets and under the fierce thrust of the fearful two edged pikes.

The pain and last attack upon Guthinghouse McWhirther lines was made by densely massed troops. The positions of the whole line confronting Aronlurga run received the main shock of the impact but were not shaken however though his lines let loose a line of fire and storm of hell. The ninth Glandelinian division corps and others of the Glandelinian army attacked in twenty double lines advancing all simultaneously with all their generals on horseback suddenly to be engulfed in clouds of smoke from bursting shells, storms of withering canister and shrapnell and high explosives.

Indeed the christianians received these Glandelinian assaults with a withering storm of drum-drum fire the exploding shells tearing thousands of the assailants from limb to limb and the literally flowing to pieces the first lines and tearing to fragments the others and driving them into confusion. Other succeeding lines fared no better as they were rended to atoms these lines extending forty miles in length at that. The hundreds of thousands that miraculously escaped the storm of shell and canister fire were so felled by the furious christianians, with blows of musket butts, sabre pick pick axe and by the bayonet.

In spite of their countless swarms their real reckless contempt of death, their marvelous persistence, the Glandelinian survivors were forced back just as McWhirther fell mortally wounded. Front and flank of this writhing maelstrom of densely packed humanity rolling along in a disorderly retreat, was still swept by the christian drum fire. The losses which the Glandelinians sustained was inhuman and sickening.

With this last valiant attempt to take the christian position along this point ended the battle along this point. After six hours of frantic fighting, after paying a frightful inhuman toll in blood and fire, the Glandelinians under Tamerline were forced to abandon their efforts to break the christian lines. Their finest troops the flower of their armies who had fought persistently with all the dare-devil gallantry for which the Glandelinians are famous had not only failed to win a victory but had sustained a crushing defeat along this point. For the fact must not be overlooked that their failure to force their way in through the christian lines was added by a very serious defeat. The battle of such frightful fury was over along this point for good but what terrible hell all christians extract from this titanic struggle! What moral is pointed by McWhirther's run

defended for life by the ear-splitting din of the terrible curtain fire. The privy one of the first main line fifteen million strong which had been reduced to nine million had recoiled in confusion but as fast as possible these second under Tamerline came on with tremendous fury and with the wildest yells. No known sort of noises were able to withstand such fire which was poured upon this second mass assaulting assaulting line for even a short time, but for a time Glandelinian discipline, loyalty and heroism held out. Huge walls of smoke hung over the christian trenches for all the length the scene was like a general rearing forest fire and the horror of the whole flaring rearing scene of seemingly hell fire, with mountains of earth rising into the air, volcanic eruptions of the battle field was augmented by the ceaseless deafening ear-splitting, thundering, rumbling and ear-splitting crashing which filled the air and which even a hundred miles away sounded like murmurings of the most violent volcanoes in the greatest and most herculean eruptions. It seemed impossible that any living creature should survive such a hellish turmoil. The assault of the second second monstrous column had begun all along the line almost simultaneously and though ten million Glandelinians fell in this second onslaught if believed, the attack still continued and the assailants of the third line springing over the works like the most monstrous waves in human rivers melted away in columns by scores, the survivors sprang upon the christians like avalanches of humanity and the most furious and desperate hand to hand fights ever seen in the war occurred a sound, in which not only bayonets, sabres, pistols butts, and clubbed muskets were used, but pick axes and booted shoes and booted feet were used to expell the enemy to kill him or to force him to surrender. As an example of the tremendous fury with which such a hand to hand conflict raged I will cite one instance.

A grenadier of one of the Abheamian regiments who had carried a pick axhead the right thumb of the right hand which carried the weapon bitten right off by a Glandelinian. Glandelinian.

The Abheamian soldier writhing with pain contrived to raise the pick axe to his left hand and killed both the Glandelinian who had maimed him and his comrade behind. Both sides were literally striking, thrusting and throwing grenades and other weapons their way through each other in a way to strike terror in the heart of Satan himself. Thousands of the Glandelinians in the hand to hand fight had also to endure the frightful fire of the christian artillery and for the christianians there was not a moment's rest, each man being actuated by one thought only to defend his position to the last to overcome the enemy to endure through it all now matter what happens. New forces were frequently called upon to help out the brave christians doing the work of the superhuman. The Glandelinians had despite the drum-drum fire being played upon them, secured one long line of trenches and used every desperate frantic effort to second secure a second trench several scores of metres along the line so that working and fighting toward each other they might reasonably be expected to unite the two trenches and also using the captured trench as a base for an attack in mass a complete extra double line of millions of sharpshooters at the front was followed by thousands of others soughting in to indent the christian line and to break it, their own artillery fairly blowing other trenches to pieces sudden conducting these attacks in mass a complete double line of reserves at the front followed at a distance of a few hundred yards by densely packed masses of battalions and divisional columns.

This method of attack from which they never swerved once considered them a shocking loss of life but however it was waiting for them confident success and general christianian line was completely broken and shattered.

The losses sustained by the Glandelinian corps in this mighty inferno of slaughter was three quarters of what they had thought their number was seven millions, as Glandelinian prisoners confirmed this estimation to their captors. To this wholesale slaughter to which they condemn their men the fact was probably due that the Glandelinian generals used the same columns many times for purposes of attacks, and it was terrible to see the demoralizing effects sustained by men who had been forced to climb over billboards of their own dead in order to reach those blasphemous christian lines. The havoc wrought by the christian art, artillery had been frightful. This attack consisted an insane slaughter, in strictly speaking, it was not an attack, but a mad dancing in chambers of hell, through a cloud house of "Hell's Demons".

The main fury of the Glandelinian attack

spend themselves in a horrific inferno of carnage and dan demagoguery. To cope with general intania successfully the Glandelinians had brought up their Second, fourth, and sixteenth army corps two great divisions, two colonial divisions, and a half territorial division, all in all, almost seven and a half-army corps being massed and massed upon Aronburg Run. One division after another fought with marvelous valor and reckless courage and nerve, climbing up and over the bodies of their fallen comrades only to melt away. In the fury of their terrific onslaught the Glandelinians had greatly strengthened their artillery. On the other hand general divisions two army corps had been strengthened considerably by the addition of indigenous battalions of seventh and twelfth armies as well as by the fifth army corps and the seventh reserve corps and these massing upon the assailants played unmercifully with them as the tornado would the grain after tearing down a grain elevator. The slaughter indeed was the most terrific ever seen before.....

General Federal, Tanagerline, Ambrose Fuller in the meantime had launched heavy lines across the Mc-Holleston Run, and Mc-Whitther Run while general Uemanna and Dick Nellianina the latter who had arrived during the last three hours of conflict swept across Aronburg Run like a storming tornado of men and tanged with the frightful force of human catering 1 runs against general Zoe Rae Vivilunians lines and terrific was the slaughter. NO INDE D here probably was the worse of or one of the worse scenes of the battle. This whole battle line had become one of the worst living hells and avalanches of setting damanatings horrors ever seen before. The woods of Aronburg Run was mowed down as if a hurricane by hundreds of thousands of shells of every descrii description. The work of the christian artillery enormous in strength, with huge supplies of ammunition was spent lavishly upon the assault ing columns.

Upon the assaulting columns under general Ambrose Fuller which made the first great onslaught the christians in that one onslaught threw to three hundred thousands of shells of every descript c description and millions of shells Ambrose fuller badly wounded among them. The wounds of Mc-Collester, and Mc-Whirther Dun were wiped out by the rapidity of the artillery fire all along the line being as great as that of an ordinary machine gun but the shells hurled upon the assailants were not infantry shells but shells of every calibre made. This sort of artillery fire was called "Drum-Drum fire", and its effects were simply dreadful unspeakable. Ambroses fullers an army was almost completely annihilated and fifty generals went down mangled and bleeding every one of them killed these heinfan fellows Sherlock Holmes, "Imposter Imposter, Preface, Knowrithing, solo Sallowwith, withering hallow, Henry-Jack-knife, General ping-in-the-nose, Centamptoreian, rainweather, general ovehouse, The Pru Proud, Bristol, Indagation, warringtonis, Brintoletor, Pedeldier Snyder Hance Gap Kyds and sunstow. The rest were not named being all new officers at that.

Adèle-de-gardenninias army was completely annihilated, those of Henry Account tants was completely wiped u out of exian existence, the trees and shrubbery were splin-tered and whole lines of the main army crumbled away and inde d the survivors were

At the memory of what occurred along his center general Viviani almost broke down and wept like a child. His great heart indeed was broken but he could not give vent to too much of his grief however as he saw that he must do all he can to fill in the gap caused by the withdrawal of the center before it was too late and to change the horrible condition of the battle front if he could. Though Pops had been victorious in repelling the enemy general Viviani believed that it was impossible to win the battle entirely and he almost cried right in front of Violet and her sisters. Bob had rendered confection un amid a roaring hell of flame and din for the distance of twenty miles, but his main line commanded by Hanson swearing, had been put to rout and there was no holding confection run any longer and he it had been finally been abandoned to the enemy once more.

For all that morning of bloody carnage general Viviani's center had retained its position during the fearful conflict but as it had near twelve o'clock been threatened with annihilation by the pressure of the terrific Glendelinian assault it had retreated on confusion.

! Mc-Hol'ster Run had also been abandoned to the enemy and here the enemy were only in a possession in reality of nothing, but a vast morgue. The pulent general Hannonia had really been mortally wounded and had died on the very battle field attended by the surgeons and after the last rites of the church had been given. The whole army who knew of his death were greatly affected by it. Hannonia's only words were that he asked God to bless them all and turn the tide of the horrible battle and save the nation.

I'll be the last of the war I'll see!" He said the moment before he died.

General viviania fails to recede:

GENERAL VIVIANIA FAILS TO RESEDE A VERTIBLE STORM OF HELL ALONG HIS LINES.

In the meantime general Vivianias intentions to withdraw certain portion of his weakened army and to throw in fresh forces was not very well accomplished, for it was necessary for one of his wings to crush the first large aggressive movements on the part of the glandelinians by hurling their finest army corps and an enormous artillery force against the christians for hours at whatever cost to force a wedge into the christian lines across Aronturpas run in order to break one link in the steel chain standing against them. General Vivianias army was terribly fatigued at the moment when they were called upon to enter the most severe phase of a struggle into which their foes hurled the flower of their troops. Moreover the glandelinians had an almost inexhaustible supply of ammunition and were therefore able to reach the full strength of their fighting capacity in their desperate herculean efforts to break through the storming christian lines which barred the way to every approach to the city of Galverine.....

The prodigious masses of iron and humanity which the Glandelinians hurled against the Christians unceasingly hour by hour, their marvelous ingenuity in making drive like attacks, their doggedness in defence/ all this was admirably calculated to crush larger numbers than those of the Christian armies. Only an iron will, a discipline which had become second nature in the faces of such odds caused the Christian

Only an iron will, a discipline which had become sound nature and utter forgetfulness of self led to victory in the face of such overwhelming odds, it being completely like an struggle between iron and steel. It is true that a heavy mass of iron can through sheer weight bend and indent a narrow band of steel but it cannot break the steel. The christian lines under General Ivanina were just like the steel band. The Glandinnians continually renewing their overwhelming attack incessantly hour by hour, and by tearing up the christian line as with a supporting artillery fire, the violence which beggars all best description, the foe succeeded in breaking back the christian lines here and there. Sometimes at one point, sometimes at another they took several hundred metres of trenches but they



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A CHAPTER OF BLOODCURDLING HORROR.  
BLEEDING HEARTS! OF THE VIVIAN OR GIRLS.. GENERAL VIVIANIA FAILS  
TO WITHDRAW.

THE TERRIBLE ACTION ALONG ZORRAE. VIVIANIA'S LINES. AND THE  
TERRIBLE ORDEAL OF FACING THE TERRIBLE CHRISTIAN DRUM-DRUM-FIRE AND  
THE BLOODCURDLING RESULTS

GENERAL VIVIANIA FINALLY MANAGES TO ADVANCE.  
AMID FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE YA MANLEY REVEALS. THE FRIGHTFUL  
MASSACRE. A SCENE OF FEARFUL SLAUGHTER RIGHT AT THE SPOT  
WHERE LITTLE ANNIE ANONBURG WAS MURDERED. CHRISTIANS DRIVEN INTO  
CONFUSION.

It indeed was a terrible hour of horror and confusion. Hundreds of thousands of  
soldiers had been slaughtered in a way not fit to be described. Indeed wickedness  
seemed to have triumphed, and indeed general Viviania himself was horrified at  
the massacre of soldiers it having been the worst done since any battle he had been  
in before. Thousands of men lay dead with their bellies torn open by shells  
of with whole fronts of their bodies torn away completely with intestines and all  
and even dangling on the pikes of some of the rushing yelling Glandelinian hordes  
were the heads of some of the dead men which had failed to drop. It was a more horrible  
scene than any massacre of children and indeed showed the power of the terrific  
shell fire on both sides.

Nearly all the men on his left grand divisions of his main center had been  
all cut down or routed, and thousands who fled had sought safety in the convents  
firing shots upon the enemy from the doors and windows but these had been  
forced the numbers being disgracefully treated and insults of every description  
were heaped upon them though the Glandelinians had offered no violence except to  
eject them from the convents. General Viviania indeed mourned the loss of Ansonia  
and the destruction of his army and also the threatening loss of the battle  
and warned the horrified little Vivian girls and other child refugee refugees who  
were in the rear of the army to keep close together and not leave the army  
as they must be guarded when the main retreat comes. He himself had a mangled arm  
and leg but fortunately they were not fractured or broken and he was still  
able to retain his command. Violet and her sisters were horrified and he heart  
broken at the frightful death of so many soldiers and he did not care what the  
Glandelinians would do to them now. They had wept for hours as they watched the  
horrible conflict and though many of the officers noticed it they did not say  
anything as they had grief enough of their own, as they suffered the loss of  
many divisions and guns. Some of the Angelinians who had found dead bodies of  
children said that they were in frightful shape. A gang-pang-shell had used their  
destruction as a hole forty feet deep and a hundred wide was exposed the dead  
children lying close to the crater's brink on a pile of dead and wounded  
soldiers of both sides. One whose name was Mildred Jennie, whose name was found  
on her clothes had her chest and abdomen, and intestines and all blown away and one  
leg was also missing while the head was crushed beyond recognizing. Another little  
girl whose name was Angelina had been mortally wounded and crushed  
had been torn deep in her throat and chest and she died to death.

The third little girl by the name of Joice St. Clare  
was also mangled by the bomb recognizing her body also torn open but the intestines  
were still intact as the men saw. And the horror that was in the faces of these  
women was terrible to see. The shell had also killed over two thousand men and wounded  
five thousand three hundred fatally, while the depth of the hole showed that the  
high powdered explosive had had terrific force in exploding, and made a noise  
that had deafened the surviving victims for life. Many had also been blinded  
by the smoke. How the children had got caught in this frightful battle inferno now  
one could ascertain but it indeed was a terrible tragedy. Every where on the  
trenches which had been abandoned in that wild confusion the horrible  
scenes, of mangled fire flesh, piles of intestines, bloody pools and other things  
so horrible to relate were seen by Violet and her sisters who hid away their eyes  
in untold horror.

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about to rally the divisions. Pierce was also wounded and Mc-Lurmer, Clinton, Men  
Jenberry, Veldonia, Montellio and Harbinger were wounded in trying to stem the tide  
of disaster. It was indeed a serious disaster. The Glandelinians were on the hottest  
pursuit and did not desist but harried the Christians as much as possible.  
No doubt even now general Manley would have won a complete victory had not one of  
his intentions failed. He had planned to hem general Viviania's army in from  
escape but Tamerline and Spishenacker had failed to make a junction on account  
of the Abbaundian army confronting them, having failed to make a junction with  
the main forces that had been striking blows on the rear of general Viviania's  
army so that only the center of the whole of Viviania's army was forced and  
not the entire main line as Manley had wanted. The other two wings had and were  
holding against the fiercest assault and Bob himself having been ousted from  
Confession run with frightful slaughter but only recovered it by making a frightful  
counter attack in which both sides lost 6,777,666 in killed wounded and prisoners.  
Manley though he was still  
keeping up the frightful onslaught was actually outwitted though he had routed  
the Christian center as the other two had held and threatened to repulse his assault  
and not only that but great forces of Abyssinians were advancing  
swiftly to fill the gap in the Christian center.

It was already twelve o'clock and now the battle had assumed greater  
fury.

and firing with all their might. The enemy at the same time made a terrific head long onslaught on Henry Robs caverly forces the charge being so magnificent that the enemy losing their general who was killed was obliged to retreat. During the frightful assaults Manley had repeatedly sent messengers to general Vivian and Vivian demanding surrender or to withdraw peacefully from the province of Calverine which they were holding so stubbornly and leave behind all the women and children. General Vivian or Vivandine had not sent any messengers back and the messengers themselves were held as prisoners. Shoemann's assault was indeed fierce and terrific in the extreme. He was confident of winning so that the

baums main armies could close in on general Vivian and Hansonia deeming to place the christian army between two fires while the clandelinian divisions under Hanson Germaine Viviania simultaneously charged on furiously through a dense clenshowing great bravery in their assault against the standing. Flaming swords and thundering Altheimian line and making an impetuous dash through the massive line said a pande monium of bayonets clubbed muskets and tumult of pikes and sabres and shots on at point blank but Germaine Viviania was killed and though his army under a withering fire from a chain of artillery carried all before them and making a break that looked like it could not be repaired the clandelinians however were staggered over the loss of their general and had not Shoemann's main line poured into his gap with the bayonets fixed a disaster would have occurred. Indeed in the hand to hand fighting the scene occurred which probably would have horrified God Almighty Himself.

Shoemann was morally wounded but the whole christian center was broken up and driven in into confusion and disorder which soon became a panic. Parts of the line still held in a furnace of flame and din however and tenings seeing the situation sent several fresh divisions to a vain support. It readily seemed as if the center was lost.

General Viviania's rear had been annihilated the entire line of support and the whole center was retreating, out of the slowly retreating. Viviania himself had been seriously handicapped as his chief aid general Viviania was lying seriously wounded in an ambulance. It had even been reported that Jack Evans the boy friend of the vivian girls had been killed before their eyes as the little girls with his boys were signalling with flags and then that Jennie and Joice almost went to a horrible death and Angeline was reported mortally wounded but this could not be confirmed. Violet alone had been reported to have been captured by the clandelinian as badly injured herself. However all these rumors could not be confirmed and in reality the little girls had not been in the battle at all and also Jack Evans had not been even injured. When the news of the mighty conflict which reported it going on spread throughout the region north of which it was raging all the people far fearing it would be a clandelinian victory were soon in a terror. For then anyway there was no escape on all the exits to the north was barred by fleets of clandelinian ships.

"It is all as part of the Aronburg no picture picture." Wailed parger as he rode up to general Viviania with a fragment of his army. "Our whole army is cut to pieces and routed; I knew we could not win, and I threw down the petition to you. Too late, too late Calverine and Angelina are lost."

All around him were hordes of pale-skinned men. For miles and miles there was the scene of the wildest confusion, the whole army on the center being in a stampede, the tumult and pandemonium of battle in the distance and on the right and left being derelict. It was indeed a complete total rout of the christian army. The bodies of the fallen were killed amid the dreadful carnage, general Goodwill going down mangling and bleeding but not mortally wounded, and his aid general Hendersonia was shot in the head. General Goodwill the Second was killed in trying to rally the panic stricken leaders. Hanson wounded in trying to do the same thing. Canoncance, Shoemann's Can Inn, Morten Alyde, Stanlell Mc-Holleston, some, remain were also killed in trying to rally their crushed and mangled divisions, and Calvine, Canton, Gros, Antelyne Calman, Moscow, Manin Canine, and Hampton and Palto Hall. Ten were wounded at the heads of their troops and generals Grainer, Hungerford, and Brintlinger were also wounded in trying to get their men to stand and force the surging clandelinians back. Cornell fell wounded in trying to arrest the disorder, and his brother Samuel also was wounded, and Donald Aronais, Seidick, Granterry Sinder, Curie were wounded in trying to bring up new divisions, and then another general by the name of Mc-Holleston was wounded mortally just as he was

The clandelinians attacked the seventy fifth corps in a fierce headlong rush like a damming avalanche of fire and steel. The fighting they too were cut to pieces and routed, while hundreds of rattling guns were being brought to bear upon the assailants by the rest of the christian line, which poured and such a destructive curtain of fire, that amid heartrending screams, curses and yells whole columns of the clandelinians were mowed down while simultaneously a serious fire from other chains of guns dealt awful incalculable havoc, but the main columns continued the attack with dare-devil recklessness through their fierce cannonading checked Shoemann's left wing and threw it back with excruciating losses.

All the christian batteries by this time had been passed upon Manley's assailants, their leader having now gathered all his available forces and thrown them to the assault with inconceivable violence. The tremendous cannonading that swelled forth from hundreds of thousands of cannons on both sides caused a terrific and the concussion literally shaking the city of Calverine like an earth quake, causing all the windows to be shattered, doors to fly from their fastenings and cause the people to rush into the streets, while all the women and children were stunned by the orgy of sounds far away to the south where they knew the battle was raging. Horror upon horror was added and nothing could rival the destruction.

#### THEIR DESTINY. A DAMNING CRASH OF HELL.

The thousands of christian guns rained fearful broadsides of shot, shell, grape shot, chain shot, canister and storms of high explosives upon the assaulting gray surges, mangling and tearing whole lines to fragments, while whole divisions melting away like snowbanks. The drum drum-drum roar of the christian fire was deafening and ear-splitting, mingled by the crushing million cannon like roar of musketry but onward it still onward pressed Shoemann's army with great determination and now Jennings Altheimians fought with the fury of desperation.

Dead and wounded lay piled up in wondrous and stretched across the fields in seas of bodies while again the terrific cannonading caused destructions to whole forests of trees, and myriads of shells and shrapnell and volleys of musketry and hose streams of canister ploughed great avenues in choen Shoemann's lines. For a time it seemed as if the supreme line would be forced as general Meltona Ricknell coming to the aid had thrown his most massive forces to the same unrudd and indeed it seemed as if the enemy had never before been so stubborn or so reckless. They continued their desperate attack though nearly all the christian batteries were massed upon them.

Meltona Ricknell's army encountered a frenzied drum-drum-fire that wiped out one half of his first commands, the guns seeming to pound his lines to fragments with gang-gangshells and canister, the shells of which made a continuous clattering clatter ing roar as they exploded wiping out one regiment after another. The right of the christian center had rallied and wedged themselves against Ricknell's assailants who being overwhelmed and overtopped could not hold out any longer and began to give way slowly abandoning the few guns they had captured in their desperate efforts to get out of range of that deadly drum-drum fire which threatened to annihilate them and now the whole of the clandelinian army was in confusion their leader having been wounded a second time.

The christians along Shoemann's front were not as yet successful. General Hendersonia, Nugod, with Hendersonia Pugnose, and general Seidick moved on in a charge toward the left grand division but the three clandelinian commanders were killed and their armies cut to pieces. During the tremendous onslaught general Ambrose Fuller had abandoned his attempts to break through but reinforced concentrated upon Shoemann's christian line nevertheless.

Jennia Scallin under orders to keep close to the left left moved in to fill a huge gap made by the enemy's assault and his four brigades were struck by Mc-Wharther who with a column brigade in front and seven lines deep assaulted that part of the line and drove it out of place with great loss. Phillip with his brigades were ordered to the break with Scallin.

But the two despite their own overwhelming odds had only for force enough to break the two christian lines and then were obliged to withdraw before a tidal wave like advance of the furious clandelinian soldiers who were yelling

Manley with nearly his whole force had moved forward to the southwest corner of the White Horse Run and assaulted general Vivian's entire line despite the deafening fire poured upon them. The battle now was fearful. Hanson's column cut across Aronburg's Run with eighteen million men in a tornado of carnage and he led his columns against general James' divisions of four battalions occupying a strong position on a smooth open crest at the foot of which stood nine feet high sandstone cliffs. These Abbelesian troops had thrown up intrenchments to defend their position their right flank being concealed by a smoldering forest inferno of another battle line beyond the possibility of another Christian wing.

Notwithstanding the numerous strength of the position Hanson's so Shoenann's force attacked in great order and with great impetuosity but a part of the line had been driven into a terrific and a massacre and was completely annihilated by the inflicting Christian fire, thus causing the destruction of four million men with hundreds of generals not named.

General handling of this force the main head was killed by a burning shell of heavy calibre. As the main line continued on Shoenann rallied the assault being assisted by a powerful concentrated artillery fire, but again another part of the column ran into the hotnets heat and was not an instant broke into terrific confusion and gave way in panic the second corner under general Adela's death. Johnstone being killed and his own command cut to pieces in the terrible inferno.

Shoenann's main line though under heavy fire made a formidable demonstration against the extreme left of the Abbelesian line, with clouds of skirmishers who charged with wild shouts, and strongly supported by artillery.

While the full fury of this struggle was in progress a large force of Abbelesian had been withdrawn from the Christian right and transferred to the extreme right which gave the Glandelinians a chance for a flank attack on the crest of the various blunders.

While Shoenann was engaging the Abbelesians with all his fury a brigade moved forward under cover of the smoke pall across Aronburg's Run and around the Appalachian extreme right flank where it made a vigorous and successful assault, rolling up the whole Abbelesian line in extreme confusion. His assault was supported by the effect of five lines of eight battalions, a of eight thousand cannon each, and then with the entire column which cut the Abbelesian line in shreds and swept them from the field, the Abbelesians leaving in Shoenann's hands, three hundred guns of large calibre, sixty nine battle flags many of which were mere poles and some six hundred thousand prisoners.

The main force of Shoenann's army made a line over eight miles long and this long line advanced with irresistible force though their masses of columns were becoming mangled and torn, and now he assaulted general Vivian's main center while general Vivian's friends always wondered to himself.

"What is the matter with general Zoe Rae Vivian? Why don't he come to his support?"

Shoenann's fiercest onslaught was met by the strongest defense ever seen.

General Wadsworth's force of six hundred and sixty six thousand were reduced to five thousand but before they retreated they had so mowed down three hundred thousand Glandelinians. Line after line of rifle, pile, and shot, they captured

from Wadsworth's force but Shoenann met such fierce resistance from the main line that he found his advance finally checked at many points, and now everything was all smoke and flame.

However Manley deemed to give general Vivian no respite and now a part of general Vivian's center was already broken and bent to its rear, the Glandelinians still pressing on in the face of a withering storm of artillery fire which swept their columns away to nothing. The Glandelinians were advancing with their end and most nothing beyond now many of general Vivian's divisions, and contingents, were turned upon the fire and put into action at once, raining high powdered explosives upon the desperately wildly plunging assailants, who swept forward like the tidal waves of an earthquake, the horrible destruction causing the foremost columns which were crushed to fragments to become mangled stricken. Indeed death was everywhere in its most terrifying and most disgusting effects.

The fourth corps kept up a most stubborn resistance, but as a storming withering fire had been reducing their many brigades to regiments and divisions to companies, they fell back, the Glandelinians pressing on with yell that would do credit for the very legions of devil themselves.

And during the battle at last for Vivian the situation was critical and even of crisis on both sides. Neither side could now either advance or recoil without disaster. Manley himself did not know what to do. He had hopes of great success, yet Manley's army had been decimated and their leader mortally wounded and the Abbelesian smiles defeated in detail and the others under Vivian's Vivian's leading to advance. He had hopes of doing a great battle without terrible losses, but his bitter repulses and losses a strong Glandelinian front and along that of Vivian's also and Tamaritan failure twice with stupendous loss to flank Vivian's striking him to the quick. He had got a report from Tamaritan which ran as follows:

"Your excellency: I had made five desperate attacks on the enemy's flank under Vivian's aid and directed but in the first success. I had been driven back and jeopardized. Unless you sent me heavy reinforcements I cannot progress forward any more at all because a great army of Abbelesians under Zoe Rae Vivian's though not as yet advancing, have no way but overwhelm me. By these Abbelesians I am overwhelmed five to one. My entire losses I cannot depict as yet though I feel as though two million had been killed or mortally wounded or dying."

Your assistant  
General Thomas Phallina, Tamaritan.

Nevertheless despite all this Manley was bound to win if he could and as quickly sent heavy forces to Tamaritan's aid and the off-offensive was redoubled with terrific terrific violence and fury, while simultaneously he concentrated all his available forces for the dire-devil purpose of making a most overwhelming demonstration upon Glandelinians and made a strong advance in four mighty lines of battle against general Vivian's main line. This offensive movement crushed twelve divisions to fragments and took the main line of the fifth corps by surprise, and was so rapid that the main line was forced to retreat after the most cruel sanguinary fighting ever seen in actual warfare, not so much from the destructive effects of the sledge hammer blow as from the audacity of the advance of the Glandelinians. The scene here was a screaming horror between heaven and earth, and so terrific was the slaughter, that some great avenger of damnation seemed to have poured down upon both sides; and that not himself was venting his own vengeance upon the Glandelinians for their many slaughters of helpless and unoffending children.

Fortunately general Rae Henderson's army of four million million was in a favorable position on the right of the point of attack and while the Glandelinians were advancing upon the retreating columns, he quickly changed his position and struck the Glandelinians a terrible blow, rolling up the whole line after a two hours drama of horror, with half the line mangled dead and wounded, capturing forty battalions and seven hundred thousand prisoners.

While this was being done under a fierce storm of fire of muskets and thousands of cannons, the fifth corps rallied on the line of the third division and made an advance in double line, but they met such serious resistance and such frightful intolerable losses that they soon fell back in utter confusion and panic and with their leader general Henderson's wounded mortally. At the same time the main force of the enemy had advanced, continually resulting almost at the same time that Zoe Henderson's reported the fall of the line along his part, against the Glandelinians attacking him, in a crushing defeat for general Vivian's left wing with the loss of many battalions and shattered colors, and nine hundred thousand prisoners of whom six hundred thousand were taken by Richard Tamaritan's forces who cut the right wing to pieces and the greatest inferno of battle he had ever seen.

Manley Manley led the van of the crushing main force and his horse was shot within a few feet of the Christian lines and he was injured by the fall sustaining bad bruises and sprains. During the full sway of the battle general Henry Frederick Hecasse ordered by general Vivian to move his divisions from the left limit of the army to Anne Aronburg and to support the hard pressed divisions there. Here the works had been already carried, retreating in the direction of Repton House pursued by the Glandelinians under general vomit.







Glandelinian cannon cannon, the monstrous Abbieannian line under general Moscoso moved on five hundred more cannon and men swept the Glandelinian column to pieces with a most destructive fire. The firing on both sides was in full swing and the Glandelinians having overwhelming numbers swept forward in a counter charge once more pressing upon the Christians like seasons, the wild cannonade of shells, the deafening roar of many thousands of artillery being noisily, and the thousands of screaming shells that crashed among the gray lines caused such terrific havoc and carnage that Tamerline who was in general Federal's place was horrified.

The Abbieannian cannon roared like volleys from hell's lions of artillery, if they have any, at snoring storm after storm of shrapnel shells and missiles plowing through the enemy lines the whole stretch of Mc-Hollister's men being a terrible hell of death and wounds, writhing in mortal agony. The Glandelinian war weapons crashed against the Abbieannian line in full force but the whole line delivered a fearful stream of fire that roared deafeningly, then another, and another driving the torn and mangled columns back pell-mell, and even a part of the mainline was galloped, but the Glandelinians came back to the charge with renewed vigor, but again they received the murderous sheet of fire and recoiled with the scattered fragments of many large divisions, generals Job Windermine, and John on the Glandelinian side having been several wounded and borne off the field under a storm of shells that seemed to sear the skies with the sickening earthshaking explosions.

The struggle raged frightfully and extended all along the line. As the struggle was growing hotter and the mutual losses on both sides more appalling, Hanson's three million one hundred thousand men rushed forward at an irresistible force. At his command the whole line proceeded by general Moscoso's forces rushed on across the death machine gun into the fearful storm of destruction. For two hours the struggle raged frightfully and Hanson's army threatened with awful annihilation recoiled men falling in monstrous swaths. Finally general Mc-Hollister Johnson arrived with three million Glandelinians who made a sweeping charge in double line. This charge was as sudden and as irresistible that general Moscoso's army of two million Abbieannians was a fairly cut to pieces and routed and in the space of an hour during that desperate charge Mc-Hollister lost one million men in men and dead and he himself was wounded three times.

Moscoso's divisions of Abbieannians were demoralized and panic stricken and retreated in utmost confusion. Simultaneously a well planned and executed attack was made with full force and fury upon general James Cannon's flank by general Ambrose Peathike. Without creating any kind of alarm or making any preliminary demonstration of active hostilities the Glandelinians in great overwhelming force advanced suddenly without skirmishing or picket lines in front of general Proclie.

Cannon's front who suddenly scattered after the volley but as the Abbieannian picket lines retired the Glandelinians reached the main Christian line by a rapid advance and charged as early as soon as the retreating pickets scattered.

It resulted first in awful carnage, then confusion and backsliding army under Marcus and Proclie cannon were driven back through the inferno forest and across the fields in disorder with their two leaders wounded. Great hearts and lives which were ordered to support Marcus and Proclie cannon were mangled in Federal's way and the two generals killed, and a great not-illie army which moved to the left into a dense wooded inferno of battle smoke and met the advance of the enemy moving in that direction could not hold as the enemy were advancing in his front with the irresistible fury of a great hurricane and two of his infantry gamels, Maurice Costello and Howell Euster Johnson and general Cannon Proclie and a Javary general by the name of Mosbeck were borne from the field all mortally wounded except Maurice Costello who was only slightly disabled and the crushed cavalry division in retreat under murderous fire.

Dare-not-illie rallied a good part of the cavalry and after a fierce fight checked the Glandelinian in that direction though he got severely wounded and his horse crippled by the enemy's heavy volley firing. General Henry Marcus on the Glandelinian side lost his right arm and hundreds of thousands of his Glandelinians fell. After the enemy's vigorous assault had been made and a most desperate conflict fought general Dare-not-illie's right wing was overthrown overwhelmed and driven from their strong position with the loss of three quarters of their numbers and seriously disabled but not entirely demoralized. An effort to reinforce Dare-not-illie's force was made by crossing a portion of the second corps but a terrible massacre was the result.

At the last onslaught the Glandelinians were successful, having lost many millions in the last sixteen onslaughts. Alfred St. Clair was severely wounded, the surviving Abbieannians either killed, wounded or captured. The Glandelinians now came on in the most fearful numbers and came upon Cannon's line host of Abbieannians a part of the surviving fragments of the forty two million men under Row Roswell Euster Johnson and who had been advancing once more amid the sea of hellish carnage to restore the broken lines along Mc-Hollister's and within two hours a fiercer conflict fiercer conflict than before was raging with unabated fury. Federal in succession launched his two or three main wings upon the Abbieannian host and again Mc-Hollister was borne in nothing slaughter hell.

"I'll try to take this position and smash those Abbieannians to pieces once more," said Roblin to Hanson though it is awful risky; "I have sent Tamerline to the right center which is being cut up. White now Childhood is at their left center and he is having a fearful time there for monstrous waves of the Abbieannians are thrown against him."

Just then through a wall or curtain of smoke the Abbieannians were seen coming at a fearful charge and Hanson knew by the million cannon like roar of musketry that White now Childhood and now Child were having a fearful fight against overwhelming odds.

The whole Abbieannian line seemed to be advancing and the conflict now became so supremely fierce that Cannon was compelled to ask general Raymond Richardson Federal for aid. Federal sent Ap Augustine's best divisions to support him but despite this the Abbieannians were still advancing upon White now Child and now Child but that his men were standing their ground with such great stubbornness that the losses along his whole line was terrific.

At a lively clatter Cannon's divisions rushed to support now Child and White now Child never halting until their forces were reached. From several of the large plains or parks general Vance through the smoke as from forest fires, the Abbieannian veterans advancing with great fury while a mow was swarming with the Abbieannian dragons coming on at a fearful fearful dashing charge like an avalanche of horses and men their hoofs making a great din. A withering fire was at once opened on them and at once a greater wall of smoke seemed to hide the lines as the Abbieannians returned the fire. General Raymond Richardson Federal himself had rode to the extreme front of the lines which he now left, and made his way rapidly along a side road toward another part of the battle line in the hope that he might discover if the Abbieannians were advancing there or not, or coming through the woods as he feared that his men would be surrounded.

From the distant forest Abbieannian veterans under heavy shell fire were advancing carrying long bayonets. Reaching the front again general Federal galloped forward toward the advancing force and got pierced by three bullets which fell badly wounded from his horse and being borne from the field.

Cannon himself with Roblin drew rein for they saw that the force was leaping forward with great speed. As he remained to watch the force approach Cannon fell dangerously wounded, and Roblin still remained to watch the Abbieannians who were advancing in overwhelming numbers, and their long bayonetted pikes and sabres and weapons of all kind gleamed as they came on.

General Nolan ordered fifteen hundred thousand men for a tremendous counter charge against the yelling Abbieannian line, which swept across the Mc-Hollister line like a mighty stream of lava and with fixed bayonets crashed down upon their enemies. With a tremendous roar of conflict the opposing forces met and a fearful was the bloodcurdling contest. However the charge was repulsed with such heavy losses that the five hundred thousand survivors were demoralized and panic stricken. Zoe Rae Hanson was mortally wounded on the Glandelinian side having been the main leader of this doomed division. Francisco, and general Joe Callio came up with the rest of Federal's force and the struggle was renewed with such bloody fury that three quarters of Callio's army was destroyed and both their leaders leaders severely wounded while Zoe Rae Windermine was killed.

Fiercer and fiercer grew the conflict and hundreds of thousands after hundreds of thousands went into small fragments as they waved or surged upon the Glandelinian front after repulsing the counter charge and Mc-Hollister Baldwin on the Glandelinian side lost an arm in trying to bring up a brigade to go into the smoky inferno.

On the Christian side Roblin's divisions at last were brought into action to heavier action despite the awful curtain of destruction from the very





as the struggle still retained the fury began so suddenly. Was the death of the little Annie Aronburg child really the cause of all this?

If so what will be the outcome over the disappearance of the said same picture general purger was trying to recover?

Had it any real effects on the wars coming results?

Was it the cause of the many total christian defeats at so many battles already lost and the horrible destruction of cities and forests resulting afterwards?

If so who will atone and punish Federal, Tamerline and the other wicked Glandelinian generals?

And did its loss cause all the suffering that befell the Vivian girls and the loss of their brothers and friends, and if so why on them, when they were so good, kind and loving, nursing the wounded on both sides as if they were dear brothers, instead of men on opposite sides?

#### THE FULL RURY OF THE BATTLE ALONG HANSONIAS LINES

Notwithstanding all that were concentrated against Hansonias Federal himself had now concentrated his forces upon Hansonias in terrible fury while Tamerline advancing from Randia Run struck him on the rear crushing his wing to pieces. Hansonias center was finally forced th with the loss of many millions and toward one o'clock with the part of his active force almost withdrew Hansonias withdrew and indeed it was a terrible disaster. All this happened on a part of the grounds of Mac Hollister Run and the great general himself was reported to be mortally wounded.

Hansonias whole army within four hours had been swept and torn to pieces one wing being entirely annihilated and his center reduced to one quarter then as they retreated the rest were all decimated untill out of ten million men of Hansonias command there was only one million remaining. Upon the whole stretch of the grounds of Mac Hollister Run many hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians alone were lying outstretched on the ground. Yet the fields and galls were thick with the victorious Glandelinians who were charging with irresistible force Augustine St. Calres army which had formed solid impenetrable lines for miles and which had attempted with all their fury to hold hold general Tamerlines assailants at bay met annihilation their leader having fallen severely but not dangerously wounded.

Henriques divisions who could not go into action here had tried to make a stand elsewhere but with yells like the approach of Satans host the Glandelinian forces pressed on crushing Henriques lines and scattering the survivors right and left.

This is the way the destruction of Hansonias army indeed began. At the same time Federal had kept up a furious incessant demonstration and turned general Stevens flank, while Richardson Halsted's corps having been crushed to fragments were driven back by Howard Stevens, and Jackson with Wahashes divisions! these generals striking a sudden heavy blow destroying everything in their path. When the survivors of these divisions which the onslaught had fallen upon in full force, scattered and fled in wild confusion. Some of the divisions made an attempt to stem the torrent but in vain and the entire christian divisions along this point was soon flying through the woods toward Galverine hills. With Shroaders divisions the famous Aronburg who displayed such great valor at Crowley tried furiously to check the wild rout of these divisions, and even ordered his army of cavalry corps at hand to charge the flying masses of christian troops sabre in hand, which they did in vain.

Burkin on Hansonias storming left in the midst of a hailstorm of fire and inconceivable avalanches of damnation, was killed, while Howard Reidy, F. Y. Wenzel, C. M. Power, John Fitzpatrick, Odfray, Terast, O'Neil, Michael Farly, McInters, Bayler, Michael Boer, McLaughlin, Justice Peely, E. J. Meager, McMahone, McIntonia, Whitman, Carthalia, Brotherline, Redelida, Vivian, Chambers, Danmak were killed while those who wounded were as followed, Leonia, McKell, Chalmers, Schumann, Schumann S. Schumann, Johnnie Schierder, Jimmie Hanson, Walter John Harrison.

The sky became white with the pall of smoke over the Aronburg Run where the thunder of parks of artillery shook the heavens. For four hours across the Hollister Run and back the conflict had already raged with unabated fury the tide increasing with tenfold fury along the left and center of Hansonias line and the Aronburg Run became a ground of literal wholesale slaughter of divisions and corps. General Caros Caros columns of Glandelinians assailed Hansonias left under Glandelinia, assailing Hansonias left with the utmost fury of desperation and succeeded in breaching the line though Caros and Glandelinia went down mangled and bleeding.

In coming in close quarters in the with the Angelinian another Glandelinian general by the name of Belive was counter attacked furiously by a number of Angelinian men five of the nearest who tried to kill him as he surged above their works. He sent four of the Abg, Abheannians now sprawling by striking out right and left and grasping another by the wrist in a strong grip he swung the yelling Abheannian around letting go of his wrist again causing him to collapse in full force to force with another charging Abheannian was causing them to spread over the heads of one another. Then the Glandelinian leader seized a horse at a nod by some Angelinian and starting it forward at a dash upset four Abheannians who tried to resist him trampling over them then went on at a gallop commanding his men to charge.

"Forward to the charge men," he cried; "Keep close together and we may scatter the Abheannian dogs."

The Glandelinians quickly rushed forward despite the murderous withering fire that dealt such havoc among their lines. In this mad dash their daring leader was shot from his horse and severely wounded and the nearest columns of the Glandelinians appalled over the bloody massacre and the loss of four more of their generals Bernard Snyder, Whilliam Snyder, Cahallin, and Vellehanis who were killed suddenly broken into confusion.

Hundreds of thousands had fallen near Emkins creek but the main line still dashed on while the Abheannians and Angelinians and the solid Abheannian lines on lines and with a rattling and of bayonets. The Glandelinians though they lost another general by the name of Juvie Gain who was killed continued to come on with irresistible force and fury against the human barrier and plunged in among them with terrific ferocity, bayonets plying against bayonets and soon there was great confusion the plucky Abheannians being bayoneted by multitudes. Seventeen cannon were in the hands of the enemy and put into action against the Abheannians but within five minutes they were retaken by fresh troops that arrived at this moment.

Hopeless tremendous onslaught on the Glandelinians proved to be a vengeance full for the Angelinians and the Glandelinians fragments but did not check the main attack however.

Thus far it seemed as if the Glandelinians were going to win a decided victory.

Thus far as it seemed general Vivian was going to win a decided victory but the probability was to get away from Hansonias main line which was pressing in closely.

During the engagement general Vivian started to to with draw a part of the unengaged forces northward with the intention to move for Andrean Run and crush the Glandelinians moving in that direction and I also for Vanity Fair. Here the struggle was more terrific. Indeed it was much disputed as to which was the most terrific conflicts of the struggle. The fiercest and greatest ever known was when Collyer, Stanck, Hennen, McHollister, Pullam, Lyporia, McWhirther, Honnaway, Vannia Riches, Redeline, Henry Torry, Wickey, Vannia, Journal, Beislet Paul, Gendernine Jennings and including Graham Panes and several other Glandelinian generals known as, Aronburg runner, Beppo Vansinnand Roblinia Aglian made a fierce onslaught with many heavy columns in double line and such a slaughter occurred here as to make the world run cold with horror. No conflict had ever been so severe as yet and before Florinia ever came the question was whether could there be a worse to come. The only battle that was the greatest next to Aronburg Run was the battle of Redernine. Could there be any battle to come that would exceed these and if so where?

These are the questions of mystery as no one can foresee the situation in either case. At the beginning the battle though not quite so decisive was terribly severe and when it grew extremely fierce it did not slacken in its surpassing horrors as some other battles did but now there was no chance change



All of his Angelinians fought desperately probably more desperately than any line before and fearful was the bloodcurdling decimation on both sides. Two thirds of the Hansonian right wing and the whole of Hanson's extreme center met fearful annihilation and for miles and miles all along the line there could be seen the most awful fighting ever described and awfully large gaps in each army. The thousands of huge shells made craters in the ground. Hansonian right was overlapped and outflanked and caught between two hellstorms of murderous fire. Only by dint of the most heroic efforts that they managed to withdraw from the scumtlet and hurl a part of the savage fire from them. The slaughter had been more fearful than any seen before and the sight of myriads of dead wounded and dying and the agony of the suffering seen in their pale faces was enough to touch and thrill and horrify anyone if possible enough to see it.....

It had been an awful catastrophe as both wings had lost more than half their numbers and nearly a score of general officers about a about nineteen at least had been killed and wounded and ten of these were wounded.

Their names were as follows, Gen. Gorman Henry, Stelio, Mc-Glosirn, Gordon, Granis, Turk, Randall, Rebellio, Emerson, who were wounded and the killed were as follows, Hatch, Graten, Wagner, Strickland, Ralley, Conrad, Cox, Lane, Riely, Along Happonias and Bepoo.

Along Hansonian center where Swiche a cracker was leading in person the struggle was just as severe. Swichenracker had been killed during the bloodcurdling carnage but ignorant of the fact the Angelinians continued the frightful assault with utmost desperation and galling fury, the Angelinians under Henderson, and Henderson, Johnson and Bellily, and intestinal advance with the violence of a tornado gained on both forces and struck him a withering blow crushing his line like a snail and crushing the few survivors left in the maelstrom with the main section of the main line all of these Angelinian generals were seriously wounded the disaster happening as they met Mc-Kennias great host of Concentinians the battle however raging without abatement and gaining in violence and fury.

Hoemann who commanded the Angelinian column in person did not know what command he was engaging as never before had he met such stern resistance, and the battle by the time he learned the truth had increased in fury and Swichenracker's divisions now under general Dunn Mc-Holleston strove with seemingly such preternatural fury to force their way through the line of christians that their whole lines were almost shattered and withered and general Hanson himself amid all this hurricane of slaughter strove with might and main and furious desperation to check their impetuous advance by bringing to bear all his available batteries of artillery which broke loose with a roar loud enough to smother the stars down from heaven seemingly in the proper natural din the rainstorm of shrapnell and high explosives tearing the Angelinian columns to pieces and tearing a part of the main assaulting line asunder.

Despite this fearful havoc the Angelinians continued on but Henderson and Dunn Mc-Holleston fell mortally wounded while simultaneously part of the Angelinian center assaulting the christian line at this point was almost wiped out and generals Pabalonis, Rodencia, Hanson and Henderson were seriously wounded while general Hoemann Jennings, and Joe Rae Hanson both were disabled by a cannon ball.

This was all done by a curtain of shell fire the whole Angelinian column now beginning to give way in a pandemonium of terrific confusion. Hoemann perceived this and hurled Dunn and Joe Rae St. Clara's army forward in full force and the conflict increased in redoubled fury a part of the christian line under general Arden Ardenia falling back steadily before overwhelming numbers and he himself fell mortally wounded.

One great charge like this was enough to thrill any one who seen it but now general Doby fell dead from his horse. Despite the tragedy the Angelinians only continued the attack the fighting being more desperate and the heavy explosions of shells as they ripped and tore the Angelinian columns to fragments resounded everywhere with splitting detonations while the million cannon like roar of musketry and concussion a greater din than ever. St. Clara's divisions advancing in military waves. The first wing struck Henderson's Mc-Holleston division on both sides cut them to pieces and undrouted them while other columns advancing through a line of orchin orchards with a deafening charge met a fire which cut down their column columns by scores and brought down every tree in that orchard line by the same numbers.

Joice was now between one of the trenches and masses of the Abbieinians swarmed about her who while one of the officers said to her as he came up!!!!

"You little girl had better get away from here as there is no telling what might happen. By the sound of firing along Henderson's lines I fear we are in for a terrible battle and if you remain here you may be killed."

"Oh I'll take of myself." Said Joice; "I defy those Angelinians to shoot me."

The sound of heavy firing soon broke out at another quarter but a long way off while all the christians were rushing this way and that to their positions. Hundreds of Angelinians were missing themselves around Joice with fixed bayonets while far in the distance to their left or right simultaneously there was now a terrible pandemonium of sound while the firing was increasing.

#### THE BATTLE ALONG GENERAL VIVIAN'S LINES.

The enemy the first portion of Hoemann's and Swiche Swichen crackers were approaching nearer and nearer but silently then suddenly came on in a rush and in solid waves many deep. Bob quickly took command of his divisions and formed them in long solid lines the battalions now taking up their position and now several fighting began which continued for over an hour during which time Bob though he could make no impression on the Angelinians retained his own ground despite a furious assault made upon him. Then as the Angelinians still came on furiously two brigades from the right were ordered up to assist in repelling the assault and simultaneously Angelinian column in passing over an open field were attacked in the right rear by a large body of Abbieinians who in their impetuous advance cut them there first and who had formed firm lines and whose appearance had been hid from view by thick brush and undergrowth. The suddenness of the attack disconcerted them and the Angelinians fell back in disorder across the open field but halted and reformed in the open woods. Over fifteen million Angelinians were really making an assault along the whole of General Vivian's lines at this point moving in lines of battle by brigades with double lines of a, skirmishers in front closely followed by the reserves in mass. Soon all the christian world became ablaze the whole scene breaking out like another Mc-Holleston war at once and in a few minutes the Angelinians were working through the felled trees and other obstructions and broke through at several points making a desperate, bold and headlong push opening flank and reverse fires. The christians along this point were thrown into confusion and took precipitate flight the Angelinians capturing many prisoners and a large number of small arms. The Angelinians continued to advance now yelling fiercely and though their columns were raked to fragments the Angelinians surged up to the works and now the carnage became bloodcurdling and as the fighting now became general. The Angelinians though many of their columns were crushed and mangled had made some apparent success and advanced with irresistible force their ranks dissolving away continually. The Angelinians still held their ground stubbornly but as men without hope for the enemy despite their bloody losses had crossed and their desperate efforts had been in vain.

Then on came the Abbieinians while the Angelinians defied them to check them. Monsterous gaps appearing by scores were cut in the enemy's lines but the survivors coming up closely drove a part of the line back by sheer force of numbers. THE LOSSES on both sides was now more appalling than imagined....

#### THE BATTLE BECOMES LIKE A MAD HELL OF DEMONS AT WAR.

General Joe Rae Swiche Swichenracker main left wing advancing with irresistible force swept to the northeast on the two extremes of Henderson's Hansonian main right line two huge arms and a terrible carnage became the carnage that general Hanson became allied appalling.



forward across the works they had captured seemed to agate in the most tumultuous billows, and the wild uproar of the battle and the din of millions of tremendous explosions was more seemingly supernatural and more fearful than words can say, more fearful than in any part of the battle before. All this was more fearful, more unaccountable than ever before in the whole war and the soldiers were dropping so fast that it seemed as if the population of the whole world was being shot down at once in this most tremendous of battles. All the faces of the Angolinian faces were extremely pale and more haggard than before and indeed all looked as if some great calamity had again befallen the world. As the fierce glandelinian columns screaming with rage and fury came nearer to their lines, the battle seemed to grow with still more indescribable fury, and the enemy spreading and as expanding their lines again in the most appalling manner surged upon the christian lines and as, closed with it and the whole world seemed to be involved in the frightful carnage.

Though now everything had been blue blotted out of view of general Hanson and Baldwin by the thick clouds of smoke they could nevertheless see the bright angry red flare of enemy musketry and cannons for the stretch of many miles and of all the men who were fighting these Glandelinian whose fury had assumed a more fearful ferocity than before and every christian general was doubtful of any success in the fighting. All of the officers talked to each other in the most hushed whispers and an undefinable dread was upon each man for the sudden catastrophe of the gigantic battle was as unaccountable as it was fearful. At every charge the glandelinian wave of attack seemed to be parted into fearfully mangled columns, the shells piercing the air with their explosions which when exploding on the ground shot their flashes and smoke clouds a thousand feet into the air while the flying fragments coming in contact with rocks and hard wood of trees looked themselves like flaring bursting shells. The smoke of shell explosions was so thick in the sky that occasionally it made it nearly as dark as a coming thunderstorm.

Indeed in these fatal moments the whole christian line seemed to dissolve into fragments, the surrounding plains, seemed on fire, from the storm of bursting shells, the very distant hills were seething as caldrons of hell, and the whole column of glandelinians which survived the christian fire turning into a monstrous wave of assault rushing forward with all their speed and as from the mouth of hell poured the seemingly unearthly christian fire of shot shell, canister, and musketry balls, the Vivian and Bonin hills seemed to be on fire, and through the gloom and mounds poured the Glandelinian columns, while men and officers on the christian side cursed and swore at the sight. Even the whole range of the Carnation ridge seemed to again burst into eruption of cannonading and shelling horrors, very nature seemed to be again stifled under the curtain of smoke, the soldiers panted for breath of untainted air, their lungs were burning, their eyes inflamed, and still they held on against the assailants. It was reported to Hanson and his brother that Zimmermann and they were the only ones holding ground, that the christian armies under Viviania, Viviananna and the others were unable to hold and that the enemy was advancing successfully, and that a large army of Mc-Hollesstinians were advancing to attack general Vivian and Hanson in the rear. If this could be accomplished the battle would be a Glandelinian victory and all would be lost.

muskets and sixty thousand gathling guns, which was then added by the roar of 10,000 big machine guns and oceans of exploding shells which made so much noise in the air as to make it almost as dark as night. In a few minutes thousands of glandelinians were lying on the ground encompassing the fields over which the frontal columns of Geronondas first columns had swept and melted away. Cannonades whole storm wave was shattered, and mangled the whole length, his generals had fell by the score, but he had brought up other divisions and these were thrown forward, and as the glandelinian assailants continued to advance, by half crawling forward, and stopping to make repeated dashes, and to lie down occasionally to fire, his left grand division reached the end of a wide meadow from which on all sides suddenly and sweeping its grassy lawns appeared myriads of puffy smoke, grass was clin clipped down as if by a thousand lawnmowers, then smoke columns from thousands of bursting shells mingled with the increasing roar of artillery from other quarters. The glandelinians reached the meadow in time to realize they had ran into an ambush or trap and as more artillery added to the great din, and the slaughter had become more terrific Gannonadas realized the danger and with drew the left grand division until the survivors had been succored.

Gannonadas saw that he had to support his assault with all his artillery or otherwise all his army would be annihilated in trying to even approach Geronondas position. So his cannons which were in long chains and his many other batteries broke into a storm of thundering salvos like the worse drum-drum fire ever imagined and which sounded like the roll of a million base drums only louder than the worse crash of thunder, the din seeming to fairly tear the planets out of the heavens and the whole sky was full of bewildering hurricanes of bursting shells at once. General Chamberlains artillery planted on the Calverine hills and numbering over five hundred thousand guns behind the long wall remembered long stone walls opened a furious storm of firing at the surging gray columns, while from extra batteries a curtain storm of shells and a high explosives were opened upon the glandelinian batteries, and amid all the conglomeration of din and confusion, the Angolinians counter charged, closed with the glandelinian wave and the scene was worse than the collision of two gigantic tidal waves. Both opposing waves were torn and mangled in the clash but the main glandelinian wave was unable to withstand the pressure of the christian counter charge, and the glandelinians at this point withdrew like a swarm of panic stricken steers and were pursued and cut to pieces all the way of their retreat until until only one quarter of their divisions remained, and the glandelinian leader in person called general Zochan, Zochia Swicjenia was killed. General Gannonadas saw the disaster and decided it best to check the advancing christians before it was too late and threw his main line forward and increased the battle with such a fury that it seemed as if the end of the world was coming. The scene was obscured by a sea of smoke. At the same time the howitzers and counterbatteries planted by Luckrick Johnston on the Calverine Hills opened a terrific tempest of fire with withering fury to silence Gannonadas frenzied battery storm from White Horse ridge, but it was in vain and it was believed by the Angolinian generals that from the din and the concussion that over three millions cannon were thundering. People were as reported rendered deaf from the battle fire field at a distance of fifty miles. Gannonadas right grand division being reinforced had swerved its motion and moved heavily upon the christian line which had counter charged, struck it a terrible blow, crushed the whole line, and sent it flying back all the way it came crushed and mangled, and with their many windrows of fallen extending for seventeen miles. The scene was a screaming, maddening hellish inferno now, a million volcanoes seemed to be in eruption so terrific was the din and it was no wonder that Gannonadas had become alarmed and started his march from Evangelina St. Jaro, and started his concentration upon Aronburge Run himself. He notified Gannon Vivian and his brother at Evangelina An Agathia and advised them to come as a terrific conflict was raging. General Gannonadas seeing that his first two assaults was beginning to have some little effect from the throwing back of the main christian line which counter charged, he sent general Hannons and Charles Mac-Ferns glandelinians through Geronondas land plains and all of these gigantic glandelinian columns poured in monstrous surges making such

THE BATTLE OF ARONBURG'S RUN OR GLANDOLINA  
 TERRIBLE FIRING HEARD OFF THE PLANKET BAY LANDSCAPE.....  
 THE TIDE WAS GOING.....  
 BATTLE CALLED PLANKET BAY.  
 JULY 25TH. 1917.

June 1916.

It was a full month after the invasion of Glandolina had been completed and the Glandolinian country had been subdued when general Hansonia Johnston whose main army had not taken any part in the great conflict raging at Anna Maria Glando Inla raging June fifth and whose headquarters had been in the city of Evangelino St Clare (Calverline) when he heard while arising to assume command of his armies three days later after concentrating in that direction cannonading of the most terrific intensity in the direction of the city of Calverline fifty miles away from Glorinia and Angolinia Agathia, his lines at the time stretching across the main portions of the Aronburgs Run river and being the right wing of general Vivian's army who was under the personal command of general Vivian and Hindernine, who had been concentrating toward the main section of McJolleston Run near Big Beppo Landa and Henrietta.

The firing added continually by small arms and whole streams of heavy cannons and din from the hurricane of explosions in the air and over the plains, counted probably by millions every minute began early in the morning at probably four o'clock and was of such violence that doors, and windows in the city of Evangelino St Clare situated over three hundred miles away from Glorinia rattled, rattled, and were literally blown open and houses tumbled down in Calverline and Vivian Wickoy. All the houses in Evangelino St Clare vibrated as though with an earthquake and many acres literally caved in killing many thousands, and wounding probably hundreds of thousands.

What surprised him more was that general Swiche's army had disappeared and he felt sure that some tremendous battle on the Planket Bay Peninsula was raging, and ordered one of his main divisions to advance to their positions in front of general Raymondson Richard Federalls army still many miles away as yet. In four hours Hansonia's whole army was advancing and then concentrating with the steadiness of a machine. Not a straggler or a braggard was on the field and what was probably hardly ever seen before drummers were marching with their companions and bands were playing in a pandemonium of music.

The reason of the firing was this: Hindernine had received orders from general Vivian at Angolinia Agathia, to concentrate his armies toward McJolleston Run to prevent the foe from getting too near Jorma and Julo Gallio which if recaptured by the foe would be all off. Hindernine did all he had been ordered, concentrating a part of his line near Calverline where it seemed as if all of Abyssinkile had reinforced him. Hansonia Manley saw indeed that a great danger was nigh for the Christians were preventing him from recapturing Julo Gallio, Calverline, and Jorma, and Vivian Wickoy and that the Christian armies were concentrating against him in overwhelming force, and so was bound to prevent Hansonia from establishing his lines across the Planket Bay Lands and so had made a desperate move for three days, and then on the morning of November 1th All Saints Day made a tremendous assault upon the whole of Hindernine's army which resulted in the severest action ever seen before in the war right at this section.

Manley saw also that if he did not succeed in capturing Angolinia Agathia and Evangelino St Clare he would never succeed in bringing Glandolina back to her normal state, that he would not be able to retrieve what the Christian invasion would accomplish and Glandolina would be ruined. He was determined to risk even annihilation rather than allow the Christian army confronting him to move a step further south of the regio region where they were now. So he threw forward Hansonia's heaviest waves of McJollestonians which had been hurled across the Planket Bay Landscape. The Angolians pickets had been surprised but they as reported had kept up a severe clattering fire of musketry and pistols as they slowly fell back.

At the time that these immense Glandolinian storm waves were surging forward apparently without meeting any serious resistance, the main Christian line had thrown itself immediately into position and then suddenly stupendous firing of the greatest intensity had opened from general Fredricks Christian line of Abbeannias, added by artillery of many thousands of guns followed at once by a still more stupendous roll of many millions of

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threatening condition of defeat and disillusionment and also hope by the help of God that it will come about very soon as no time will efface the safety of the Angolinian cause, as there cannot be but only ten months hence from May.

THE CREATOR OF THE BATTLE OF GLORINIA.  
 GENERAL VIVIAN HANSONIA JOHNSTON.....



When the invasion was broken up the enemy started to make an attempt to invade Angelinian soil but were crushed and thrown back at Jemistonia, and Spencerton, and disaster stared the Glandelinians in the face.

Manley's greatest campaign against Angelinia Agathia or Glorinia starting in the month of October and ending on the first of November was the gravest crisis of the great Glandee-Angelinian war and to terminate whether the enemy could hold the cities of Vivian Wickay, and Julo Callio and Norma or not. After the frightful almost preternatural carnage at the two battle of Mc-Holleston Run or Calverina following in quick succession on the month before Aronburgs run raged the Glandelinians were not in a temper to follow up the conflicts by a further advance into Calverina's East.

But in this Angelinia Agathia campaign the very war had been carried to the very doors of Angelinia A'athia and with their desperate threatening of victory at the battles of Hoppo Tannin in mind Manley's grand armies were determined to press every advantage they could gain. A victory at Angelinia Agathia or Glorinia would probably destroy the Calverinians, cripple Angelinia so that she could not invade Glandelinia, and not only the two enemies but every nation of that world knew it.

The desperate mortal conflict at Aronburgs Run or Glorinia was the complete result. There staged the greatest conflict ever fought in that world. There for eighteen hours and a half the red war gods demanded a homage and took an unaccountable toll of treasure. There the war reached its high tide, and on the day during the frightful fury of the great storm of battle Manley could only gather the fragments of his broken armies and dread the certain end with tears in his eyes. But where fate would decide her favor was not decided until the main roar of battle had ceased to echo over the field where 6,666,666 men had died in a few hours. Each succeeding advantage of the battle had been more desperate than the ones gone before. On the morning the conflict had raged with great sanguinary fury at Chamberlano and Henrietta, with the damnable dawning horrors of Chamberlano, Carnation, Mc-Holleston ridges, and of the battle lines between P Ophelia and Chamberlano. Then at Peppo and Mc-Holleston woods where the first part of the battle reached its highest fury. Simultaneously at other portions of the battle field was witnessed the inferno of battle at Chamberlano orchards and the Parobek and Treclan lanes. The last portion of the battle for the possession of the great Vivian Hills and at other quarters was the most thrilling of all when the whole battle field looked like the entrails of Hell's volcanic ore crater with the writhing sea of damned souls and was bathed in blood.

The following description of the furious conflict along the whole of general Whillinsburger Zimmerman's lines and those of the two Vivian general generals, and the three Vivianians, and Vivianians and the three Hansons, is perhaps as full an account of these bloody murder as storms of onslaughts as could be written by any author without fright and confusion.

General Hansonia Francis Johnstonia was in the thickest of the fighting at the worse extreme fury of the battle the gallant general Henry Darger picknollan succeeding Hansonia Johnstonia while the Treclan and Parobek armies were getting their baptism of blood and fire.

This greatest of battles happening in the third year of the war shook down many cities and towns from the concussion of cannonading, and the storm of rancorous shells slew hundreds of thousands and the storm of flying wreckage and then to add to all the horrors comes on the raging storms of fire which origin originated way before the battle happened. How the battle of Glorinia is turning out yet it is not mentioned.

And most of the losses were not considered known as yet also. Other conditions are also to come in about the results of the bloody battle but the conditions under no conditions can be stated here as there is too much description of the battle. If these conditions have failures in their meaning under any circumstances the big battle will never terminate as any Christian victory but as one for the Glandelinian armies, and then will be the great disaster of all. Should Glandelinia win this battle she will win the whole war altogether and then all will be lost. So let's hope that the petition for that condition may be granted to save the Christians from the

to make things better it is best to relate the circumstances of the many battles fought in the war, how many charges were made by both sides, the losses if predicted and the results and outcomes of the great struggles. To begin with the best to do is to take the battles in an accurate list as they come. So starting with the beginning of the war let's take the battle of Crowley!!!!

1. BATTLE OF CROWLEY: Three charges were made by the foe during the beginning of the Crowley battle during the siege of Jennie Wren town which was repulsed with considerable loss. During the siege of Jennie Wren town a battle also raged at Norma's Bridge which caused Shosmanuia to retreat from the vicinity of Jennie Wren town. Not long after with the Christians still advancing a battle raged at Mc-Gellan Run. The losses of other battles was not predicted on account of their great severity but at Mc-Gellan Run it was predicted that the Christian losses exceeded 190,739. The losses of the enemy was considered as far as 90,739, but later found to exceed 234,000. A typhoon lulled the actions for the possession of Jennie Wren town for the time.

## 2. JENNIE-WREN-TOWN.

This fourth battle of the war was exceedingly tremendous. The duration of the struggle was three days, and ended as a Christian victory, and a crushing defeat for the Glandelinian armies, and terminated into the fierce and gigantic siege of Crowley which the battle originated. At Jennie Wren town the Christian losses in men were withstood and so were the enemy's altogether. However the losses that was incorrectly predicted for the Christian side was numbered to be about 498,000 in killed and wounded alone, while twenty-eight generals were killed and thirty-six general officers wounded four of which were mortally wounded. Hanson Vivian the main commander of all the Christian armies had been wounded also but not severely. It had been stated that at the beginning the enemy losses had been less than the Christians predicted to be about four hundred thousand when later it was found accurately to be about 1,000,000. Their general officers in losses was terrific. There was about seventy-one Glandelinian generals predicted to have been slain while seventeen were wounded.

The Christian army had been victorious crushing the enemy beyond rally but nevertheless was through some unknown reasons unable to follow up the success gained, and thus the reason the enemy were not immediately driven from the Angelinian boundary line. The main Glandelinian commander had resigned.

## 3. BATTLE OF PULLAWAY OR 'JUTTO' DINE.

This fifth great battle in the Glandee-Angelinian war lasted fully five days. It had been a Christian repulse however and nothing else, just a failure of the Christian armies to drive back Shosmanuia Glandelinians and which resulted in a regular siege of Pullaway. The Glandelinian losses was reported as 800,000 in killed and wounded. The Christian losses in killed and wounded were reported to be only 789,000, in killed and wounded, while those reported to have been captured numbered about 987,566. During the Christian invasion into Glandelinia the Christian armies under Zimmermann and Aronburg, won the battles at Titania Fair, Snowflake Gap, Pepper-neck-lace, and Onion City. But in the engagement at Bristle Toe Station generally called the battle of Vanity Fair the Christians were slightly checked by the Glandelinian army under general Mc-Holleston Johnston who broke up the Christian invasion completely. Despite the victory however the battle was tragic for the Glandelinians who lost one of their best commanders who was severely wounded the generals were being Aden.

The Glandelinians lost 867,988 in killed and on over 1,789,000 were wounded and including this were thirteen Glandelinian generals who were killed, and twenty-seven wounded, five no mortally. The Christians lost over 700,000 in killed and over 1,988,999 in wounded and over 900,000 were taken prisoners making a total of 3,488,999 altogether. Thirty-four Christian generals were killed and twenty-seven wounded.

Germania Vivian felt perfectly sure at the marvelous escape he had made that God himself had no power to allow the Christians to hold him a prisoner and he declared to many Glandelinian friends he was not that he was sure was lucky and that a seven the most wicked could not triumph against God any day and that he had proved it. He had escaped his guards by striking and shooting them down, had by sheer force and fury cleared a trail of Angolindian Angolindian soldiers across the tooth single handed, and ran off with the engine, and eluded the pursuers though they trailed and followed him for the distance of three or four hundred miles before they finally caught up. All towns had been photographed for the people and soldiers there to look out for him but he had eluded all pursuers and was a free man once more.

The whole Christian country and the people were in terror at the news of his escape because he was one of the most successful and dangerous of all Glandelinians and if his freedom was really assured he could easily bring a new army under his command down immediately upon the rear of the Christian army at Gloria. Germania. Of course it did seem to not only him but many others that God was powerless to have prevented his escape. But he was not. He allowed this scoundrel to escape for the purpose that was to follow.

During the whole war Germania had conducted the murder of more children than any of the other worse kind of Glandelinian generals had caused the Vivian girls more sorrow and no suffering than they had caused the injury of so many innocent helpless little people. Germania creatures that he was unconsciously haunted by many of the bigger creatures who had vented so much of their vengeance upon the murderers.

Germania was at the last time of his escape so close closely pressed by pursuing Abyssinians that Germania Vivian was compelled to seek refuge in a small volcanic cave cavern. As he entered he saw something little a large number of strong search lights suddenly appear and thinking Christian soldiers were also in the cavern with the intention of trapping him should he seek refuge there. He in a frenzy of fury drew his pistols and shot blindly at the lights. The lights suddenly went out to his astonishment, and all was in total darkness while he was astonished and horrified to hear a peculiar growling such unlike any kind of creature or animal he had ever heard before. He had a torch with him which he had not as yet lighted and this he lit with a match and peered around but still more to his astonishment saw nothing. He proceeded onward with utmost caution and seeing the way clear decided to penetrate further into the cavern when suddenly confronting him was something with the appearance of a gigantic butterfly with a peculiar long head, with longer horns, and a long body and tail. It was rich in hues and intense to his appearance.

He realized the truth at once. The cavern was the temporary abode of Tuscorhorian plengins, the king that are generally called fairy winged plengins. He realized also that though he had felt nothing from his arm there was blood proceeding pretty fast, and that he had been bitten by one of them as he fired. He realized with a tinge of horror that the creatures were of the venomous type and he fled out of the cavern unpursued, and surrendered himself to the Abyssinians with the hope of being saved before it was too late. Of course despite the character he had the Abyssinians did a, all they could for him, but the bite had been administered about ten minutes before, and the treatment was too late.

He writhed in lingering mortal agony for four days and died and had seemed to have had hydrophobia though of course it was just the slow effects of the poison that had been rejected or injected in mean with the bite. His wickedness, cruelties to children, helpless persons, and young plengins had finally brought Germania to a horrible end. All who learned of the death of the wicked Glandelinian general and Angolindian traitor were horrified, and many of the Glandelinians who were even prisoners within the Christian lines, feared every day that some of the creatures would pounce upon them. They realized they had not fought a war, but had committed more in massacre than anything else and now that they themselves had paid dearly and were losing all. If Gloria would not be won by the Glandelinian armies concentrating there all would be lost and Glandelinia would be really placed under complete submission and probably be made a possession of Abbeanna.

During the beginning of the siege Violet and her sisters discovered that they had three more boy enemies. Fredrick Hanson, was one, Johnston Darger was the second, and Francis Starring was the third. Almost similar in names to those of the other three lads but these three were waylaid the same the other three but never however became friends of Violet and her sisters.

The night armies under general Hannonia Vivian was concentrating to the extreme left of Vivian's army and he consisted of an army of over 23,567,777 men which later had been mostly drawn to the center leaving only 10,000,000 to stand against any attacks there. Hannonia strengthened his main armies along the McWhirther Run, while Hinderne concentrated his armies upon the region known as planket purg Pen. Vivian and Vivian's army commanded the extreme Christian center which was in position along the famous McHoller Run, and these armies were thrown into better positions within two days. Hinderne Turner, Vivian and other Christian commanders such as Augustine St. Clair, Wierston, Picknell and the other two great Hannonia's concentrated their armies in front of Henrietta, and also between Ross, Ross, Topsy, and between Ophelia and Humberlane.

The enemy were taking possession of the Christian armies proved themselves to have a better position than a the enemy and a position that was completely unassailable.

Angolindian Agathia was also guarded by a strong Christian army commanded by the extreme right commander on the right whif wing and this was under Francis Hannonia. Hannonia Johnston commanded the other section of the Christian army confronting the enemy in possession of the east ranges of the Bordon and Vivian ranges, and the line of concentration was about the extent of thirty three miles. It was the purpose of the Christians to take possession of the Little and Catherine Hills so that they could in case of necessity command the enemy's lines there or from there with an inflicting fire that would annihilate all attempts of the Glandelinians to assault the ridges of White Ross and White Ross.

Another section of the Christian army under Hinderne was entrenched along the McHoller and Angeline Run rivers where the stream was more shallow, and here had thrown up very strong positions.

It was the purpose of general Phillimburgher Zimmerman who was in command of the whole concentration of armies to hold the enemy off at this point and to strike a blow that would cripple the enemy beyond repair and so to end all resistance for good and all.

He had planned that the main blow of all would be upon Hanleys extreme right wing in possession of the southern planket Pen. and if the foe could be forced here, then attacks would be made upon other portions of the line. He intended to attack as soon as all of the positions were in good order and when all the artillery had been placed, but then scouts out day and night advised him that the enemy forces were too dangerous to attack while cornered as they were, and that even if the battle could be a success it would cost the Christian armies too much losses at once and that they would be so depleted that the advantages gained could not be pressed, and that the enemy would take advantage of it and so win the conflict in the end. Zimmerman consulted Hannonia Johnston the main command of the rest of the armies, but Hannonia was opposed to attacking the enemy as he believed it best to just make a concentration that would frighten the enemy into attacking, and if the enemy attacked they could tear down their lines of assault every time and so deplete the enemy armies that they would not be able to continue the storm, and the whole thing would then be over with. Hannonia was well confident that Vivian, Vivian's army and Zimmerman had the armies of the three Hanleys almost surrounded, and that if the battle was started by the enemy and turned out as a Christian success, the Glandelinians who survived would be only too glad to lay down their arms and surrender.

So Phillimburgher Zimmerman decided it best to do as advised, and to force the enemy to make a desperate attack. How strong the enemy armies were general Phillimburgher Zimmerman could not ascertain but he believed it exceeded over three hundred million men against his four hundred and fifty three million men. What he feared was that the other armies of the foe would come to Hanley's rescue and this had to be watched out for. Zimmerman decided it was best not to be too hasty because the other two armies which were daily expected under general Vivian and Hannon were too far away as yet concentrated at Jennie Pichee, and so he proposed to wait until they arrived.

While the Christian armies were concentrating against the enemy at Gloria, a most surprising thing of the whole war seemed to have happened. It was concerning general Germania Vivian who had been taken prisoner during the invasion of the Christians into Glandelinia. He had been transported toward Vivian Wokey with the purpose of being sent to the Island prisons for his crimes. But the scoundrel managed to escape with the statement that he defied even heaven and God to keep him prisoner. Well to tell the truth as had already been stated in the whole story those who had committed harm to Violet and her sisters had never met any good luck.

The losses of the christian troops caused by the fury of the battles of Nellie, Greenbush, Amie, Aronburg, Herborn, Calvernia, Kloss, Clinton, Chills, Zee MacVirginia, Meldonia, Wott ruba, Padula, Anden a d Chills, Gansoo, Ganderilina and Molteburg was dreadful but battles still were worse such as Google, Varni, Kroot Nellie, Poverty Row, gatens lanes, Beekelins Greock, Gnapoolte pok, Finger Mountain, Jellie Creek, another at Hondendon, Proclia lanes, Pab woods, Angoline Hills Meldon and Duspene Hills caused losses that were never estimated.

Other severe ones were Landburg Island, Snowline, Fort Ignorance and Chillo around Julo Gallio, Fort Henryson, ponamila, Padula, Glemburg Aurandoo, Peera mountain, Violet Lamsu Run, Gallio Lamsu, Bulla Run, Colle n, Flapin, Ronder, Gansburg, Protestia, Happendon, Boonia, Sa Seancie, Melbulla hill, Jawsdale, Labie, Flaming Hollie, powad Run, Gallio, Angoline River, Gandon, Salvoe Run, three bloody battles at Smilies Smooth at the main mouth of the Ho-Hollister Run River, and the seven hundred and sixty three battles fought in glandelina during the christian invasion the last first half of the Third year and fourth of the war. Over two hundred batt es raged around Julo Gallio of which only one hundred and fifty are named.

The number of battles listed are thus;

Number of battles with losses not y kno known or which are not given by christian generals.....1,050.

The number of battles which had losses stated are.....177.

There were ten battles with the losses known as far as 10,000,000, six with the losses of 20,000,000, and ten with the losses of over 30,000,000. The christians had four battles with the losses of 15,000,000 each, seven with the losses of one million, five with the losses of two million, ten with the losses of three million, and two with the losses of four million. They also had two with the losses of greater magnitude but the others were not known rightly.

But this showed only what losses were known or what generals dared to let out. The battles which numbered about ten in number which had the losses of three million was found later to exceed that loss. Six battles had losses greater than many others as none of their losses were account only stated and most of all the losses known we were only of the wounded and few of the dead were known in the list as they exee exceeded any list that could be made.

In Angolina the number of battles were few. The only known bat ties began early in the first year of the war and though it did give some slight success to the enemy only two or three of those conflicts were christian defeats, and throughout the whole war the enemy never had an opportunity to invade Angolina, while Angolina was able to invade Calvernia without being thrown out once, and though once thrown out in invading glandelina, succeeded in the second invasion and crushed Glandelina so completely that she was subdued and only the armies in Calvernia were left to overthrow. And it was taking bronco fighting to do this too but now all seemed to be going the way the Angolinians wished and if Glorinia could be saved again from the enemy and Angolina Agathia succored all would be well and the enemy would be compelled to give up and the whole glandelinian storm in Calvernia would be over and all the glandelinian armies captured.

In the meantime while the great events predicted had been happening as related in the last previous chapters great concentration of new and large armies were taking place along the Aronburgs, Run, and Mc-Hollister Run....The enemy armies first started concentration under general puebaum Manley. These armies grew in force, and started up positions along the great Mc-whirther Run. Other armies concentrated also along this section. This concentration was lasting about two weeks, while almost simultaneously glandelinian armies were concentrating on the Blanket Burg Run, and also on the Mc-Hollister and Aronburgs run. The christian armies were doing the same and it seemed evident that the biggest armies ever originated since the war began was concentrating at this p one important point, Glorinia.

THE STUPOROUS BRIDE OF THE CITY AND  
VINICITY OF GLOR NIA. THE CONCENTRATION OF  
GREAT CHRISTIAN, AND Glandelinian ARMIES ALONG THE Mc-WHIRTHER  
RUN. ALSO GREAT FORCES CONCENTRATE UPON BLANKET BURG RUN. AND ALONG  
THE Mc-HOLLISTER AND ARONBURGS RUN.

UP to this time now before any other struggles were raging the battles in the great war numbered over 1,457 to 1,476 and about three quarters of the number of these battles spelled defeat and disaster to the enemy and still most of the glandelinian armies possess of calvernia.

There had been many battles where losses had not been stated. But that was not for the reason that the battles were slight and that the losses were too insignificant to relate. The horrible losses of the ve generals of the opposing sides horrified the generals so greatly that in most battles the enemy and christians withheld their losses. In some other battles the losses were so severe that they could not be accurately estimated. The battles which were too severe for the christian generals to be able to estimate the losses were as follows, Francis Atlanta, the Battle around Glorinia, Second Battle of Mc-Hollister Run, Zee Du Ras Beech Big Girlknool, Grotchen, Godebun, Harocoolillo, Snowflake Gap, Pepper-neck-lane, Onion City usually called the battle of Nine Childrens Guilder, Abbebaum or Mc-Hollister Run No. One, the bloodiest seige of the war called the seige of Evangelina Ganda where was fought fourteen of the most desperate and sanguinary battles of the war altogether. The fourteen battles around Evangelina Ganda were as follows;

The three battles of the St Damascus fortifications, the struggles at Harocoolillo, and Aurandocoolillo, the frightful and entire bloodiest battle of the war at Jennie Vivian or Sumbucareok, Jennie Turner twice, Jennie Riches and the other series of assaults upon the fortifications of Harocoolillo called the battles of Whirlpoolwill. Torrington was fought for the possession of Evangelina Ganda also, ponamila Hogan, Lieghburg Landburg, and perra ponamila and Tataria. Julo Gallio raging fifty miles away from Evangelina Ganda was another war of the worlds the battles of Mildred Maxwell, Easter Starring, gamoin cordia Lotinia, Journal, Pocomila, Mc-Whirther, ponamila, the battles raging around the city of Angoline and Jennie Gander and Mage Evans all battles of prisoners and disasters for both sides, the Battles of Calvernia, Cabblotomil, the mammoth storm battle at Turner Martha Ford, the series of struggles on land for the possession of Catherine Mc-Whirther, Evangelina St. Clair, Paula, Crowley, Wickey Bay, Harocoolillo, Vandalla d Marshallow, ponamila Run, Roberts Creek, and the disaster at Fort Tatiga the bloodiest battle the war ever raged, Aronburg, Maxbillion, Vivian Run, Jennie Wren Town, Poro beck Janet Wilkerson Run a Second Francis Atlanta at the battle called Big Bethel, Agathia Wilkerson Run, Evangelina St. Clair, the three desperate battles for vivian wickey, Crowley Run, Ophella Run, Patrin, Bonbon, Belle, Jennie riches-gloria, the two struggles at Bondinia, the battle at Anna Aronburg, Andenain, Star Oaks, All brabwera, Ganderilina, Big Betty Bone, gander heart Gander, Idols Dell, Geronioton Creek, Horri Catherine, Abbebaum, Jackson Ford, Empire Grou-roads, Mc-Galla Run or Hina phoo, Gocilla Run, Vivian Platin, St Michaels Plains, St. Albert, Holby gontallie, Somerest, Dagon Corinth, Eva St. Clara, Meldonia, Galvhi, Callbank, White rose town, River's Mouth, Eternal Creek, Angoline Run River and Calocia. Bunka vivian in one of them, the battle of burab; woods called the hondon battle of Fairhills Junction in which both sides committed a wholesale massacre of troo troops in their blinding fire of cannon and musketry the struggles around Angolina Agathia/o Crower Andrew, Little G, Glorinia Franciscan, Donaldson Run, Flipp Phillipsen, Red Cross Mountain, garnifex, Paul Padula, Margert Run, Hanyuolalinta, Atlanta, Caroline Bethel where an enemy army was massacred, Mayflower and Gandifflex the bloodiest battle in the entire war also Lexington was had and unaccountable unaccountable for the losses to the christians, another at Torrington and at Protestia Schloeder, Gubania, penalion, and Catherine and Jennings leo.

The series of stories that had been written concerning Abbie had been written by Gertrude Angeline during her spying work and so on while the two foes were concentrating at Gabilbille town. She was well at every kind of writing, and also could operate any telegraph, typewriter, and many other instruments as well as a gun, and could do so many things that the whole christian army had been astounded. Unknown to Violet and her sisters Evans had seen Gertrude Angeline very often, and through private request had obtained one of her stories from her. She had written it well, and it was of well description.

Marcochino, was a town of fortifications guarding the main approaches toward McWhirther, and was called the southeastern portion of Evangelina Granda. Evangelina Granda was the strongest part of the McWhirther fortifications and Hanson Vivian and his brother deemed it possible that if Eva Granda was they called it for short would fall, McWhirther would fall with her and then the war would be completely shortened. Hanson had advised general Leonida Bicknell to move forward with his armies toward the town of Marcochino, while he and general Vivian would immediately follow. General Vivian had his place well laid. He knew just how the fortifications of Evangelina Granda lay. The main point of approach to Evangelina Granda was the three crossroads leading to the McWhirther Run River south called in Calaverita, Lophanth, Landing, but in Angelina was generally called Marcochino Landing. Omeadenson was another point of the fortifications was still harder to carry.

Hanson Vivian knew that he had failed at other points to carry the enemy into positions at Evangelina Granda and if the enemy could be forced from Marcochino all would be well and the republic would turn into a grand victory.

He depended upon picknell most to do what was best, and had sent his armies on ahead to strike the blow at Eva Granda in proper form and retrieve the disaster of that serious and Christmas day. After Hanson many severe defeats already suffered it was believed by many christian generals to be folly in attacking the main force of the enemy at Marcochino but Hanson's word was law and he would not have any disputes whatever. He was bound to capture if possible Eva Granda and not be thrown back by the foes of God. So Bicknell on the Twenty First of July started his swift northward advance for Marcochino. He reached the point on the first of August. As soon as he started his heavy concentration upon the enemy a large force of the McWhirtherians heavily annihilated his whole line in succession before the army was well prepared for a battle, but nevertheless all of his columns though overwhelmed at first did not yield until picknell was able to hold the enemy at bay in time to draw up heavy reinforcements and then these were thrown upon the enemy, which after desperate fighting all morning finally drove the Gabilbilleans back to their lair. The losses in this conflict had been severe on both sides and yet the enemy suffered the greatest of all.

Bicknell however at twelve o'clock had to hastily make further preparations for it was soon that the enemy were starting a demonstration for another desperate attack. The shock came at one thirty before half of the christian army was ready and rushed fully all that afternoon with a fury and violence that was inconceivable. Ten to twenty times the enemy rushed to the attack in the heaviest numbers, but the christians met them everywhere, and finally toward evening the enemy were thrown back again at all points, and there was silence. Bicknell had come to attack the enemy and he was attacked himself. The Gabilbillean general who came had showed himself himself a desperate fighter and though he had failed to drive picknell back he had him at bay, and picknell did not think it wise to resume the battle until more reinforcements came to him.

However while he was making preparations to lay siege, the enemy were read y, and on August the 16th struck picknell a terrible blow. This battle extended for thirty miles, and two scores of millions were engaged within three hours. For two days it raged most desperately, and when it was over all of the Angelina flags were dripping blood, and torn with bullets in that fierce war storm of seething hell. Bicknell losing over 34,670 men in killed and wounded had been disastrously beaten from lack of support as the enemy having received reinforcements had overwhelmed Bicknell, and was able to sweep him back though it took him two days to do it. In this frightful engagement Gertrude Angeline had displayed some great bravery. When within her very sight twenty flag bearers had been shot down one after another she had defiantly taken the last ones place and waved the flag with great taunt to the enemy, and was severely wounded, but nevertheless gained such admiration from the Angelinians that the government was requested to make her their leader declaring her a "Second Joan of Arc."

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She was known as a "wild cat, a tiger, a catamount, and so on. Some Gabilbilleans called her even a Viper because she generally struck like a viper when ever she did happen to be pursued by a host of Gabilbilleans whom she was strange to some of the Gabilbilleans in Manley's command had called her a "Female Bulldog, some others a female Dog and other kind of names like these Gabilbilleans. Once general Manley called her a Bloodhound. She was termed the "Bloodhound because of the fact that a special cat-like friend of hers had been captured during the battle of Norma gathering and had been taken to jail which was about six hundred miles north of this region and when it seemed the most noted of Gabilbillean members of the christians could have tracked him. She traveled all that distance, unpurposed, and without any trouble by a trick and bribery released the man and brought him safely back to the christian lines. This had of course angered Manley and he once tried to find out her location. He did succeed in finding her by means of his spies, and tried to capture her himself single handed, and only God alone knows what saved him from this human tigress who shot and wounded him in five places before he finally got away and was pursued by her for two hundred miles before he succeeded in being rescued by a squadron of Gabilbilleans who held her at bay for three days and nights before they finally succeeded in old slaying her and getting away safely to their lines. And this brave and surprising feat she did not make nothing of and only felt depondent over the failure of killing general Manley. Manley. Since then she was considered the chief dangerous foe that Gabilbilleans had. To think of a girl merely a child only ten years old, worse than any wild animal known to be trifled with. Manley took thirteen weeks to recover from his severe wounds received from her shots.

General Raymond Richardson federal the "Gabilbillean" Bul had called her an Amazon. Maybe to him she was one and a kind that he had never wished to meet. Violet and her sisters had seen little of her during the first two years of the bloody "Landoo Angelina" and it was because Gertrude Angeline as she called herself was so actively engaged with the enemy in her spying exploits and acts of mischief that she had no time to stay in one place. One of the most peculiar thing she did which I purposely intend to indicate was one of her exploits on the enemy while the opposing forces were concentrating against each other at Gabilbille town near the McWhirther Run.

She had been asked by general Vivian to learn the intentions of the enemy and though she had been too far away to see the great christian general but nevertheless got his message because she at once set out on her work of spying. She had disguised herself as a boy scout but had assumed a character so that there could not be any danger of her being recognized too soon and have her plans spoiled. Her adventure here was the cause of the enemy's fall ure that occurred. She had managed to enter the hardest part of the enemy's lines without detection, and had been forthwith admitted into the presence of Manley without any danger of discovery. She stated to him that she was one of the boy scouts sent on a message stating that she wished to learn the intentions of the christian armies. This ruse worked splendidly. Manley decided to send her out toward the christians on the spying exploit, and while his back was turned while giving an order, she had secured his most important plans, and copied them, so that she could retain the copy and allow the original to remain so that Manley would never discover that she had spied on him. He soon gave her orders to spy on the christians stating that general Hanson's army was the main menace, and that the christians were planning to attack him on the flank. He wished to find out the intentions of the christians in particular and also the strength of the christian armies under all of the generals. While she heard all his orders she had cleverly sized up the numbered strength of the enemy, and forthwith had all the information she wanted, and was able to leave the enemy's camp without detection. Manly times during the few weeks concentration before Gabilbille town she had spied on the enemy without detection and complete success and the enemy did not know that they had been spied on by her. They had known that Violet and her sisters did but never knew anything about the presence of Gertrude Angeline.

To her the Vivian girls were entrancing children. She herself was quite quite beautiful and elegant in manners, and never seen a children that could beat them in any beauties or ways and manners, or saintly character. Neither had such timid looking children such inconceivable bravest bravery. She herself was brave there was no doubt about it, but just the same she did admire them intensely and regretted painfully, bitterly that she was not within their reach more often. But then all her work kept her so far away most of the time. Though a child of about eleven or twelve years of age now she was as able to read, and write as a grown person. She was so well at figures and so on that no mistake hardly had come through her work and thus the reason she was well fitted to be one of the best spies of all that Angelina ever had.



4009. Evans was more dangerous to pursue than a thousand of the worst robbers or criminals armed with a machine gun. From the recent action of general Evans many of the christian generals had wondered why in the world did not general Hanson Vivian or his brother give Evans a commission as general. But then this had been offered to Evans by general Hanson and Vivian so many times that their offers could not fill a ledger, and Evans felt that if he accepted the commission he would not be able to guard the Vivian girls as he should, and also believed that he was higher than any of the generals in his other commission of being privately with the most trusted servants of God known just now, and that was I with Violet and her sisters.

Of course Evans had known Gertrude Angelina longer than any of the Vivian girls but she was different than they. She did not need any guardian as young as she was and in person was his assistant guardian of the Vivian girls as she was a most dangerous foe of the enemy and had been so often on her spying depredations that the glandelinians called her the "Female Magician". During the early part of the war Violet and her sisters have not seen much of it, but for the reason that she had never went to Eastern Calvernia so much as the other armies, being mostly with the christian armies in the west, but nevertheless so far she had not been captured once by the enemy, and considered he herself lucky.

It is no doubt that being a special friend of the Vivian girls Angelina Aronburg was blessed with the same luck as Jack Evans or the other friends and guardians of the Vivian girls, and this is believed the cause of her sweeping success. Instead of pursuing her like the Vivian girls squads of Glandelinians fled at her appearance. She and Evans had been unusual friends for quite a long time and many generals jokingly had said among themselves:

"If Gertrude Angelina was his age we would bet a whole sky of worlds that she and he would have been married. But since being in close quarters with the Vivian girls Evans had come to think them in the first place ahead of anything else, and instead of being envious or jealous as expected by Manly Gertrude Angelina had encouraged Evans in all ways possible to love the Vivian girls more than ever, and though not hardly mentioned she had said once to Evans when they were together alone:

"Evans dear, I would give anything, even my own self, and sacrifice my own personality if I had been either adopted by the father of the brave Vivian girls, or had been born their sister. I do not show it but I cannot tell you how I love them. I am afraid that she would be offended to know I have to say so but I feel that even they come in my heart even ahead of my poor dead sister who is in heaven. They have suffered and imperiled themselves more to danger than she or I have ever done. They meet as it seems greater dangers than I do and have been captured many times. Only you have been able to save them when they were in helpless or hopeless peril, and they could not have saved themselves. I consider myself more fortunate than they because I have been able to escape the enemy, the enemy are even afraid of my appearance, and every thing I do for the christian cause is a success a hundred fold. Why is it that I am granted such good luck while they are not even lucky?"

This was a question that Evans so I could not answer, but he said in answer to her first sentence:

"If you asked general Vivian I believe he surely would adopt you as his own."

And she decided to do so some day. The day came when she did not need to. When she was adopted without asking. It is sure however that her dead sister was not offended otherwise to show her hurt feelings she could have withdrawn some of the luck from her sister still alive. But unknown to poor Gertrude Angelina Violet and her sisters were more lucky than she thought. Of course Gertrude Angelina was different than they. She was well able to take care of herself and was as much a dead shot as the most liveliest sharpshooter could be. She could even though ten years old man a cannon cannon which Violet and her sisters as yet did not know, and even could handle without difficulty the heaviest rifle or revolver as well as a strong soldier, and she was always termed "THE NEVER MISS". Because every shot she fired hit the mark. She was like Evans however. Whatever glandelinian was shot by her never rose again from where he fell.

To the glandelinians she was insidious, pugnacious, and as swift as a flight of an arrow. She never appeared always in the same place. She had been seen to rout a whole cowardly squad of glandelinian Gargolians single handed without even firing a single shot, by just surprising them and dashing at them on horseback like a wild female indian. The glandelinians had many more names for her than the Vivian girls ever heard themselves called.

Ever since he first knew them never a single general had he with them thought at the first knowledge of him they had taken him just for a lost to see how his nature was and only got hugged too often for their pains. Evans to them at that was considered a "BEAR" for hugging. He had succeeded in getting them out of tight places more than any one else could have done, and would have been able to get them out of them. Catherine too had been there at the time they were prisoners, and would have succeeded in doing so more quickly than gignony did too. Evans and this christian general however were rivals over the friendship of the Vivian girls, but not enemies, good and friendly rivals, and nevertheless were though not known to any one else brothers. Gignony was really John Evans in disguise and assumed that name so that he would not be discovered. John Evans however was a score of years older than Jack Evans and a great general that the enemy dread. Throughout many parts of the war already Evans had showed himself a powerful guardian of Violet and her sisters, and will do so again. Any have declared that he was not exactly a handsome looking man, but nevertheless who cares how a man looks as long as he is all right in other ways. Evans was perfect not in manner, but also in character. He was very righteous, a Holy young man and so gently that no one would wonder that Violet and her sisters took to him so easily.

He did not do it because the little girls were so unapologetically beautiful in features, and looks, and neither did it he do it all because because he wished to show off or attract their attention to him. He never thought of this at all, and always wondered why they called him "The Hero of all the nation" when he thought himself a good for nothing rogue who did not even deserve their friendship.

The history or life of Jack Evans was not mentioned much, in the first or beginning of the story and is well to be mentioned now. He was born about fifteen years before the Vivian girls and was early in his life an orphan his father and mother having been killed by the typhoon that struck Calvernia when his mother and parents lived in Calvernia. He however had been adopted by some kind people before he had even the chance to enter an orphan asylum, and at the age of fifteen years old he went out to seek his own employment, and with his brother who also had been an orphan took up their jobs in Abbeonnia at which they had been born. It was at still still an early age that he had first met the Vivian girls. All through his young life Evans had hardly stunted, but when he had grown older and at the age of ten had been stolen from his adopted parents, and sold in slavery he had tried from it instead of falling becoming so strong that after he fled from the place, he had the lust to take up prize fighting, and in the ring never lost a battle, and gave his winnings to the poor and the helpless never using a single dollar for himself except what he had to use for his lodgings and food. Finally he got the Juniors job in St Joseph Hospital in Abbeonnia as he himself had told many friends and there through Jennie who had been a patient there learned to know all of the Vivian girls, became acquainted with their parents and other relations, and became a favorite of the two good brothers of the Vivian girls.

From this Evans went to College and became a well learned man and then after wards enlisted in the army of Abyssin kile and fought his first war when Abyssinkile crashed into glandelinia in 1899 over the child slave question and never received a wound and proved himself a hero. At this very time he knew the Vivian girls better when they themselves had grown older and only had been separated from them throughout this Abyssinkilian war. He did a lot in 1911 to see them become leaders of child rebels, and as already stated saved them on several occasions when the Glandelinian officer Deldon tried to keep them slaves.

Evans even now since the beginning of the great glandelinian war Evans had proved himself a menace to the enemy for though he only lead a regiment of soldiers nevertheless, he was worse than even the dreaded Zimmerman for he had proved himself to be really the main founder of the dreaded Gemi ni, and had committed such spying work on the Glandelinians with such success, and had saved the Vivian girls on so many occasions when the enemy thought sure they were done for that the three Manleys had offered a greater reward for his destruction than they had offered for the capture of Violet and her sisters dead or alive.....

But the problem was to capture him. Have you ever tried to catch a bee in your naked hand without being stung. If so then the bee must have lost his weapon. Evans was more dangerous to pursue than the Violet Vivian girls, and he did not shoot in the manner they did. They shot only to wound their pursuers. He did not care who he killed. No matter how high the leader of the pursuers was he sent him to perdition immediately.

It has been noticed by maybe millions of soldiers on either side in this great glandeo-Angolinian war that any one who ill treated the Vivian girls never had any luck, and those who did right to the little girls had the best luck coming that ever could come. All the glandelinians who had abused Violet and her sisters for nothing or no reason at all were never heard of any more, and many who did not meet sudden death had all kinds of bad misfortunes happen to them. Even the wicked Hanlora who have treated the Vivian girls as they did, had never seen a single days good luck. It was just the same it seemed as if they had done it to the Blessed Mother herself. It is remembered that early in the war manuscript that certain messengers from the skies had predicted a curse on any rascals who would have abused Violet and her sisters, or any of their friends in any way, and it has happened. Three quarters of the numbers of glandelinians who had attempted to commit any kind of a harm to Violet and her sisters are not living now in this story and the others have met with as much bad luck as to surprise the unlucky devils in hell themselves.

Many things that had been wished by the enemy to befall Violet and her sisters had befallen them instead, and many things attempted on Violet and her sisters had acted as a boomerang to the foe and many had already perished when attempting to harm the Vivian girls who were so good and kind to even the wicked wounded glandelinians and showed so much mercy. It is true that many times even good glandelinians had pursued Violet and her sisters when they spied on the enemy or attempted to do so but this was no wrong as long as the glandelinians had no intentions of doing any harm to the brave little girls. The most that the wicked foe did meet when attempting to harm the Vivian girls was adventures with strange creatures which was worse than an adventure with a successful dragon.

Sometime while the two opposing forces were preparing for action at Cabibbetown a large force of the enemy had managed to unseen by the little girls to surround them, and in order to make sure that the little girls would not escape had started a large fire in all the shrubbery so that the little girls would perish in the flames that would entirely surround them. The flames made by the glandelinians advanced upon the little girls from all sides with the speed of a race horse, and made their air seemed singed with the terrific heat. It did seem probably that no one in this case could have saved the poor Vivian girls who even themselves despaired of being saved as no one could go through such a storm of fire and live.

But the unexpected happened. Circling in the air above the scene was a glengigloosean creature, and this monster descended upon the little girls and grasping them carried them away from the fire, and set them down safely within the Christians lines. The glandelinians had not seen this incident and so had remained to see the expected tragedy happen, and so the creature had returned to the scene, and no one ever knew since what had happened to those unfortunate glandelinians. That they perished most miserably in the fury of this creature is no doubt at all but just the same what really befall them was a mystic mystery. If it had not been for the creature however the little girls would have been marked for the grave as sure as death takes any one before they expect his coming. Violet and her sisters despite their own suffering, and thrilling experiences had had more good luck than any boy known and deserved the Blessings that befall them and all those who proved to be their friends whether on the Christian side, or on the enemy's.

General Hanson himself had declared about the reason that the great Bicknell, or Shoemanna always won more advantages before the other generals in a battle and that was because they thought glandelinians had did their best many times to prevent the children from falling into the hands of the wicked generals when ever the little girls happened to be made prisoners by their own men. Adde-de-garbe and Accountanta, and another called Break-in-the-neck also had special Blessings for favoring the Vivian girls and thus the reason that none of them had been seriously enough wounded as to be put out of the war. Shoemanna and Bicknell not knowing the reason of the war nevertheless felt something queer about it, and fought not for the sake of crushing Christianity but had the belief that Angolinia wanted to be insolent to their nation and crush her and make it an Angolinian province and did not know the real cause. Sometime before glorinia raged however these two did discover the reason of the war, and forthwith had handed in their resignations and demanded that no questions be asked.

"We fight against Christianity! No indeed. We'll sooner fight to uphold it." Was their words. "You were snakes and snakes to fool us like you have done but now we know and forthwith hand in our resignation."

Of all Christian officers, low rank or high who was the luckiest man on the world was Colonel Jack Ambrose Evans. He had known the Vivian girls two years before the war ever broke out, and had first seen them in a hospital where he worked in Abbieamia.

The battle of Gloriana, resulting as it is now makes a grave situation for the christian armies who are engaged.

It may be sure the turning point of the great Gloriana-Whitmanian war and also what would happen should the wicked glandelinians win!!!!

The war has already raged for over 400 years and a half, and has now reached its high water mark, and it seems positive that the wicked glandelinian cause is going to be won. And by the glandelinians themselves.

And why is it believed that the glandelinians are going to win the battle? Because they are winning it already, and only the christian armies under general Conantian Aronburg and general Hanson Vivian are standing their ground while the others are already driven into hopeless confusion. One of the main christian generals is killed, seven are mortally wounded, and their main general next to Hanson Vivian, and that is Hanson's brother is seriously disabled. At the beginning of the battle both sides had nearly equal numbers, and now the numbers of the foe columns are fearfully overwhelming, and the christian armies are being sadly depleted, and it is doubted if general Hanson and his assistant can hold out against the foe any longer.

If the glandelinian nation with its arms wins the great conflict at Aronburg Run or Gori Gloriana, the christian nation will be placed in a grave danger of defeat and disaster, and it is also thought that if the enemy does win it will be the last for the Vivian girls, the grand and beautiful little daughters of general Robert Vivian, who lies wounded at Lucille Rickson in the hospital there. On investigation it is seen that there are no occasions of plans for the christian armies to be saved from defeat. The only hope for the tide to turn against the enemy is the sudden arrival of strong reinforcements and nothing else.

Even if while Hanson and Zimmermann still hold their ground for a certain time which would enable to allow the other disordered columns time to rally and reform this plan is useless, because this could not be accomplished even within the space of four hours, and there is only a space of two hours time and nothing else. This plan may be put into effect as a last chance but nevertheless it is wasting time for there is no evident hopes of this doing any good for the fact that the two remaining christian armies and those disordered and in confusion are sadly depleted, and overwhelmed by fresh glandelinian troops and it is impossible to contend against ten to one when it is known how fierce and ferocious and desperate the terrific Zimmermannians and Turnermanians are. Even the blunder on the ground of Mc-Hellester Run cannot be retrieved and all points between Lucille Rickson and between Ophelia Run, and even the Mc-Hellester Run cannot be recaptured without the help of heavy reinforcements. To dare drive into the enemy at that location again would be like committing suicide. And without the help of heavy reinforcements the enemy's line cannot be swept back, and even to insure the winning of the battle entirely the whole position of the Lucille Rickson and Turner ridge ridges must be captured. Investigations have shown that no attempts to turn Manleys right would ever be successful, as that was attempted many times and only ended in bloody disaster.

And if Manley the main commander is killed, instead of defeating the foe it would only make the glandelinians desire revenge and they may then be more determined to win to avenge the loss of their wicked leader.

And when could the reinforcements be obtained? To save the christian army from defeat, there is only about less than two hours time and no more. And where could they come from? The nearest christian army is over forty miles away, and could those come to the scene in so short a time when it is possible that the enemy would make it secure against their advance? As far there is no chance just now about the way the battle of Gloriana will turn out and surely it will be a great Glandelinian victory, and no mistake at that. There is only one condition that can save the christian army from defeat, but it will not be stated here under no conditions.

What is the general cause of the battle of Gloriana? And where did the battle really have its beginning?

The main cause of this battle is not really mentioned but it is declared nevertheless that it was the main purpose of general Johnston Jacken Manley to advance his big armies along the Aronburg Run, and capture Dolorine Mc-Helles to Mc-Hellester if possible, which would open the path for him to march direct on Vivian's army and capture the Mc-Hellester fortifications. If this was successful all the hopes Manley had to win the war would be realized. The battle had its real starting point along a portion of the Aronburg Run near Big Girlknoll.

Who is responsible for the disaster that occurred along a portion of General Francis Vivian's main line?

There is no main responsibility fixed on any one in particular as the disaster was really the evil fortunes of the war, but general Lucille Callahan did commit a blunder that caused the enemy to capture the main christian position on the center.

To speak frankly which was the worse disaster of the whole battle entirely?

The worse disaster of the battle entirely was the destruction of General Vivian's main line of assault, the sweeping back of Hanson's divisions to the region of Lucille Rickson, and the wounding of general Hanson's Johnstone, and the serious disablement of the main commander general Robert Vivian. This disaster paralyzed the whole christian army engaged in the bloody battle, and placed it in the crippled condition that it is in now.

Who was responsible for the great disaster?

General Robert Vivian himself. He was warned by Hanson Vivian not to make the assault on Lucille Rickson, and the Vivian hills until the main assault of the enemy upon Zimmermann's lines had been repulsed, but he did not listen to the advice and made the attack upon Lucille Rickson and the Vivian hills that caused the partial destruction of his whole army and his serious wound which he received at the thickest of the fray.

Is general Robert Vivian dangerously wounded as it was reported to general Ha Hanson Vivian?

General Vivian is in a more critical condition than reported to be, though how seriously wounded he is the doctors would not tell him just now. Hanson's Johnstone is more seriously wounded than general Vivian is and may die.

Which Glandelinian army is reinforcing general Manley?

Manley is being reinforced by the Zimmermannians under general Ambrose Edwin Fuller.

The question is, what will be the result of the battle of Gloriana when it reaches its conclusion....?

1st... It will cause a probable death stroke to either side which receives the defeat.

Second, it will cause a disaster to one side or the other who loses the worse disaster than it could befall the loser.

Third.... If the Abbiannian armies loses the great battle, the cause will not be won, the rebellion will not be suppressed, and the whole world will be in a greater sorrow than what they are suffering now. It will also cause greater sorrow for Violet and her sisters, who are known to all the Angelinians as the & "Vivian Girls."

Who is winning the battle just now?

The Glandelinians are winning the battle just now, a most of the largest christian armies are already overthrown, and in great confusion, and disorder, and three of the main christian generals in chief command of the Angelinians and Abbiannian armies are wounded, and three others dead, and that the remaining divisions under general Concentinian Aronburg and Hanson Angelio Vivian are sadly depleted, and there is hardly a chance of two hours and a half left for them to stand their ground any further, and Hansons are already recoiling back toward Lucillie Rickson.

What are the conditions known that could save Hason and Zimmermann from defeat?

"There are no conditions whatever that are known just now.

And why is that?

Because all conditions mentioned, and written down, or even picked out are utter failures.

Why are they utter foul failures, .?

Because the Angelinians and other christian forces under Hanson and Zimmermann have only two hours time in which to be rescued, and reinforced, and to do this, a great and tremendous miracle would have to be wrought.

Is then the battle of Gloriana really lost?

It seems positively that the answer will have to be only one word and that word is "YES"

It is just like divine condescension. Not to submit would be folly if the Glandelinians fail to win their tug of war at Lucillie Rickson. No matter what the situation may seem to be, something good may turn up by and by, and the christians like God, must be victorious in the end, no matter what the decision it may be. The Glandelinians ought to be more willing to dethrone the Demon who is forcing them to wage a losing fight, rather than rebel against Angelinians and Abbiannians. But they are willing to keep Satan, the autocrat of their souls. And that means degradation and future ruin. And the terms of Abbiannian, would be like the terms of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which will for Glandelinians if she gives up on honorable peace. They will afford an opportunity to regain the country and islands they have forfeited by their mad drive of violent insurrection against Abbiannians, and God also....

The inclemencies will probably not be great. The Glandelinians must give back to Angelina the soil she has unlawfully invaded, and the territory which they hold in their possession..... The Glandelinian authorities must build up again the cities and towns, and restore the forests and countryside which they have devastated and make up for the number of Calverinian children slain during the terrible rebellion. King Glandelin must abdicate his throne, and Glandelinia must succede her states back to Abbiannian not fall away again. They must give up all their orphan children in Glandelinia to place those slain during the great war. They must give up all the strongholds they still have in their possession, and put far from them the opportunities of renewing the fight. The Glandelinians must agree to an unconditional surrender.... Whether Glandelinia stands or falls to defeat or not at Lucillie Rickson- or Gloriana Angelinians must and shall sooner or later gain the final victory. Let the Glandelinians end the futile struggle, and in the days of peace which follow, labor for their far future and eternal prosperity....



## GLORIANNA

If the Glanolinians should lose the battle of Gloriana, it surely will be a death blow, unless her surviving forces make promises in advance for Unconditional Surrender. In all other parts of Calvernia, Angelina, and even in Glanolinia the Angelinians and their allies, have started and ended a severe offensive that our race all before it, as if Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ Himself, had won a severe offensive against all the wicked world. All outside of Glanolinia and Gloriana the Glanolinian nation has been waging a desperate losing fight against not only the Angelinians and their mighty Catholic allies, but also against a power which knows no limitations against Master strategies and is omnipotent and infallible.

In their retreat from western Calvernia, and into Angelina and out, and then to Glanolinia, at the end of the day in their own capital city from the force of the Christian attacks, and drives, the Glanolinians however instead of calling for an armistice have invaded Calvernia elsewhere, and threatened Vivian Lake by attacking Lucille Jackson and more at Gloriana. But nevertheless a call the Glanolinians from the bloody battle of Gloriana or Lucille Jackson, and then call for a armistice, the drive of the Christian forces will continue ruthlessly until the Glanolinians or the critics are willing to agree to terms which are to make the state belonging to the Kingdom of God in that world safe from our future attacks, and which will restore all that the other Christian nations have suffered on account of the dreadful Glanolinian-Angelinian insurrection. Nothing short of "Unconditional Surrender" will satisfy the Abbeemian authorities now. The authorities of Abbeemian will accept no compromise, in other parts of the bloody war the Glanolinian authorities have already too often deceived the Abbeemian authorities with false promises and during the war surrender of other Glanolinian armies. It is due to their past intrigues, and lies, if the Glanolinians have lost the confidence of the Abbeemian authorities, and if they wish to be saved from utter ruin, they must submit to the honorable peace which Abbeemian will offer.

In invading Angelina and Calvernia, it was like to the Glanolinians to have invaded the very Kingdom of God. The Glanolinians have devastated nearly all of Calvernia, because this part included God with the poisonous gases of mortal atrocities. The Glanolinians have silenced the pleading cries of hundreds of helpless innocent children. The Glanolinians have choked the voice of their conscience with the poisonous gases of their sacrileges and other countless mortal sins, and crimes. They have silenced the pleading cries of God's young people. The Glanolinians have destroyed the masterpiece of the Divine Artist's creation, in their souls. They have ruthlessly trampled under foot all the Sacred Pictures of our God and His Blessed Mother, and sacred insult upon insult upon the holy sacred crucifixes, and sacred images in their mad rush toward final destruction. Added with the terrible media and other buzz missiles upon the Christian lines was the terrible noise of blasphemy, and the long range guns of obscenity and immorality. From this it seems evident that the Glanolinians would have tried to bring the throne of God tottering to the ground if they could, and now despite that the Glanolinians have been overthrown in Glanolinia, routed out of western Calvernia, and out Angelina they have not asked for an armistice but waged the bloodiest battle of the entire war at Lucille Jackson.

+

+ WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THE NATION CALLED ANGELINE.

--T--.

What will you do with the nation called Angeline,  
 Many are waiting to hear you say,  
 Salvarius had despised her, rejecting her mercy  
 What will you do for your nation to day.  
 What can you witness concerning her goodness,  
 Those men died to save you from wars bitter thrall,  
 Who will declare her the fairest of thousands,  
 Who will now crown her the nation of all.

--3--.

What will you do with the nation called Angeline,  
 The for you left her armies to hold the hill is above,  
 Were add the carnage, ab and battles woes to labor,  
 Pailing unfolding her national love.  
 Look on the fields, red with the harvest,  
 Who is now willing to fight with the few.  
 What will you do for the dear nation Angeline,  
 To she is waiting, she calls for you.

--3--.

What will you do for the nation called Angeline,  
 When foes will submit to her fierce sway,  
 There are the hearts ready now to enthrone her,  
 Who will her kind commands obey.  
 Come with your offerings, most costly and precious,  
 Pour out your gifts at the dear nations feet,  
 Tender to her all your loving devotion,  
 Seek to exalt her by praises meet.

Chorus.

What will you do with the nation called Angeline,  
 What oh what will you do for Angeline,  
 She waits to bless all who a humbly confess,  
 Faith in her blood, and righteousness.

More about Abbisannia would I know.

--1--.

More about Abbisannia would I know  
More of her aid to others show,  
More of her saving fullness see,  
More of her love to fight for me.

--2--.

More about Abbisannia let me learn,  
More of her great strength discern,  
Spirit of God, her teacher be  
Showing the things of right to me.

--3--.

More about Abbisannia in this war,  
Holding communion with their Lords,  
Hearing their commands in every line,  
Making each faithful saying mine.

--4--.

More about Abbisannia on her throne,  
Riches in glory all her own,  
More of her Kingdom sure increase,  
More of her forcing Glandelinda to peace.

Chorus,

More more about Abbisanni more more about Abbisanni,  
More of her saving fullness be, more of her love who  
fights for me.

+ Leaning on Abbaeunilas arms.

--T--.

Oh what a fellowship, what a joy divine,  
Leaning on Abbaeunilas arms,  
What a Blessedness, what a peace is mine,  
Leaning on Abbaeunilas arms.

--2--.

Oh how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,  
Leaning on Abbaeunilas arms,  
Oh how quiet the path grows from day to day,  
Leaning on Abbaeunilas arms.

--3--.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear,  
Leaning on Abbaeunilas arms.  
I have blessed peace with no strong nation near,  
Leaning on Abbaeunilas arms.

Chorus.

Leaning, Leaning.  
Safe and secure from all alarms.  
Leaning, Leaning,  
Leaning on Abbaeunilas arms.



+

Blessed assurance.

--T--.

Blessed assurance, Gandelin is mine,  
Of what a foretaste of Glory divine.  
Heir of nations purchased from God,  
When nations in his spirit, are washed in blood.

--2--.

Perfect submission, Perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture burst forth on my sight,  
Armies advancing, bring yell afar above,  
Echoes of fury, lack of love.

--3--.

Perfect submission, All is lost,  
To Our foes, As happy and blest,  
Watching and marching, and listening above,  
Vells of their victory, lost in their love.

Chorus.

This is my story. This is my song.  
Praising the Abbeauxnians all the day long,  
This is my story, This is my song,  
Praising the Abbeauxnians all the day long.

LOOK UP TO ABBIANNA!!!.....!!!

--1--

Look up to Abbiannia, Lift up thy neighbor  
Lead against the foemen, Tell of her power,  
Seek for the victory, Comfort the weary,  
Look up for guidance hour by hour.

--2--

Look up to Abbiannia, Lift up her banners,  
Faithfully follow, Stand for the right,  
Carry her colors, where she may lead you,  
Strive for the victory in her might.

--3--

Look up to Abbiannia, Lift up Hosannas,  
Great Hallelujahs, Singing above,  
Abbiannia has saved us, Let joyful service,  
Bear grateful witness of her love.

--4)--

Look up to Abbiannia, Lift up a promise,  
Trustfully truly pray for her name,  
For all the aching, make intercession,  
Look up a covenant, Blessing claim.

## Chorus.

Look up, Lift up, Look up to Abbiannia,  
All around the world, where her glories shine,  
Filled with her spirit, Lift up thy neogh neighbor,  
Then a crown a glorious crown,  
Shall one day be thine.



THESE BY ANONY.

--1--.

The foe is settled before us,  
To win their war implore us,  
The eye of Abbicannia is o'er us,  
From afar, From afar,  
Her encouraging tones are calling,  
While war is dark appalling,  
The Abbicannia gently calling,  
She is nigh. She is nigh.

--2--.

We'll follow where she leadeth,  
We'll pasture where she feedeth,  
We'll guide to her who pleadeth,  
From afar, From afar.  
Then naught for foe shall sever,  
Our hopes shall brighten ever,  
Our faith shall fail us never,  
She is nigh. She is nigh.

--3--.

Our homes are blighted around us,  
Pierce trials dark to move us,  
Yet Abbicannia dear did move us,  
There afar, There afar,  
We'll give her best endeavor,  
And praise her name forever,  
Her precious ones can never,  
Never die, Never die.....

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet her,  
By and by we shall greet her,  
And with Angelina reign in glory  
By and by, By and by.  
By and by we shall meet her,  
By and by we shall greet her,  
And with Angelina reign in glory by and by.....

THERE'S A MESSAGE FROM THE FRONT.....

+

--1--

There's a message from the front, Hallelujah,  
 The message unto you I'll give/  
 This recorded in his word Hallelujah,  
 It is only that you look and live.

--2--

I've a message full of Hope Hallelujah  
 A message of my friend for you'tis a mess message for the Pope Hallelujah,  
 Abbieanna dai said it and I know it's true.

--3--

Life is offered unto unto Thee Hallelujah  
 Eternal life thy nation shall have,  
 If you only look to him Hallelujah,  
 Look to Abbieanna who alone can save.

--4--

I will tell you how I came Hallelujah  
 To Abbieanna when she made me whole 'Twas believing  
 on her help Hallelujah.  
 I trusted and she saved my nations soul.

Chorus;

Look and live my Galverinia and live,  
 Look o to Abbieanna and live,  
 tis recorded in her word Hallelujah,  
 It is only that you look to her and live.



III)  
 NEVER SAY GOODBYE.



--I--  
 Our friends on earth we meet in sorrow  
 While swift the war storm rages,  
 Yet ever comes the sadness that we must say goodbye.

--2--

How fearful is the thoughts that linger,  
 When loved ones cross death's land,  
 That when the battles fury here are ended,  
 With them we'll be at hand.

--3--

No parting words had ever been spoken  
 Amid that blinding storm of carnage,  
 But yells of fury and derision and rage,  
 Shall ever more be raged.

#### Chorus

We'll never say goodbye in battle,  
 We'll never say goodbye,  
 For in that land of battle and storm,  
 We'll never say goodbye.

ONE AND THREE FIVE.....

--1--

Trying to attack on the hills of our Savior  
Always following our generals and King,  
Shaping our lines by their brave example,  
Happy how happy the results that we bring.....

--2--

Pressing more closely to them who is leading,  
When we are forced to turn from the fray,  
Trusting the armies that are strong to defend us,  
Happy how happy our prizes each day.....

--3--

Marching in the steps of gentle vivian girls,  
Footsteps of faithfulness, bravery and love,  
Looking to God for the victory freely promised,  
Happy how happy our journey above.

--4--

Trying to march in the steps of the savior,  
Onward still onward we'll follow our guide,  
When we shall see him, the King in his Beauty,  
Happy how happy our place at his side....

CHORUS.

How beautiful to march in the steps of the Saviour,  
Onward in the fight, Onward in the fight,  
How beautiful to march in the steps of the Saviour,  
Led in paths of light.....

+ T tidings happy Tidings.....

--T--.....

Tidings happy tidings, Mark, Mark the sound,  
Hear the joyful echoes through the world resound,  
Christ The Lord proclaims them  
Hear and heed the call  
Come you Starving ones that perish,  
Room, Room for all.....

- 2--.

Tidings happy tidings, Mark, Mark they say,  
Do not slight the warning,  
Come oh come to day.  
Christ their loving savior still repeats the call,  
v Come ye weary heavy laden,  
Room, Room for all.

--3--.

Tiding happy Tidings, Mark, Mark again,  
Rushing over the mountain,  
Sweeping over the plain,  
Onward goes the message,  
Tis the saviors call  
Come for everything is ready,  
Room, Room for all.....

Chorus.

"Whosoever asketh, Jesus will receive,  
Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve,  
See the living Waters flowing full and free,.....  
Oh the blessed Whosoever, that means me.....

?

+

--T--

Hark tis the canons roar I hear,  
Out in the lands so dark and drear,  
Destroying the foe who've gone astray,  
Far from the main folds away.

--2--

Who'll go and storn their lines behind,  
Help us the wandering slaves to find,  
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,  
Where they'll be sheltered from the cold.

--3--

Out in the plains hear their cry,  
Out in the mountains wild and high,  
Hark this the battle cry for thee,  
Go find the children where ever they be.

Chorus.

Bring them in. Bring them in.  
Bring them in from the fields of blood.  
Bring them in. Bring them in.  
Bring the wandering children to us.



THERE IS BLEEDING AT THE FOUNTAIN  
THE BATTLE OF FOUNTAIN OF PIERRE DE LA CRUCER.

--I--

There is bleeding at the fountain  
Some behold the crimson tide,  
Flowing down from Pirenes mountain  
Where the armies of foemen died.

--2--.

There is bleeding at the fountain  
Hope not to find it weary souls,  
There our losses may all be covered  
Gladiator races to make us whole.

--3--.

There is bleeding at the fountain,  
Look to Abbeismun, now and live,  
At the battlefields lay the legions  
All the foe lines are receding.

--4--.

There is bleeding at the fountain  
Precious fountains filled with blood,  
Come oh come the nation needs you,  
Come and plunge beneath battles flood.

Chorus.

Oh the Fountain Blessed Pirene Fountain,  
I'm glad this flowing free.  
Oh the Fountain, Blessed Cleansing fountain,  
Bless the Lord I savetheth me.



--1--

Are you weary, are you heavy hearted,  
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus,  
Are you grieving over Joy departed  
Tell it to Jesus Alone.

--2--

Do the tears flow down your cheeks unhidden,  
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus,  
Have you sorrows that to man eyes are hidden,  
Tell it to Jesus alone.

--3--

Do you fear the gathering clouds of war,  
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus,  
Are you anxious what shall be the horror,  
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus.

--4--

Are you troubled at the thought of dying,  
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus,  
For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing,  
Tell it to Jesus.

Chorus.

Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus,  
He's a friend that's well known,  
You have no other such a friend or brother,  
Tell it to Jesus.

+

CAN A BOY FORGET HIS MOTHER.

--I--

Can a boy forget his mothers pa prayers,  
When he has wandered , God knows where,  
Its down the path of death and shame.  
But Mothers prayers are heard the same.

--2--.

Can a boy forget his mothers face  
Whose heart was kind and filled with grace,  
Her loving voice, it echoes sweet,  
She waits, she longs her boy to meet.

--3--.

Can a boy forget his mothers door  
From which he wandered years before,  
With tears and sighs she said goodbye,  
Meet me my boy beyond the sky.

--4--.

Can a boy forget that she is dead  
Though many years have passed and fled,  
There was that prayer, that sweet goodbye,  
She waits to welcome thee on high.

Chorus.

Come back my boy come back I say  
And walk now in thy mothers way.  
Come back my oboy , come back I say,  
And walk now in thy mothers way.....

BATTLE OF HORROR

--1--

There's a battle that raged over the valleys of death,  
And its furies may never be told.  
There the shell storms ever tore, and the foe lines ever fade,  
In that battlefield of horror.

--2--

There the nation our redeemer, The nation whom we love  
Will the faithful with rapture behold,  
There the enemy forever shall run like the steers  
In that battlefield of horror.

--3--

Every force we have led to the foot of the hill,  
Every works we have brought them to hold,  
Were torn as shredded rigging, our own to adorn,  
In that battlefield of horror.

--4--

There all sickness, and sorrow, and death were unknown,  
Amid horrors upon horrors unfold,  
There the storm in the light in the midst of the Throng,  
In that battlefield of horror.

Chorus.

There the shells ever tore,  
The foe lines ever fade,  
There the foemen forever,  
Shall run like the steers,  
In that battlefield of horror.



--I--.

Throw out the batteline with armies quick and strong,  
 Why do you tarry my brother so long,  
 See they are yielding, oh hasten to day,  
 And forward with the battle lines to drive the foe away.

--2--.

Throw out the battle lines to rescue the lost,  
 Armies who in battle were torn and tossed,  
 Amid cannons of volleys, and billows of ruin,  
 Are pressing them backwards, where dark disaster bloom.

--3--.

Soon will the battle of Sunbeam be o'er,  
 Swiftly they drift to eternity shore,  
 Hasten to help them, far out o'er the strife,  
 Oh tell them to charge the mighty to drive.

Chorus.

Throw out the battle line, Throw out the batteline  
 The christians are retreating away,  
 Throw out the battle line, Throw out the battle line,  
 Our armies are dwindling to day.

--1--

In this war where horror, ever will be known,  
 Where are found the needy and the glad alone,  
 How much joy and comfort we can all bestow,  
 If ye scatter the foe men everywhere you go.

--2--

Highest nations often need the sorest deeds,  
 Amid this war waste daily, little kindly deeds,  
 Oh what sore and sorrow we may help remove,  
 With our songs, and courage, sympathy and love.

--3--

When the days are gloomy, Sing some happy song,  
 Meet the world's repining, with a courage strong,  
 Go with faith undaunted, Through these strifes of war,  
 Scatter foe men and their kinsfolk, bay the conflicts and horror.

Chorus.

Scatter the foe men, all along your way  
 Cheer, and bless and brighten every passing line.  
 Scatter the foe men all along your way  
 Cheer, and bless, and brighten every passing line.